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Canadian Agents for the celebrated Besson Prototype Band Instruments.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XIII.

Published Monthly

No 6

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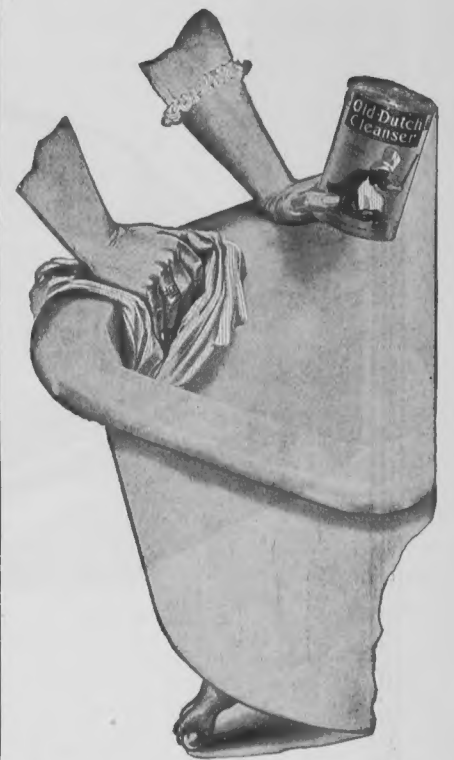
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Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c

Sunday Reading.

The Dream.

Margaret Steel Anderson.

You may sing of the race as you will—
I sing the goal,
The beauteous goal, that draws the
bleeding feet,
And lights the brow, and lifts the faint-
ing soul,
And turns the bitter hardship into
sweet,
(But oh, I pray the goal may be the
place,
I thought it was the while I ran the
race!)

You may sing of the fight as you will—
I sing the prize,
That noble prize for which the fighter
stands,
Reason and hope for all his agonies
Of struggling limbs and ever-straining
hands!
(But oh, I pray the prize be no less
bright
Than I conceived it, panting in the
fight!)

You may sing of the work as you will—
I sing its aim,
Far-throned beauty and far-beck'ning
light,
That call the worker onward more than
fame,
Sun to his day and star upon his night!
(But oh, I pray the aim be what I
sought
And visioned ceaselessly the while I
wrought!)

Howe'er it be, O Watcher of the race,
Lord of the vict'ry, Giver of the prize,
I thank Thee for the hope before my
face,
I thank Thee for the dream before
mine eyes!
And this I dare; to think Thou has not
wrought
Or dream or ardent dreamer all for
naught!

—American Magazine.

Liberality of Mind.

Wherever the horizon of the mind is circumscribed and limited by the conventionalities of custom or habit, failure is certain to ensue. Success can only attend the efforts of a mind that soars above the beaten track and explores the untrodden wilds, and whose ideas are as wide and as cosmopolitan as the universe. A man who shuts himself up within himself, or who is content to be led by any uninstructed pedagogue who comes along, will never be a success in anything. Self is narrow, shallow, isolated. There is no liberty except by escaping from self. The mind cannot expand unless it comes in contact with other and nobler minds. It is by exchange of ideas that life is enriched. To remain shut up within one's self is to lose life. It is by assimilating the ideas of others that one's mind is enriched and enlightened, and liberality of mind expands the soul; opens its florets, as it were, and infuses new life into it, thus fitting it to execute satisfactorily the duties that devolve upon it.—Betts.

The Mission of the Twelve.

G. Campbell Morgan, D.D.

Golden Text; "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Two matters need to be carefully borne in mind as we approach the study of this lesson: first, that whereas for the lesson as arranged some portion of chapter ten has been omitted, that portion must not be omitted by the teacher in preparation; nor can it be wholly lost sight of in teaching. It need not all be read perhaps in the class, but its content must be reckoned with in the study. Secondly, it is necessary in the examination of this pas-

sage carefully to distinguish between the abiding and essential things, and those which were transient, because largely local. The abiding things are those of the principles revealed. The transient things are those of the practice then enjoined.

As the abiding things are those of supreme importance to us, we may refer to the others by way of introduction, and so dismiss them.

The equipment which the Lord bestowed upon His disciples for the working of miracles in the material realm was not intended to be perpetual in the ministry for which He was preparing them. He gave them power not only to heal the sick, to cleanse the lepers, and to cast out devils, but also to raise the dead. If this last is to be interpreted spiritually, then so also must all the rest. It is manifest also that the exclusion of Gentiles and Samaritans

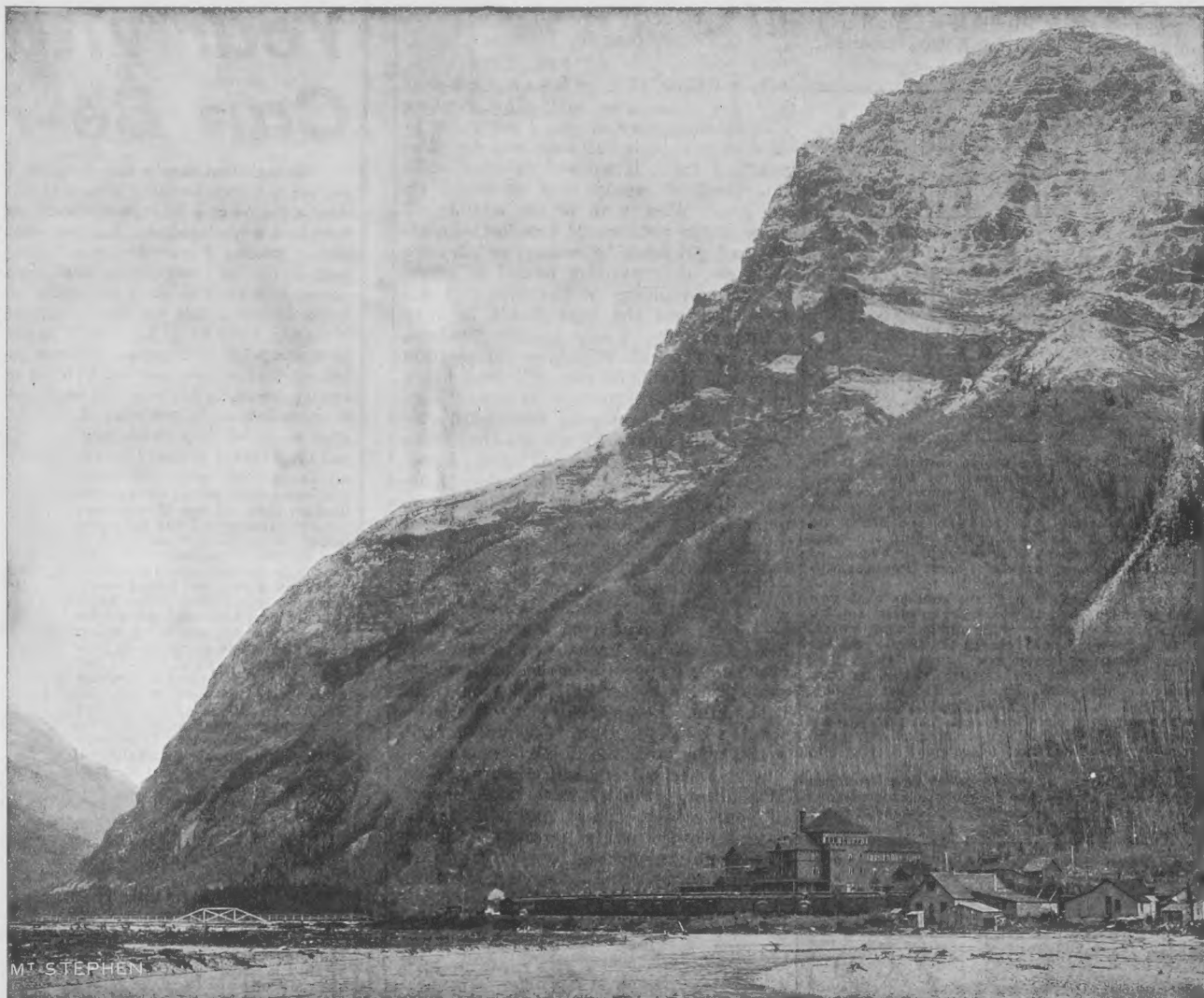
Judea, but also in Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth. It needs no argument that the instructions as to travel must be modified according to country and time.

We turn then to the abiding things. The golden text is a revelation of responsibility. "Freely ye received freely give," can only be understood in the light of the context. It is, of course, self-evident that its master idea is that of giving. That in itself is of the very essence of the Christian religion. All we have and are result from the gracious giving of God. All we do in the world is to give of that which we have received. In order, therefore, to understand our giving, we need carefully to observe the teaching of this lesson concerning the sources and the streams of such activity. As to the sources—the focal point of revelation for us is Jesus. Matthew introduces this section by chronicling the general fact that He went about teaching, preaching, and healing. It is well that we keep clearly in mind that the Person thus presented by the familiar name of Jesus is the One Who has been revealed

charged them that there was no necessity for them to be anxious as to what they should say in the presence of difficulty. Their only duty would be that of endurance in the strength provided, and such endurance would ensure their ultimate victory. Finally, in gracious and tender words He gave them identification with Himself in the matter of their ministry, declaring that he that received them received Him; and adding to this the most wonderful of all words, he that received Him, received Him that sent Him.

The responsibilities of discipleship are clearly seen in the light of these considerations. Our giving is to be of things received. Nothing else is worth giving. Nothing else can possibly meet the needs of men. To offer men any other gifts is to offer them stones for bread, or serpents for fish. To provide improved dwellings for depraved men is mockery and waste of the worst kind. To give men material advantage for spiritual things is folly, and results in disorder.

Our giving is to be as our receiving in method. Gifts are for the rebellious.



from the sphere of their operations was temporary only. It is equally evident that the instructions for travel were suited only to that country, and that time; and cannot have application to modern conditions. And finally, the forms of persecution described were the actual forms which it took in the first day of the fulfilment of their larger mission, and have largely ceased to-day.

All these matters were changed by the Cross, the Resurrection, and Pentecost. Beyond these, His messengers entered upon the greater works which He had promised they should do. The new wonders wrought were miracles of healing, of resurrection, of cleansing, of exorcism in the spiritual realm. It may be that at different times some of the material wonders are repeated, but they are always accidentals rather than essentials. This applies both to material miracles and to forms of persecution. The exclusion of Gentiles and Samaritans is over for ever, as witness the commissions, and especially the last word of Jesus with regard to the Church's responsibility, in which He charged His disciples that they should witness not only in Jerusalem and

in previous studies as the Son of God and the suffering Saviour. In an illuminative passage we are introduced to His view of the needs of men. He saw the multitudes "distressed and scattered, as sheep not having a Shepherd." The result of this was that He was moved with compassion. Further back than that we cannot go, and need not. It is an unveiling of the consciousness of God in the presence of the need of man, and it brings us to the source of all His giving to us, and consequently to the source of all the streams of our giving to the world. Allowing the context to illuminate the idea, we find that He gave them authority. In their cases it was authority over unclean spirits to cast them out, and to heal all manner of disease, and all manner of sickness. That is to say, He gave, and ever gives, ability to deal with the needs to which we are sent. We find also that He gave them fellowship in His suffering. They also were to be as sheep in the midst of wolves. If the Master of the house had been called Beelzebub, so also would they of His household. Yet further He gave them assurance of strength and of ultimate victory as He

They are of grace, apart from merit. They are bestowed on the one condition of submissive reception. They are, moreover, to be bestowed at a cost to ourselves, and yet with graciousness of demeanour.

Our giving is to be as our receiving in measure. The income is the measure of the expenditure. When the income ceases the expenditure may. With equal accuracy it may be said when the expenditure ceases the income will. As our mission is larger than that of the twelve in this their first mission, so also is our equipment by the indwelling Spirit greater. So, therefore, also must our giving be greater than theirs.

The influence of a really good home is a better equipment for life than the possession of a college degree.

Why buy mixtures known as alum baking powder when you can just as well, and at no more expense, get Magic Baking Powder? The ingredients are plainly printed on each package. See if this is on the others. All Grocers are authorized to guarantee that "Magic" does not contain alum.

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WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG.

JUNE, 1912

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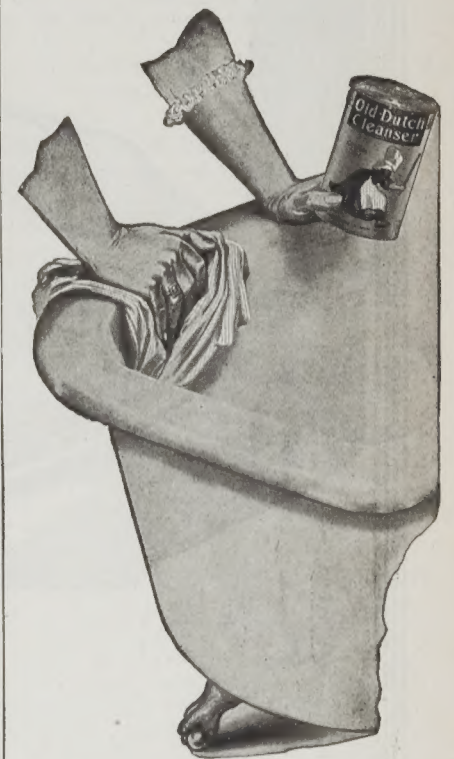
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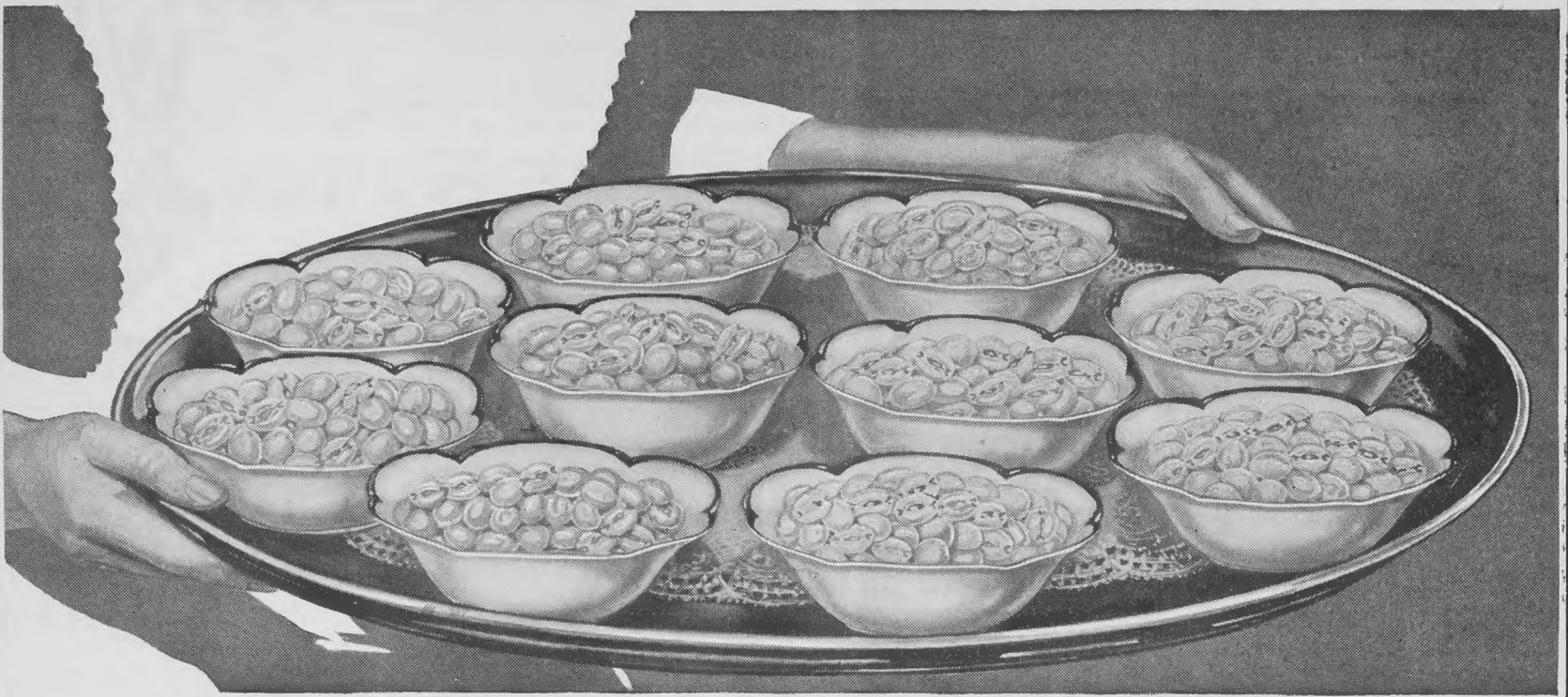
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Pay Nothing at All

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This offer is made—for this time only—so every home may know this food delight. One package means ten big dishes. Serve them in several ways. Then none at your table will ever forget these crisp, enticing grains.

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Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are curious foods. One never saw anything like them. The grains are eight times normal size. Each grain is filled with a myriad cells, caused by the steam explosion. Each cell is surrounded by toasted walls, crisped by terrific heat. So these thin-walled grains, while nut-like, melt like snowflakes in the mouth.

Breakfast Dishes

Which Taste Like Toasted Nuts

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For luncheons or suppers—between meals, or bedtime—serve like crackers in a bowl of milk. never before were cereals made so digestible. The grains are crisper than crackers. They are four times as porous as bread. A tempting, ever-ready dish that doesn't tax the stomach. They are whole-grain foods. And A hundred times this summer you will want to serve Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk.

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Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are scientific foods. Their inventor is Prof. A. P. Anderson. He spent seven years in working out this process.

The grains are sealed up in great bronze-steel guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That heat turns the moisture in the grains to steam, and creates tremendous pressure.

Then the guns are unsealed and the steam explodes. All the food granules are blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size, yet the coats of the grain are unbroken.

The result is these crisp, gigantic grains, honeycombed with countless cells.

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At Your Grocer's

Take this coupon to your grocer and he will give you, at our expense, a full-size package of Puffed Wheat.

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Cut out this coupon now. Lay it aside, and present it when you go to the store.

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This Certifies that my grocer this day accepted this coupon as payment in full for one package of Puffed Wheat, or as two-thirds payment for a package of Puffed Rice

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We will remit you ten cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.
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Ten-Cent Coupon

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Peterborough, Ontario

Canada in Modern History.

Written for Western Home Monthly by Merodach Green.

Nations and empires, like ephemerall lights, shine for a period then fade and perish in the deep gloom of Time and Tide. They have their day and cease to be, but their achievements and standard of development perish not with them but live on as elements in some great consummate whole.

History is not the story of kings and potentates but the strange story of the rise and fall of nations and democracies, and the gradual but certain ascent of the human race, colored in a spectrum of blood, gloom, tragedy, progress, development and social amelioration. Its gruesome catastrophies, its periods of national revolutions, its dark ages are but the steps that mark the path along which democracies are marching into the realms of light and peace.

Monarchs—some like spectres and chimeras, some like rays of divinest light—pass from the ever-changing scene, but the inner soul of the races, ever receptive to impressions from an ever-changing and ever-improving environment passes on from strength to strength, from the dark, dusty, blood-stained past into the radiant future.

The present is indeed a most critical period in the world's history; nations are spontaneously precipitating themselves or are being violently hurled into the heated crucibles of Fate, yet out of all this apparent chaos, order, law and justice will ultimately evolve. What appears to be almost national annihilation is not utter ruin but an evidence of the integrity and courage of the soul of the masses struggling for its right and inheritance in the sphere of its toils.

Young Turkey has broken the fetters of despotism; India is recognizing and seeking the culture of the west; China is emerging from her travail and is caressing the child of liberty; Russia is still awaiting the great dawn; Germany and Britain, though perhaps, exasperated by the spirit of war, are giving birth to new forces that seek to produce international harmony and not dissension and hatred. Self-motivated parties are being destroyed; selfish bureaucracies are being exposed and cast out; reforming forces are at work aiming at the betterment and happiness of all. Truly, "The old order changeth, giving way to new."

Amidst all this confusion and intermittent chaos, Canada is silent; whether traversing her endless prairies and dreaming of future wealth, or seated in lofty splendor on the snowy thrones of the Rockies and domed with a world of unstained azure, the "Lady of the Snows" dwells in peace; for the wave of discontent and war has not broken against the rocks of her foundation, and her name as yet has not stained history's pages in letters of blood. Yet through all this apparent silence and slumber Can-

ada is making history such as shall yet weave its golden threads into the web of the civilized world, not with the coercion of the blade and dreadnought but with wisdom, fraternity and equality.

Canada is a future power in cosmos, its people drawn from all nations, its posterity to be devoid of none of the virtues of the nations. Here we have Canadians who have mastered the wilds of the East and wrested abundance from a hard and rocky land; Americans full of vitality and determination; Britons with loyal hearts and British grit; industrious and thrifty Germans fresh from the Rhine land; French people possessed of great delicateness and sensitiveness; and several other peoples mingling their blood to produce a new people, a new race—the mosaic of nations colored with the freedom and invigorating environment of the prairies and the lofty Rockies.

Led here from different countries of the world, they have been compelled to strain both nerve and muscle to wrestle with Nature and adverse circumstances to get an existence; have drunk deep of Marah's waters; have not vacillated in the face of terrible odds or great perils; have known what it is to labor and wait with great fortitude of body and soul; have accomplished great enterprise; have baffled opposition and emerged triumphant, and have converted a wilderness into the finest granary in the world.

But do they live in harmony? Has history known a cosmopolitan people to live at peace and be without slaves? Unlike the Roman, this new nation is being built, not with the results of war and the curse of slavery, but on the great principle of liberty, equality, fraternity.

Unlike the Saxon churl in his first home in Angeln, these denizens of the prairies look not on their fellow inhabitants as lurking spies and treacherous foes, but as nation-builders and units in a great army.

The prairie environment has infused into them a passion for expansion and broader and loftier conceptions of humanity and peoples. Here, as nowhere else, Canadian, Briton, German, Frenchman, Hungarian, Russian, Indian and Asiatic live at peace.

Races are giving way to a new and nobler race that will see the vision of soul unity not racial difference, color and language. The child of the future is being born on these vast plains and is emerging from the gloom of Time inspired by the vision of the brotherhood of man and the unstained democracy of the nations. The path to the future is neither dimmed nor uncertain, for nations are trending towards the light; the eastern Magi have seen its star; the toiling multitudes of hill and valley and plain are following it; western scientists and

thinkers, urged on by the peace-makers, have seen the vision and the star rests mute and motionless, not above one nation or country, but in the Heavens of Hope, above the world where daily is born the son of man. Truly:

"The One remains. The many change and pass,
Heaven's light for ever shines,
All shadows flee."

The future inhabitants of Canada will not be as their parents, of European, Asiatic or American blood, but a people possessing a strong lingering affinity towards all lands and peoples—evidently a new race.

Decadent civilizations are to be taught a great lesson. With the advancement of scientific research separation will become an impossibility; railways, telephones, telegraphy, oceans, education, thought, culture, travel are slowly but surely shattering the patriotic selfishness and differences of people and tending to unite and weld not to separate and destroy.

Despotism autocracy, bureaucracy are doomed and must be relegated to the past, for the new race is full of a democratic spirit, full of the spirit of practical christianity and progress, destined to completely destroy all distorted ideas in politics, economics, education, religion and life.

Northern regions are returning to their pre-historic conditions when life of all forms found existence here, and for whom is the great Northland to be a home? To the sons and daughters of the great new race who will be too grandly patriotic to prefer flag-loyalty to soul-loyalty; too cultured and intellectually refined to wantonly squander their strength on militarism; too vital, energetic and broad-minded to be serfs of an idle few; too noble to hate and tyrannise.

The prophesied people of the Northland shall bring all to dwell, not under flags putrescent with the blood of martyrs and heroes of whom the world was not worthy, but under the flag of universal fraternity and peace.

Slowly from the prairies is emerging the race that shall further the kingdom of light, truth and love, and relegate to the blood-stained past the sins of monarchs, the blood-thirsty vengeance and extortions of rapacious and malicious rulers, the wild ambitions of selfish soldiers and the crimes of national parasites.

The new people will hasten the day when man shall decree from a universal parliament and the world shall be one great federation and shall witness:

"The far off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

The New Nationality—A Dominion Day Ode.

By FIDELIS.

With feu-de-joie and merry bells, and cannon's thundering peal,
And pennons fluttering on the breeze, and serried rows of steel,
We greet, again, the birthday morn of our young giant's land,
From the Atlantic stretching wide to far Pacific strand;
With flashing rivers, ocean lakes, and prairies wide and free,
And waterfalls, and forests dim, and mountains by the sea;
A country on whose birth-hour smiled the genius of romance,
Above whose cradle brave hands waved the lily-cross of France;
Whose infancy was grimly nursed in peril, pain, and woe;
Whose gallant hearts found early graves beneath Canadian snow;

When savage raid and ambuscade and famine's sore distress,
Combined their strength, in vain, to crush the dauntless French noblesse;

When her dim, trackless forest lured, again and yet again,
From silken courts of sunny France, her flower, the brave Champlain.

And now, her proud traditions boast four blazoned rolls of fame—

Crecy's and Flodden's deadly foes our ancestors we claim;
Past feud and battle buried far behind the peaceful years,
While Gaul and Celt and Briton turn to pruning-hooks their spears;

Four nations welded into one,—with long historic past,
Have found, in these our western wilds, one common life, at last;

Through the young giant's mighty limbs, that stretch from sea to sea,

There runs a throb of conscious life—of waking energy.
From Nova Scotia's misty coast to far Columbia's shore,

She wakes,—a band of scattered homes and colonies no more,
But a young nation, with her life full beating in her breast,
A noble future in her eyes—the Britain of the West.

Hers be the noble task to fill the yet untrodden plains
With fruitful, many-sided life that courses through her veins;
The English honour, nerve, and pluck,—the Scotsman's love of right,—

The grace and courtesy of France,—the Irish fancy bright,—
The Saxon's faithful love of home, and home's affections blest;
And, chief of all, our holy faith,—of all our treasures best.

A people poor in pomp and state, but rich in noble deeds,
Holding that righteousness exalts the people that it leads;
As yet the waxen mould is soft, the opening page is fair;
It rests with those who rule us now, to leave their impress there,—

The stamp of true nobility, high honour, stainless truth;
The earnest quest of noble ends; the generous heart of youth;
The love of country, soaring far above dull party strife
The love of learning, art, and song—the crowning grace of life;
The love of science, soaring far through Nature's hidden ways;
The love and fear of Nature's God—a nation's highest praise.

So, in the long hereafter, this Canada shall be
The worthy heir of British power and British liberty;
Spreading the blessings of her sway to her remotest bounds,
While, with the fame of her fair name, a continent resounds.
True to her high traditions, to Britain's ancient glory
Of patient saint and martyr, alive in deathless story;
Strong, in their liberty and truth, to shed from shore to shore
A light among the nations, till nations are no more.

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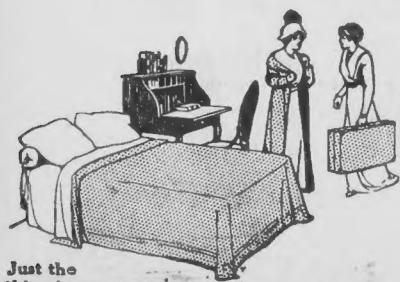
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thing in emergencies

For the Sake of Dorothy.

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By A. Mason.

THERE were two families of the Blaines, of Blaine. Both claimed that they were descended from the original Blaine—a Saxon yeoman who had sworn fealty to the conqueror in time to save his lands from some impetuous Norman Knight.

But, naturally enough, it never occurred to Sir Richard Blaine, of Blaine Hall, that he was in any way related to Dick Blaine, the smith. Possibly Dick Richard had never heard of Dick, for he was intimate in the councils of the King, and it was but little thought he ever gave to his tenants and villagers.

As for the Blaines, the smiths, their high heritage of blood had never in the knowledge of the villagers brought forth fruit worthy of the name. In fact, when one morning young Dick Blaine told his father that he had had enough of the smithy, and was going away to seek his fortune, the smith leaned on his hammer and looked at the young man in distrust. "Smithing was good enough for your fathers for generation on generation, Dick," said he, "and if you leave your trade to seek your fortune you may find the old Nick."

"Then I'll find him," said Dick and off he went without further arguing.

The Blaine Arms was a fine old inn on the London road. It was the fourth relaying station for the northern coaches, and mine host, a portly, easy-going man, with a cheery voice and rather obsequious manners, was remembered by travellers as a fine specimen of the old English innkeeper. The inn was the only part of the village, except the church steeple, which could be seen from the road. The rest was thoroughly hidden behind huge elms that had stood for centuries in the park and grounds of Blaine Hall. Mine host and the inn were the links that bound the village to the rest of the world, and the villagers looked up to the innkeeper as the man who knew all the latest news of the French War. In those days of heavy paper duties, only the squire and parson could afford to purchase a journal regularly, and yet it must be owned that rumor, filtered through the brain of mine host of the Blaine Arms, was not more wild than much of the distillation of the modern penny daily newspaper.

One evening, the innkeeper sat in a broad armchair at the hostelry gate, waiting for the evening mail to come lumbering over the hill, when from the opposite direction rode a horseman. Mine host thought he would have ridden by, but he pulled up suddenly and leaped from his saddle. Then he walked up to the innkeeper and offered him his hand.

"Oh, lord!" exclaimed the portly publican in great astonishment, "if it ain't Dick Blaine come home—a real gentleman!"

Dick Blaine's return was a nine-days' wonder in the village. At first the voices were approving, the natural pride among the peasants that "one of us is a gentleman" drowned for a while any owlish note, but later, when it was discovered that the ex-blacksmith had acquired a certain air of aristocratic reserve, calumny and malice began to wag their tongues. These went questioning to mine host of the Arms, but he had far too great a reverence for Dick's promptly paid bills to hint at any shortcoming in such a good customer.

"Where does he get his money and his clothes? Bob Ostler gets a shilling every time he cleans his boots," said calumny.

But mine host pointed to the mare. Feeling her legs for splints which never were there, or stroking her sleek skin,

he would say, "Look at this. No scoundrel could own a mare like this here."

And Bob Ostler shook his head, approving mine host's remarks. In the evening, at the alehouse in the village, Bob had an admiring circle of yokels round him drinking the last shilling he had received from Gentleman Dick. He recounted the latest news of the road; how three times during the preceding month the coach had been held up by a masked highwayman on a black horse and robbed; and how he often found Gentleman Dick's Black Bess covered with mud and sweat in the mornings.

"She must have been out all night," suggested one of the yokels.

"Oh, no," said Bob, "she was rid by a witch. Leastways, that's what Dick Blaine says. And you should see the fine pair of silver mounted barkers I found in the holsters. Shot off, too, in the night. And I asked Dick if witches shot pistols. He said nothin', only laughed and gave me a crown."

Dorothy was the heiress to Blaine in the Hollow. The beldams of the village talked of her as caressingly as the yokels gossiped of Dick Blaine maliciously, and the latter had not returned to the village long before his name was so coupled with that of my lady that the gossipers could not mention one without the other creeping in.

"It's a wicked shame," said an old lady who had nursed the girl in her childhood and who was on visiting terms with the servants at the Hall. "This Dick, with all his fine clothes and his nag, ain't no better than a smith's son, and some say that he's nothing but a robber."

"What's that to do with you?" asked a girl more charitable than her neighbors.

"Why, he's setting his cap at my lady," said the gossip. "Miss Elaine, her governess, told me that when they were out riding the other day, this Dick came along on his horse, dressed like his betters, and when he passed he took off his hat."

"What did my lady say?"

"She bowed to him and asked Elaine who that gentleman was. 'He ain't no gentleman,' says Elaine; 'he's a blacksmith's son turned highwayman.' A highwayman?" says my lady. "I am very sorry. A highwayman?" says she, and then she didn't say another word for the whole day."

"She was right," said one of the gossips.

"When this Dick Blaine was a little fellow and she was a wee mite of a girl, the two were often together. And he would go through fire and water to save her from a scratch. I remember when she learned to ride the little white pony the Duchess of Portland gave her, the fiery little thing ran away with her. It was this Dick Blaine, himself no more than a child, ran out and stopped the runaway and saved her life."

"I wonder Sir Richard didn't do something for the boy," said the girl who had spoken up for him before.

"He gave him a handful of nuts, and the ungrateful young varmint went and threw them in the pond."

"I don't blame him," said the girl. "A handful of nuts, indeed!"

"Well, you would think he'd know better than set his cap at a real lady," chorused the women, and the one charitable voice was drowned completely.

Poor Dick! Setting his cap? Yes, indeed, if humble and respectful admiration, given feeling, w'ling up from a lonely heart were setting his cap. Hour after hour he trudged the country lanes, wandered around in Blaine park to catch a look at her. Sometimes he was rewarded with a glimpse of her; often the way and the lanes were lonely, and then Dick's solace was the beautiful black mare.

Late into the night he galloped her along the grassy-grown wayside, mile

on mile, and many a belated horseman was put to fear and flight by the wild flight of Dick Blane. These rides were absolutely necessary to the ex-blacksmith. The element of danger in them was the only lotion to his lonely and aching heart. One night he was shot at from the scrub of the heath. He answered the shot recklessly, and rode on. The puff of fire and smoke was as nothing to him. He was wounded too sorely of a glance and the memory of laughing gray eyes.

Dick Blane leaned against the doorpost of the inn. His bridle was on his arm, and Bess, ready saddled—as she often was—munched contentedly the sweet roadside grass. When she strayed too far, a low whistle from Dick brought her back with a trot. The landlord of the inn sat in his broad armchair eyeing the mare and her master with an amused smile on his face.

"You make a fine pair, Dick," he said. Dick made no reply. His gaze was fixed on a cloud of dust that was rising up over the hill.

"But she is a lady's horse, Dick. She'd make a splendid saddle mare for Miss Dorothy."

Dick shrugged his shoulders uneasily. "There's a four-in-hand coming over the hill," he said. "And it isn't coach time by an hour. You'd better get ready to

"Sir," said Dick Blane, stepping forward, "I will do your errand."

The Squire was taken aback. He eyed his man up and down. "What is your price, sir?" he questioned coldly.

"To take the coward's place," said Dick.

The old man smiled sneeringly. But the papers were incriminating. By morning they would have fallen into wrong hands, and that meant his overthrow.

"See here, sir," said he to Dick. "The house is Wilton House, in St. George's. The papers are in a casket in my library. You may get there by morning easily enough. First prove yourself a man, then a gentleman, and we'll talk about the rest. But the casket must be in my hands by seven in the morning. Get your horse and I will prepare you further directions in writing."

Ten minutes later Dick Blane was ready and in the saddle riding to London.

"Gently, Bess," whispered Dick as they cantered over the hill. "Gently, old girl. Thou hast a long journey before thee. 'Tis the gallop of thy life."

For reply the mare lay down to a long distance-devouring stride.

"Not too fast, Bess," continued Dick. "Not too fast. The way is long, And Bess, I have only a few shillings; I cannot give thee rest to-night. Thou



View at Kootenay Falls, B.C.

entertain some pretty rich guests, or tell Bob Ostler to get a relay ready at once."

"Maybe they won't stop," said mine host. But they did stop. The coach pulled up before the inn and mine host was at the door pretty nimbly. For he, and Dick, too, had caught sight of the Arms of Blaine on the panel of the coach.

An old man and a youth of some twenty years stepped from the carriage. The old man was in a rage.

"You will return for them immediately," he said to the youth.

"I will not," said the young man. "You will return at once," replied the old gentleman. "Of what are you afraid?"

"Do you think," said the young man, "do you think I am ass enough to ride fifty miles in the darkness, and risk my bones on rough road, and my back to a highwayman's bullet, to fetch papers that were unimportant enough for you to forget?"

"Ah, I see," returned Sir Richard sneering; "you are a coward! But the papers must be out of that house before morning, or—See here, mine host; you see this fellow? He is the son of an old friend of mine. I promised him my daughter, and the coward dare not return to London at night. If there is a man within hearing of my voice who will do me this errand before morning, he shall take the coward's place."

must gallop all the way and back."

The sun dropped over the western hills. Dick cast his eye along the ridge which curtained off the light. The trees stood out against the flushed sky, dancing a mad step to the gallop, and a light wind rustled the furze of the heath.

Dick leaned down over the mare's neck and stroked her sleek side.

"Bess," he said, "you mustn't fail me now, old girl. The stake's too big. Carry me safely to the end and the best paddock in all the farms of Blaine shall be thine, and no knee shall ever press thy flank again."

The mare threw back her head as if she understood, then lay down bravely again to the work before her.

The road was strangely free from traffic. The evening coach was passed long ago. Dick laughed, as the guard, seeing in the moonlight a wild horseman riding, grabbed for his pistols. It reminded him of the nights he galloped for mere madness and loneliness. Now he was riding for another purpose.

At a wayside inn he pulled up and gave the mare an hour's rest and a feed of oats. He looked carefully to her feet, and gave the stable man a shilling to rub her down while he supped. Then he started again. At Royston Heath he made a detour. The furze was afire, and he dare not ride through it though the way was clear enough. This made it midnight before he came to the turnpike at Hatfield, and there



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the pike-keeper refused to open the gate. Dick would not, because of his low funds, offer him more than a shilling, and the fellow was too boorish to give way to persuasion.

"Bess," said Dick, then, pointing to the gate, "can you take it?"

At the sound of her master's voice the mare whinnied.

"You must try, Bess," he said, "or I am stranded." He led her back, away from the gate, and scrambled into the saddle, for he was already stiff with riding.

"Now, Bess," he said, as she cantered sidling to the barrier, "over!"

The beautiful mare took the jump like an unleashed hound and was away over the remaining miles to London Town.

All night before the inn sat the innkeeper, his servants and a company of villagers. Many wagers had been made, and the possibilities of the journey discussed pro and con.

"If he ain't no fool—and he ain't—he'll change horses every post house," said one.

"There never was a horse foaled could do it in a night," said another.

"But Dick Blaine on his black mare can do it," said Bob Ostler and the innkeeper.

When the light began to tinge the elm groves mine host took from his fob his large hunting-piece. "It's half-past four," he said. "In an hour and a half you'll see Dick Blaine coming over the hill. Here, Bob Ostler, hold my watch, and wake me at five-and-twenty to six."

The ostler did as he was told, but Dick was not there at the innkeeper's time. Some of the men thereupon gave it up and went home, but just as the church clock began to strike six, a maid at the window above cried, "He's coming!"

And sure enough, there was Dick Blaine riding with bowed head, his hands clutched to the mane of his once beautiful mare. Her knees were cut, and dust and sweat had caked over her sleek skin. The men at the inn crowded round him. Dick did not speak. His eyes were closed, and from his coat sleeve the blood trickled. They took his feet from the stirrups and he rolled from the horse's back on to the ground.

"Brandy, Mary, quick!" said the innkeeper to one of the maids. He poured the cognac down Dick's throat.

"Where's the horse?" he said as he opened his eyes.

The mare heard his voice, and, pushing her head through the crowd, breathed upon his face. He seized her bridle and kissed her. As he did so she fell on her knees, and then rolled over on her side with a groan.

"O God! Bess," said Dick, leaping to his feet with new life, "you mustn't give in now; the victory is won. Fetch some water, give her brandy; where is the ostler? Oh, my God, they'll let my beautiful mare die! She must not die!"

He knelt on the ground beside her and took her head in his arms.

"It's half-past six, Master Dick," said the innkeeper as he offered him the bottle. "Take another drink of this and get up to the Hall. We'll look after the mare."

The man rose to his feet, half-blindly, clutching at his pocket. He walked a few feet and then turned. The mare raised her head looking after him, and whinnied a farewell. Then her head dropped, and Dick Blaine strode to the great House of Blaine with a sob.

"Madame," said Dick Blaine, standing in the library half an hour later in the presence of the Squire and his daughter, "for this service your father, in a moment of excitement, promised me your hand. You know my people. My father is Dick Blaine, the smith, but the blood in his veins is as blue as yours."

"I have been a soldier of fortune. For what he has been pleased to call my bravery in the field, my Lord of Dorset obtained for me a commission in His Majesty's Guards. I now serve the King as a special equerry, under my Lord of Dorset, who will be pleased to vouch for me. I do not hold your father to his hasty promise, but if, my

lady, the lifelong worship of a man's heart is of value, it is yours."

Dorothy Blaine had been standing, with eyes on the ground, but now she lifted them to his and held out her hand.

"You know," she said, and there was pride and humility mingled in her tones, "my father but promised what I had already given. Had you failed, you had not lost what was already yours, even though this could not have gone

with it," and she quietly laid her hand in his.

In the greenest and sweetest paddock of Blaine, in the hollow, there is a mound. An iron fence guards it from marauding cattle, and riveted to the rail is a bronze plate with this inscription:

Sacred to the Memory of
Bess.

She laid down her life for a friend.

The Frenchman's Story.

By Charles Edwardes.



I MET Napoleon Bouget in an obscure East-end club that was not supposed, by the police, to have a very good character. The curate of St. Mark's—an East-end church—took me there. That will, at any rate, fairly whitewash the club's reputation. As a matter of fact, it was an innocent enough little house—the resort of a number of foreigners who had idle moments on their hands and wished to breathe an atmosphere rather more tranquil or bracing (which-

suspicion that we're not running smooth in harness,' I say to her, 'and I'll not mind what I do.' You see, it awes her, words like that."

I noticed my neighbor the Frenchman shrug his shoulders unobtrusively. Then he drank from his glass.

The men continued their remarks, which were really very absurd. The Frenchman and I, little by little, fell into a sort of sympathetic relationship unconsciously. We nodded to each other over the various stupidities of these silly Eastenders. At length, feeling interested in my neighbor's face, which was pathetic for all its little affectations of tufted beard and waxed mous-

be delighted to hear anything about his personal history that he cared to tell me. For my own part, I added, I had no personal history, though I hoped time would remedy that defect.

"Perfectly," replied the Frenchman. "I do not know why I tell you, if it is not only because you have the sympathetic face. But, besides, I often, late in the night, feel a desire to speak of her. It was a lesson she taught me. Mon Dieu, what a lesson! And it did me no good; that is the bad part. It only fill me with regrets that serve no purpose but to pain me. Perhaps it do you good, my friend, to hear; and so I speak."

M. Napoleon Bouget, there and then, while we walked up the long Mile End Road together, told me the following story, which I try and give in his own words. He had been resident in London ever since 1872. Naturally, therefore, he spoke very good English, though not quite the English of an Englishman.

"I was only nineteen when I became in love with my poor Susanne. She was the daughter of my concierge in a house of the Rue des Martyrs that I used to visit to dress the hair of a madame who was very proud of her appearance. I go to that house three times every week to dress madame's hair, and four more times to see Susanne.

"I loved her and she loved me. Her



Captain Scott, the explorer, and his men, on board the ship "Terra Nova" in the Antarctic

ever you please) than that provided by their domestic apartments.

The police are a respectable association of men; but their intelligence is often much at fault. I had already learned this in other directions. Therefore, when a celestial-nosed young officer to whom I chanced to speak in the neighborhood of the club ventured to warn me about the danger I ran by frequenting the place, it was pretty much as if he dared me to visit it again.

I went there three times that very week, and it was on the last of these occasions that I became personally known to Napoleon Bouget. He and I were sitting smoking at a side table, while three or four others were discussing a certain subject. This subject was nothing less than the difficulties of matrimony. One of the greatest difficulties seemed, in the opinion of the disputants (for they were really angry with each other on other points), the due control of their wives so as to prevent cause for jealousy.

"It is for this reason," said one of them, most amusingly, though he was serious, "that I don't mind having my mother-in-law in the house."

"What rot!" said another. "My way is this: I make it plain to my missus that it's her own interest to keep straight. 'Let me have any grounds for

tache, I begged him to fill his glass again at my expense.

"With pleasure, if you wish," he replied, with a neat bow.

We commented mutually on the general talk, the bulk of the observations coming from me.

Then those sillies with wives, and ridiculous nostrums for control of their wives, separated; it was getting late, and toward eleven o'clock I also made a move.

"I am not married," I said jocosely. "I'm not a bit anxious about my home life."

The Frenchman looked at me narrowly, with somewhat contracted brows.

"I shall accompany you," he said.

In the street he took my arm very gently. We hadn't gone far when he said:

"My friend, you are young, and I think I shall tell you of myself. You shall marry, yourself, one day, and perhaps—it is possible—come to think like those imbeciles that spoke in there."

"Not I," I protested. "If I thought so I'd never marry."

"Oh, but you cannot tell. You are English, and possess the English mind, is it not so? But I shall fatigue you, and so—"

I begged his pardon and said I should

father and mother did not disapprove. I make my sixty francs the week at only nineteen, and I do not spend my sous, like some others, in roulette cafes or in drinking more than is good for the health. That was the situation. There was nothing to stand between us. And so we marry, and I take Susanne to a charming little apartment au troisieme, and we have one little blonde-haired baby, and I know not how more happiness could have come to us two simple, loving and contented young Parisians that we were.

"That is what it was for three years, my friend. Then a thing happen. There comes a young diable of an artist to the house, and he occupy the etage over our apartment, and he become infatuated with my poor Susanne, and his passion it is the conversation of the entire house.

"He meet her on the stairs when she go with her little basket to buy greens in the Halles for our dinner, and he meet her again when she return, and he make her compliments of the kind that all Paris girls like and see no harm in, and being a handsome diable and with a good manner, it is only nature to think that he make an impression on my poor Susanne's tender little heart.

"Of all this I, being the husband, am

If You Like a Little Quiet Fun

Ask some pompous person if **Grape-Nuts Food helps build the brain.**

Chances are you get a withering sneer and a hiss of denunciation.

Then sweetly play with the learned toad.

Ask him to tell you the analysis of brain material and the analysis of Grape-Nuts.

"Don't know? Why, I supposed you based your opinions on exact knowledge instead of pushing out a conclusion like you would a sneeze."

"Well, now your tire is punctured, let's sit down like good friends and repair it."

The bulky materials of brain are water and albumin, but these things cannot blend without a little worker known as Phosphate of Potash, defined as a "mineral salt."

One authority, Geohegan, shows in his analysis of brain, 5.33 per cent total of mineral salts, over one-half being Phosphoric Acid and Potash combined, (Phosphate of Potash) 2.91 per cent.

Beaunis, another authority, shows Phosphoric Acid and Potash (Phosphate of Potash) more than one-half the total mineral salts, being 73.44 per cent in a total of 101.07.

Analysis of Grape-Nuts shows Potassium and Phosphorus (which join and make Phosphate of Potash) is considerable more than one-half of all the mineral salts in the food.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the constituent elements of the body, says: "The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, Potassium Phosphate (Phosphate of Potash). This salt unites with albumin and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve fluid or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve fluid, but Potassium Phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life."

Further on he says: "The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash as the principal Mineral Salt, added to albumin and water.

Grape-Nuts contains that element as more than one-half of all its mineral salts.

Every day's use of brain wears away a little.

Suppose your kind of food does not contain Phosphate of Potash.

How are you going to rebuild today the worn-out parts of yesterday?

And if you don't, why shouldn't nervous prostration and brain-fag result?

Remember, Mind does not work well on a brain that is even partly broken down from lack of nourishment.

It is true that other food besides Grape-Nuts contains varying quantities of Brain food.

Plain wheat and barley do. But in Grape-Nuts there is a certainly.

And if the elements demanded by Nature, are eaten, the life forces have the needed material to build from.

A healthy brain is important, if one would "do things" in this world.

A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folks believe links us to the Infinite.

Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day as it is used up from work of the previous day.

Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required.

FROM THE EDITOR.

He Forgot That He Had a Stomach.

Talking of food, there is probably no professional man subjected to a greater, more wearing mental strain than the responsible editor of a modern newspaper.

To keep his mental faculties constantly in good working order, the editor must keep his physical powers up to the highest rate of efficiency. Nothing will so quickly upset the whole system as badly selected food and a disordered stomach. It therefore follows that he should have right food, which can be readily assimilated, and which furnishes true brain nourishment.

"My personal experience in the use of Grape-Nuts and Postum," writes a Philadelphia editor, "so exactly agrees with your advertised claim as to their merits that any further exposition in that direction would seem to be superfluous. They have benefited me so much, however, during the five years that I have used them, that I do not feel justified in withholding my testimony."

"General 'high living' with all that the expression implies as to a generous table, brought about indigestion, in my case, with restlessness at night, and lassitude in the morning, accompanied by various pains and distressing sensations during working hours."

"The doctor diagnosed the conditions as 'catarrh of the stomach,' and prescribed various medicines, which did me no good. I finally 'threw the physics to the dogs,' gave up tea and coffee and heavy meat dishes, and adopted Grape-Nuts and Postum as the chief articles of my diet."

"I can conscientiously say, and I wish to say it with all the emphasis possible to the English language, that they have benefited me as medicines never did, and more than any other food that ever came on my table."

"My experience is that the Grape-Nuts food has steadied and strengthened both brain and nerves to a most positive degree. How it does it, I cannot say, but I know that after breakfasting on Grape-Nuts food one actually forgets he has a stomach, let alone 'stomach trouble.' It is, in my opinion, the most beneficial as well as the most economical food on the market, and has absolutely no rival." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.,

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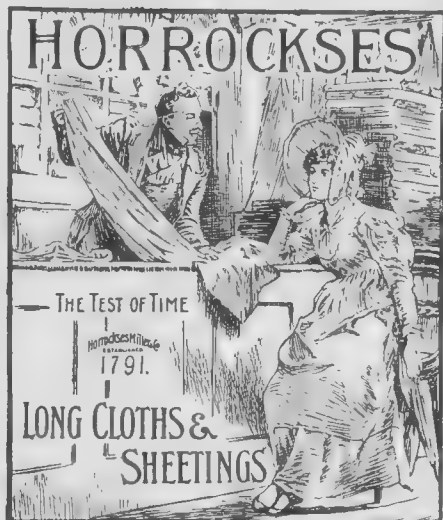
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the last to hear. It is usual. But one afternoon I return home an hour before my ordinary time and do not find Susanne. That was nothing. But it was a very fine something, I think, when I hold my breath and listen, and am sure I hear Susanne's voice of finest music in the room that was over ours.

"My friend, in that moment I am jealous for the first time. It is horrible, that first jealousy. It is like the grave made for one's body and that a person points to and says: 'That is for you. It is quite ready. You have no more life to live. Lie down and depart.'"

"I choke and gasp and hold my heart, and still I listen. Then I resolve and on tiptoe I creep up the stairs to the etage of the painter's room, and there I see my Susanne with her little hand on the door, which she hold open, and I hear her say oui and non, and all so kind that I am sure I do right to suspect. And, choking still, I rush at her and cry 'Traïtesse!' and take her by the arm and pay no notice to her words of 'My dear Napoleon!' and 'What is the matter, cheri?' and drag her down stairs, and lock the door and ask her how she dare be unfaithful, with our gold-haired baby playing on the carpet in the sunshine.

"That, my friend, is jealousy.

"It was the beginning.

"It was the beginning.

"For this time I forgive my poor Susanne. She go on her knees to me and cry and swear she love me more than all the world, and that she go to see the painter's pictures only because he plead so earnest, and that, if I say the word, she will die to show her truth to me, though it mean to her the leaving me and la petite alone in the world. I make a pretence to be satis-

tiny little grain of true bravery in the soul. I say it from what I have known, for though a senseless beast where it concern my poor Susanne, I was not a poltroon; ma foi, no!

"I go through my exercises again in Paris, and I never look once where the houses of the Rue des Martyrs can be seen. One day I am told that a woman inquire for me with tears on the cheek. 'Your wife,' they said, 'she pretended to be.' But I laugh and tell them to refuse her, and that it is only a pleasantry when she call herself my wife. Besides, it no matter much, for the bad news have now come from Lorraine, and France asks for the blood of her sons and do not mind much if a woman weep for her husband.

"It soon arrive—the order to march, which I desire. We go in spirits, for it seem to us that we are the ones who shall do the great and noble work and save France. Our fine colonel, Mazare, that was afterwards cut in twos by a cannon ball, he keep us in that mind, and so we sing Vive la gloire, make a dust on the road, pick the grapes where we can, and come one gay evening to where we see a forest of white tents on the hill slopes and hear the "boom! boom!" that the soldier never afterwards forgets, and all the time, though I smoke cigarettes and sing and make myself bon amrude with the rest, and cry 'Traïtesse! traïtesse!' to my wounded heart—all the while, I say, I see poor Susanne on her knees in tears, beseeching as she exclaim, 'Napoleon! Napoleon!'

"It is well to have the impressionable heart if fortune give you felicity to go with it; but it is a true misery to have the impressionable heart, and be torn away from the beloved one who has nursed it and taught it to love. I hope,

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We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without friends, we may live without fads,
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fied. We embrace, and I forgive, and then we pass a happy evening together looking into each other's eyes and playing with baby. We wonder how we can ever have quarreled, and all is joy. That is life, my friend.

"The next day my Susanne hang long on my shoulder before I go, and she caress my cheek and hair with tears in the eye.

"You will never, never again be so bete?" she ask.

I say a thousand times not, and so we part with many kisses.

"But I am a jealous man, not the less. You shall see.

"It is only four days and I strike Susanne. I strike her on her mouth, her rosy mouth with the white pearls in it. And I do more, besides. It is the war time, and the Prussians are at Saarbruck, where we think we settle them. We do not believe the war last. It is only a parade across the Rhine-land to Berlin; then a fine peace and La France gives the law to Europe. That was the dream, my friend.

"I strike my Susanne because the concierge tell me she and the diable over us leave the house together that morning, and afterwards I wait for no more. 'I have done with you, perfide!' I shout and strike her once more. 'I go to the war and forget you for ever.'

"And then, with wicked unmasterable anger boiling in me, I rush from the house of our first happiness, and present myself, all red-faced, hot, and with broken words on my tongue, at the nearest barrack.

"Will monsieur be good enough to enroll me as a soldier for the seat of war?" I say to the sergeant. Ma foi! it is soon done. I am no longer a coiffeur, but a soldier.

my friend, you will never understand the truth I speak. I, Napoleon Bouget, say that from the soul.

"Let us save Metz, my children," cry Colonel Mazare to us; "that is the duty France has given you." Perhaps the good colonel speak the fact, but if so, our dear land give us a work that is too strong for us. It was different if there had been another incide with the eight score thousands of soldiers; another and not Bazaine. But we have to fight France as well as the sacree Prussia, for that reason, and it is too much. They shoot straight, those infernal needle-guns of the sausage-eaters, and we lose men when not able to take vengeance. It was so the good Mazare die. 'Steady!' he cry as he sit on his horse and keep up on our fronts level on the cut corn of the field. We hear one long bombard and the shots hiss over our heads; then someone exclaim and we look up with caution, and there he lie in two parts, with his eyes not yet settled whether to stay open or shut.

"It was to revenge our Mazare that we then rise and throw ourselves forward. They cut us down; ciel! how they do it while we run into the smoke and the Prussian voices behind. We stab at them with our bayonets. But they are so many as moths on a summer night, and the sauve qui peut sound. When we start there was five hundred and seventy of us, but afterwards only one hundred and fifty remain fit to fight. I get not one scratch. That is the way. Mother Fortune protects the reckless ones and takes the blood of the ones who plead so hard not to be hurt.

"And now the bad time begins, and we eat and sleep how we can and do nothing much except fight. The spaces in the ranks we fill with peasants and others; some from Paris and most from God knows where. I think not much of Susanne now, but all of

France. Yet when she do come to me I set the teeth and clench the hands, for I pity her all alone in that Paris and no emperor to keep the canaille in order, and I tell of my fears to the one little comrade that I make my friend all because he seem to be something like my poor Susanne, though he have a little fierce black mustache and two tooths out in front.

"Alphonse," I say to him, "when I am shot, there will be one fool lost to the world, for I believe in my heart she was true and that I was a beast. But I am a jealous man, and if I was to go to her again it would all be the same as before, and I should suspect if she only turn her face to another man."

"And I like this little Alphonse because he let me talk on and say not much himself, only look at me as if he understood and was sorry; and his eyes were the part of him that most of all made me think of Susanne."

"Then one horrible morning, by Epinay, I come to the end of my soldier life. It is only a little affair, but it is enough. They set us in line, and the Prussians they fire and cut us

down in bunches. There is much swearing all round.

"Alphonse," I say with impatience, "why do you not stand straight, little fool? You will be shot instead of me if you do not take care."

"I scarcely say this when he threw up his little hands, whisper 'I am hit,' and fall. He fall into my arms and I am glad, very, very glad. For it is only now, when I have carried him behind, that I learn how large is the heart of a good woman. You will guess, is it not so?"

"My little comrade was my poor Susanne herself, and she die on my knee with a bullet in the lung. With the last breath she smile and whisper, 'I am so happy, Napoleon! and there is no more. And then like a mad one I rush back, and in a few minutes I, too, am shot, and there is an end of my soldier life.'"

The Frenchman uttered a sigh, turned and held out his hand.

"And now, my friend, good night," he said. "I have taught you a little something, I hope."

He had.

My Friend the Doctor.

Written specially for Western Home Monthly by Thomas Nelson Page.

 MY first visit to Rock Ledge, dozing under its big elms by the gray Atlantic, and my acquaintance with Mrs. Dow's "Jane" were due to John (Graeme: "The Doctor," as we used to call him at college. I had received a telegram one day saying, "Come with me for a loaf on the Maine Coast," and I had "shut up shop" and joined him.

The Doctor was in some respects the queerest man of our time at college. He was, perhaps, not exactly the first man there, but he was easily the first man of our set. Other "Meds" were called Doctor; but whenever "The Doctor" was mentioned it was always understood that it was John Graeme. He was not especially brilliant, but he had a divine enthusiasm, absolute courage, and eyes never to be forgotten. An old doctor who knew him said of him once, "That young man will either be a quack or a leading physician." "The two are often the same," said John Graeme.

So, it was no surprise to us to find him now, ten years later, one of the big doctors, and still with a fiery scorn for the fashionable element. He had the marks of independence: a broad brow, a wide, well-formed mouth, a big nose and a firm jaw. Added to these was a voice always clear, and, when tender, as sweet as a harp, and a manner which was simple, frank, and, without the least formality, with something of distinction in it. But more than these, I think the chief ground of John Graeme's position at college was that he thought for himself, which few of us did then, or, perhaps, do now, and so thinking, he presented everything just as he saw it. Moreover, he felt with every living creature.

Whilst the rest of us studied as a task; crammed for examination and learned like parrots, "The Doctor" studied as he liked, read for his own interest the text-books which his fellow students tried to cram, and before he left college, whether he was discussing a dog-fight, a love affair, or the processes of a bone, we sat and listened to him because he threw light on it. In his last year he moved out of college and lived in "Dingy Bottom," one of the worst sections of the town, in the worst street of that section, in a room over a dog-fancier's. It was set down merely to his idiosyncrasy, and his power on "The Digestion of Young Puppies" was held by the faculty to be frivolous. He said he wrote of that because he had been raising puppies all his life and knew more about them than about babies. One of the faculty said he'd better become a "Vet," as his taste evidently lay that way, but the Doctor replied that he was going to practice on children, not on professors.

Dr. John has said since that this year among the puppies and babies of "Dingy Bottom" was, with one other experience, worth all the rest of his college course.

The other experience was this: "The Doctor" disappeared from public view for several days; he was not to be found at his room, and when he reappeared his head was shaved as close as a prize-fighter's. Some said he had been on a spree; some said he had shaved his head as Demosthenes shaved his. "The Doctor" flushed a little, grinned and showed his big, white teeth. It turned out afterwards that diphtheria of a malignant type had broken out in his suburb, and he had been nursing a family of poor children. When the Professor declared in class a few days later that a member of the class had been discovered to have been exposing himself to a virulent disease in a very reckless and foolhardy manner, there was a rustle all down the benches, and all eyes were turned on "The Doctor." John Graeme rose all his long length.

"Am I the person referred to?" he asked, his face at first white, then red, his voice trembling a little.

"Small-pox," it was whispered, and we edged away.

"You are," declared the stout Professor coldly. "You had no right to go into a contagious case, and come back among the other students. You might have broken up the college."

"You have been misinformed."

The Professor frowned. "What do you say?"

"You have been misinformed: I have not exposed myself recklessly. I have attended a few diphtheria cases, but I have taken every precaution against exposing anyone else. I refer you to Dr. —, whom I consulted." He mentioned the name of the biggest doctor in the city, and sat down.

It was known that night that John had not only attended the cases, but had performed an operation in the middle of the night, which, the Doctor stated, alone saved the child's life.

From that time Dr. John was the leading man in the Med. Class.

When we left college the rest of us settled in small places, or in the city in which we lived. Such of us as were ambitious began to crawl up with fear and trembling; those who were not, dropped out of the race. Dr. John went straight to the biggest city to which his money would take him, and settled in one of the purloins, where he lived on bread and cheese, when—as he said—he could get cheese.

In a little while he got a place in a Children's Hospital, and the next thing we heard, it was rumored that he was performing difficult operations, and was writing papers for the medical journals which were attracting attention. It was in one of these papers, the one on "Bland Doctors," I believe, that he

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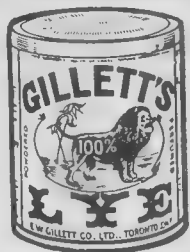
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WINNIPEG, MAN.

charged that while the investigation of medical science had advanced it pathologically, it had scarcely advanced it therapeutically at all, and that many of the practitioners were worthy disciples of Dr. Sangrado; that they were as much slaves of Fashion as women were. This paper naturally attracted attention—indeed, so much attention that he lost his place in the Children's Hospital.

But, when, a little later, an epidemic of



"We will not have Home Rule" say Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson.

typhus fever broke out in one of the most crowded tenement-house districts of the East Side, he volunteered first man to do the hospital work, a newspaper took up his cause, and he got back his position. And soon afterwards he wrote his work on "The Treatment of Children," and laid the foundation of his fame and fortune. Practice begun to pour in on him.

Of Fortune he was as scornful as of Fashion; for just as he was achieving both he suddenly turned over his office and his practice to a friend and left for Europe, where he spent several years in the Continental hospitals. Some said he was mad; others that he had followed across seas a young widow whose fortune was as well known as her beauty; one of the belles in the ultrafashionable set of the city.

When he returned he was already famous. For he had written another work that had become a standard.

All this by way of prejudice and to show what sort of man it was that dragged me away from my accustomed summer haunts to the little sun-steeped fishing village on the Maine coast, and plumped me down in Mrs. Dow's little gray cottage under the apple-trees, where "Jane" lived with "Miss Hazle."

I had not seen the Doctor since we left college until I drifted into his office one morning in the spring, and not then until I had waited for at least a dozen others to see him. Most of these had children with them, and I observed that all appeared somewhat cheered up when they left his office.

The last patient was a fashionably dressed and very handsome woman who had driven up to the door just before me in a brougham with a fine pair of horses and with two men in showy livery on the box. I had seen her as she swept across the sidewalk, and in the waiting rooms I had a good chance to observe her. She had undeniable beauty, and her appointments were flawless; almost too much so, if possible. A tall, statuesque creature, well fed, richly dressed and manifestly fully conscious of her attractions. About her breathed "the unconscious insolence of conscious wealth." At this moment she wore a dark cloth morning suit with sables, which always give an air of sumptuousness to a handsome woman.

Her presence caused some excitement on the part of one or two of the ladies who were present. She was evidently known to them, and indeed she must have been known to thousands, for she was one in a thousand. As she waited her self-consciousness increased.

After a time her turn came and she was ushered into the office. I heard her greeting, half rallying: "Well, as you would not come to me I have had to pocket my pride and come to you."

If the Doctor made any reply I did not

hear it, and I think he made none, for his face, which I saw plainly, was serious, almost to sadness, and I was struck by his gravity.

Ten minutes later the door opened again and he showed the lady out of his office as gravely as he had admitted her. Her air of self-complacency had vanished; her confident tone had changed. I caught the last words of his reply to her parting speech, as she lingered at the door which he held for her.

"I have told you the only thing that will help her—and the alternative. You must take her where I directed and you must go with her." He spoke as if he knew that his command carried weight.

She paused a moment, evidently considering, while he waited impassive. Then she said with an accent, part disappointment, part resignation, "Well, I suppose if I must, I must; but it is most inconvenient. You will come and see her before we go?"

He bowed and closed the door, and then came over to me. "Come in. So glad to see you," and led the way into his office.

As he closed the door he broke out, "These fashionable women! They are not fit to have children. 'Inconvenient' when her child's whole life is at stake!"

"Who was she?" I asked.

"Her name is Mrs. Durer. She is one of those women who have not time to look after their children."

I know that I must have shown surprise, for she was one of the reigning belles of the day, and her beauty was a part of the property of the whole country. Moreover, I had heard her name connected with his, when he had gone abroad some years before.

"She is one of the handsomest women I ever saw," I observed, tentatively.

"Yes, she has looks enough," said the Doctor, dryly, and changed the subject.

It was not long after this visit to the Doctor that I received one morning the telegram I have mentioned, inviting me to join him in a holiday on the Maine



John Redmond claiming Home Rule for Ireland

coast, an invitation which I promptly accepted; for the old ties that bound us held firmly.

The place which he had selected was a little village of white or gray cottages, clustered under great elms, on a rocky slope facing south, above a pretty little land-locked harbor, just big enough to hold the white-sailed sloops which, after bobbing up and down outside, came in to sleep like white-winged water-fowl on its placid surface; but too small for the big yachts that slipped by outside the Lodge which gave its name to the place. Thus, the life had been kept in a simpler key than at the very fashion-

able resorts further along the coast. "The natives," as they called themselves, were self-contained and content with their superior knowledge, and the summer visitors were as yet simple in their tastes, as they had need to be in that primal community, where the ocean was regarded by hotel keepers as supplanting lesser bath-tubs.

The place where we landed from the dusty and somewhat rickety stage, in the shank of a placid summer afternoon, was not the fort-like one hotel, frowning on the Point, but Mrs. Dow's gray cottage, amid a cluster of big apple-trees, where for his own reasons, Doctor John had chosen to ensconce himself. He said it was because he liked the portrait of Captain Dow, a wonderful crayon which hung in the little parlor. Here Mrs. Dow, a determined woman of middle age, aquiline nose and temper, ample figure and firm voice, dispensed a well-ordered and measured hospitality. For Mrs. Dow measured everything; through her gold spectacles set firmly on her high nose, a pair of keen eyes measured the world with infallible accuracy.

Though my friend declared that he selected this place to get away from silly women and finish his book, I quickly found out why he had really chosen this quiet corner of Rock Ledge, and avoided the hotel with its commanding position and long piazzas where, through the hot mornings, the summer boarders travelled back and forth in their yellow rockers

them were working like beavers in the sand, digging trenches; building forts, or running up and down, toiling almost as much at their amusements as if they had been grown people, while their nurses and governesses gossiped or screamed after them like so many gulls.

But apart from the ruddy children sat a little sickly-looking girl, in all the panoply of stiff white muslin and lace, with her nurse by her side. As we came on her we saw her nurse turn and shake her up as a child shakes a limp doll to make her sit up straight. And for a few seconds the doll sat up. But the little weak back would bend, and the child sank down again with a look of utter weariness and despair which struck even me. Doctor John gave a deep growl like a huge mastiff, out of which I got something about "the fools who were allowed to live." And the next moment he was in front of the nurse, bending over the child and talking to her soothingly, asking her about her mamma, and her dolls, the puppy he had given her, and many other things besides. The governess appeared to be a trifle suspicious at first of this new old friend, but the Doctor quickly disposed of her. He announced that he was the child's doctor and had come down to see her. This was the fact. Having learned that Mrs. Durer had taken the child down to the seaside as he had ordered, but had not remained with her, he had run down to see her himself. In a few minutes he had the

ver's, the meat-man, brought, and shove the meat back into his hands with the same phrase, "You take that back to Gill Carver, and tell him I say he needn't think he can sell such meat as that to Lishy Dow's widow just because Lishy Dow's dead and gone." And morning after morning, as Josiah started off with the meat, she would call him back and

say, "Well, just wait a minute—I guess you might's well leave it to-day, as I'm obliged to have something for my folks to eat, but you tell Gill Carver he ought to be ashamed of himself to try to sell such meat as that to Lishy Dow's widow just because Lishy Dow's dead and gone."

A circumstance which I did not know

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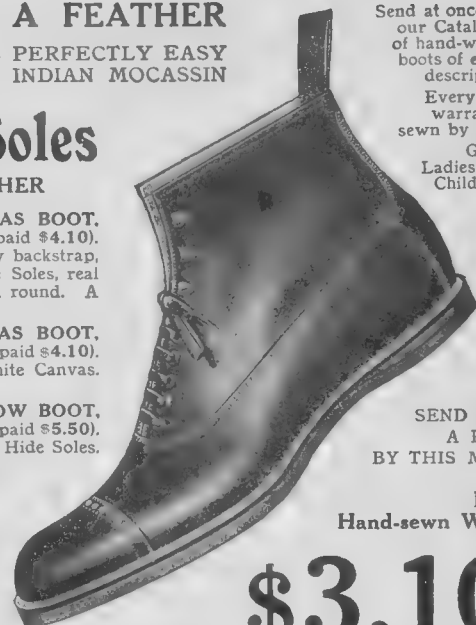
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and "cultivated their minds" or "roasted" their acquaintances; and where, it was said, ladies of literary tendency, hung placards on their chairs, reading: "Please do not speak to me."

The only other boarder in Mrs. Dow's cottage was a little high-shouldered girl with a pinched face, glorified by a pair of wide and startlingly blue eyes that gazed at everything with singular intensity. She was a patient of the Doctor's and had come there by his orders. No one was with her except her governess, a spare and angular woman of middle age, with kind eyes and a minor note in her voice, who was conscientious to a degree and appeared to have the "fear of Madame" always before her eyes. She had not been with her little charge long, having, as appeared, been engaged by Madame just before the child was sent to the country for her health by the direction of "a big doctor in town." This I learned from Mrs. Dow in the first conversation I had with that well-informed person.

The governess was almost as lonely as the little girl. This I learned from herself in the first conversation I had with her. We had come on her, the Doctor and I, the morning after our arrival, as we strolled, at his suggestion, down by the curving bit of beach, where the tide was licking the yellow sand with a placid motion of a tigress licking her flanks.

It was, however, as I quickly saw, not the sea that my friend came to watch, but the children. A score or more of

little girl up in his arms showing her a ship coming in, and when he put her down it was to take her off with him on a hunt for shells.

Meantime he had felt the little twist-back and knew just how she stood.

"Why don't you let her play in the sand?" he demanded of the nurse when he brought her back.

"She don't care to play these days, and she gets her dress so soiled."

The Doctor growled.

"I thought so."

When he came home it was to hold a conference with Mrs. Dow, and that evening I heard that stern and unbending guardian of her own rights singing his praises to one of her serious-faced neighbors in terms of eulogy which would have surprised the departed Captain, whose name in the household was "Lishy Dow," and who, by report of Captain Spile, had not always received unstinted praise for his spouse during his lifetime, though, as the Captain remarked, he "guessed he got all he deserved, for Lishy was one of 'em."

"He's dead, is he?" I inquired.

"We-all, I didn't see him laid out," drawled the Captain; "but I know he's buried all right, for I helped to bury him."

But whatever he had been during his life, the Captain always received the due meed of respect from Mrs. Dow, now that he was dead. Morning after morning she would tear the brown paper from the chops or leg of mutton which Josiah Martin, the young man from Gill Car-

of till later had contributed to the Doctor's popularity. As the Doctor was in the back yard talking to Mrs. Dow about his patient, he saw a little half-crippled girl in a chair under an apple-tree playing with some scraps of stuff out of which she was making clothes for an old doll. Mrs. Dow caught the expression on his face and answered his articulate question.

"That's Jane."

"Is she yours?"

"Yes—my Milly's. She stays here mostly. Like's to stay with me, because I spoil her, I guess. Least, that's what Milly says. But she's so hapless, I don't see as no harm'll come of a little spoiling. She can't play like other children, an' all she wants is to set still and sew. You ought to see how she can sew. Speak to the gentleman, Jane." For the Doctor was now at Jane's side on his knees examining her handiwork and incidentally, the little bent figure among the old cushions.

"She can copy anything," pursued the grandmother with subdued pride, "and since she seen the fine things that little thing in the front room has, nothin' will appease her but she must copy 'em for her doll."

When Mrs. Dow told me about it, having allowed me a measure of reflected friendship, she described how, all of a sudden, she had seen that the Doctor had lost all interest in her; and from the time he caught sight of Jane had not

heard a word she said to him. "But I was really ashamed to let him see her so untidy. However, as I say, you can't raise children and chickens without dirt, and you know he said 'that's so.' And now, would you believe it, in five minutes there was Jane up in his lap, talkin' to him the same as if she had known him all her life, and she never one to say a word to nobody—not to my knowin'. I was that ashamed of his seein' that old broken doll, b'cause she's got a better one, but Milly won't let her play with it, and 't appears she likes that broken one best anyway. She calls her 'Miss Hazel.' An' when I explained it to him, he said he liked it best, too, that he and Jane together'd mend it. Oh! I say! that man beats me! And he says he wants me to give him Jane for a little while, and he says he can make her like other children, most. But I mustn't say a word about it to a soul. So I won't—not even to Milly. But won't that be grand? Do you think he can do it? Jane? Why, she ain't got anythin' to build on. But I'll say this, if anybody can, he can. I wish Lishy Dow had seen him—just handlin' her like a mother does her first baby, as if he was afraid she'd break in two! If anybody can, I believe he can."

I agreed to this.

After this there was quite a change in the establishment. The Doctor appeared to be so much taken up with the two children that he left me to my devices

while he went off with them to play at keeping-house with "Miss Hazel," in a sunny nook between the rocks, where he had with his own hands helped them to fashion and fit up a little house out of old boards and other odds and ends. Her first piece of surgery was the repair of the broken doll which he first put in stays and afterwards, to the great delight of the two children, in a little plaster jacket. I soon learned of this; Jane showed her to me, while little Carolyn looked on, and no trained nurses ever got more pleasure out of exhibiting an improving patient. But I did not know until afterwards that the Doctor was treating Jane in the same way, and that whenever he paid a professional visit to the doll he also paid one to the little mistress, having secured her consent through his services to the doll.

The treatment of the little visitor he had found more difficulty in, as the governess stood in terror of Madame; and Madame had left strict injunctions that she was to play with no child whom she herself did not know. "Madame was very particular."

"Well, I have a playmate for her," said the Doctor, and he mentioned Jane.

"Oh! Sir, I couldn't let her play with her," protested the nurse. "It would be as much as my position is worth if I should let her play with vulgar children. Madame gave me positive orders

"Vulgar children, indeed!" snapped

the Doctor. "There are no vulgar children. Vulgarity is a mark of a more advanced age. Madame is a fool, I know, but she is not such a fool as to object to what I prescribe. Between you, you are killing that child, and you will not keep your place a week after you have killed her."

Whatever the means were, the woman's scruples appeared to have been overcome; for in a few days the two little girls were, as I have related, inseparable companions, and even I could see the improvement in the little visitor's appearance.

After this I was privileged as a friend of the Doctor's to attend one or two of the "parties" given down in "Miss Hazel's house," as the little place which the Doctor had fitted up for them between the rocks was called; and I got an idea of the Doctor's skill in the handling of children. There was a great deal of formality where "Miss Hazel" was concerned, and that ancient and battered lady had to answer a good many questions about her health and that of her friends—as to whether the plaster jacket hurt her, and how long she could remain strapped on her board without too much pain, etc.

"Miss Hazel" had in some way been promoted through the medium of a husband lost at sea and known among the trio as "The Late Lamented," and was, under the Doctor's skilful necromancy, a devoted invalid aunt, whose only joy in life were her two nieces, two young ladies who had unhappily inherited the Hazel back. This was the Doctor's invention, as it was his care to attend the entire Hazel family. And it was amusing to see this long-limbed, broad-shouldered man, sitting day after day, carrying on conversations with the span-long doll about her two nieces and their future, while the wan-faced little creatures listened with their eager eyes glancing at the pictures he conjured up of their future gaieties and triumphs.

And when they came home in the afternoon, grimy and happy, with faint traces of color in their wan cheeks, Mrs. Dow unbent and gave us her best preserves in sheer happiness. Even the nurse admitted that her charge ate more, slept more soundly and was better than she had ever seen her. They not only played in the present, but planned for great entertainments when Mrs. Durer should come down—a date to which her little girl was always looking forward and leading Jane to look forward also. And sometimes they played that "the beautiful lady," as they called her, had come, and Carolyn would pretend that she was her Mamma and act her part as a lady bountiful. I never saw the Doctor in such spirits. He entered into the game with as much zest as the children and grew ruddy in the sea air.

"Pies are the real things!" he used to say. "These Yankees know their business. And of all pies—mud-pies are the best. Mrs. Dow is right; chickens and children must have dirt—clean dirt—to play in to be healthy. If that woman will keep away long enough I'll give that child a chance for her life."

"You do not appear to hold the lady in quite the esteem the world gives you credit for?" I hazarded.

He gave a grunt and a grim expression settled about his mouth. After a moment of reflection, he added: "Oh! she's well enough in a way—as good as most of those about her, I fancy. But it's the system—the life. It's all wrong—all wrong. Why, the womanliness—the motherhood is all squeezed out of them. I don't suppose she ever put that child to sleep in her arms in her life. I have seen women weep and wail and almost die of heart-hunger because they have no children, and there are she and her like, trifling away their life in what they call their d—d society, while their babies perish or grow up to be like them. Why, I would not give that angular, hard-featured old Mrs. Dow, with her sharp tongue, for the whole crowd of them."

"She is rather crusty," I hazarded.

"Yes, but deep down under the crust she has a heart, and a woman without a heart is a monster."

"She must have a heart. She could not look as she does," I protested. I was still thinking of Mrs. Durer

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"She has no more heart than one of my instruments."

"She is so beautiful. I cannot quite accept your diagnosis. And the child appears to adore her."

"Yes, she does," he said grimly. "And that is the worst thing I know about her; that she does not appreciate it. I'll vow! the Chinese way of destroying them at birth is preferable. It is at least swifter and more painless than casting them out as women do."

"I think where children are concerned you may be prejudiced?" I urged. The speech sent him off into a reverie, from which he came with a long-drawn breath.

"I had a little sister once," he said slowly, "who one day when I was playing with her fell and hurt herself. My mother gave her life trying to save her. If we had had a doctor who knew more than a child she would have got well. Even if she had been let alone she might have done so. She went through tortures inflicted on her by a pedantic ignoramus, and died. Boy as I was, I thought it then and told him so. I know it now. I made up my mind then, that no other child who came within my reach should ever suffer as she had done; and that I would fight an unending battle against pedantry and pretence. And when I see a mother sacrificing her child to her pleasures I know just where to place her."

This ended the conversation. His face forbade further discussion. And when I saw him next time with his little patients, carefully examining first Miss Hazel and then Jane and Carolyn with a touch as deft as a mother's, I knew the secret of his success, and I slipped away.

My summer holiday ended before the Doctor felt inclined to leave his patient, and I left him there "keeping house" with Miss Hazel and the two young ladies, and waiting, as both Carolyn and Jane informed me, "to see how Miss Hazel's spine was coming on."

I learned afterwards from one of my friends, who was summering at Rock Lodge, that Mrs. Durer, towards September, about the end of the season at —,

where she had her villa, had run down to see her child and been wonderfully surprised and delighted at her improvement. "It's my opinion," said the lady who told me this, "that she was much more interested in that very good-looking and serious-minded doctor-friend of yours than she was in her little girl. She was always after him and he didn't care a button about her. In fact, he left as soon as she came down."

I learned also that an unfortunate misunderstanding had arisen with Mrs. Dow, and Mrs. Durer had taken the little girl back to town.

It seems that Mrs. Durer, however, much pleased with the improvement in her child's appearance, had very fixed views as to her social position and as to the children she should be permitted to play with. When she discovered that her child had been playing with Mrs. Dow's Jane, she threatened the governess with instant dismissal if it should ever occur again.

The result was natural. Both children wept bitterly and Elishy Dow's widow entered the lists. Mrs. Dow was calm to outward appearance; but the fire within burned deep. The grief of the children went to that member which she carefully guarded from public scrutiny; but which could be easily touched if one but knew the way to penetrate beneath the crust. And she nursed her smouldering wrath till Mrs. Durer crossed her path.

That lady drove up to her door the afternoon before she had arranged to return to her home, to explain that she would take her child away next day, and to raise some question about Mrs. Dow's account. She was dressed impressively, but it did not impress Mrs. Dow. Mrs. Durer always declared afterwards that the woman insulted her because she would not permit her to rob her. She as little knew how exact that careful and scrupulous house-wife was, as she knew the real cause of her sudden onslaught on her. A lioness whose den had been invaded and young injured would have been less ferocious.

Mrs. Durer began about the account that had been sent her; but the score Mrs. Dow had to settle was unwritten. She was simply distant and coldly hostile until Mrs. Durer from her carriage referred to her as "My good woman." A flash from behind Mrs. Dow's glasses might have warned her; but when she failed to heed it and asked after her "daughter—the unfortunate one—Joan, isn't that her name?" Mrs. Dow opened the engagement.

"I have no daughter of that name," she said with a lift of her head, "and if I had, I don't know as it would matter to you whether she was unfortunate or not, seein' as you have one that appears a mite unfortunate herself, as you don't look after any too carefully."

Mrs. Durer was indiscreet enough to show temper and to reply in kind, and before the engagement was ended, Elishy Dow's widow and Jane's grandmother had told her some home truths about herself which the lady had never dreamed anyone would have been bold enough to hint at. She knew from that authoritative source that she was a cold-blooded, unnatural woman who left her sickly babe to a foreign woman to care for, and that a strange doctor had had to come and look after the child, and that when she herself had come, it was not to see the child, but the Doctor. And all this was told with a directness that had the piercing quality of cold steel.

How Mrs. Dow had come by this knowledge Mrs. Durer had no idea. She denied every part of it vehemently and furiously; but she knew, nevertheless, that it was true and that her enemy had the advantage of knowing it was the truth, and further, of knowing how to use that deadly weapon. So what could she do but take it out on the governess and even on little Carolyn.

Mrs. Dow's comment on the matter was that "Folks as ride in carriages don't hear the truth about themselves any too often, but if they come around Elishy Dow's widow puttin' on their airs, they'll get it."

When next day the little girl with tearful eyes turned up dressed for the journey, with "Miss Hazel" clasped to her breast as the pledge of Jane's undying affection, Mrs. Durer, notwithstanding

ing Carolyn's tears, insisted on the toy being immediately sent back, asserting angrily that it was "nothing but a horrid, old broken doll anyhow," and she would have nothing about her that reminded her of that outrageous creature.

"But, oh! it's Miss Hazel," wept the little girl, "and her spine hasn't gotten straight yet and I wanted to take her to the Doctor."

"Carolyn, don't be so silly. I will not have any more nonsense."



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So the governess was sent back into the house to return Miss Hazel, while Mrs. Durer by turns scolded Carolyn and promised her a fine, new doll.

And this was the end of the little girl's dream.

It was the following winter. One snowy night, the Doctor was coming down his steps to take his carriage, when he ran into a woman hurrying up the steps. "Oh! Doctor," she panted, "come at once—she is so bad."

"Who is? Whom are you talking about?"

"Your little girl—my poor little angel."

"What is the matter with her? How long has she been sick? Who has been attending her? Where is her mother?" were all asked at once, for the Doctor now recognized Mrs. Durer's nurse.

"I don't know, sir, what's the matter. She was taken just after Madame went out to-night. She hasn't been quite well for some time. A doctor came once, but there hasn't been any doctor called in since, because Madame didn't think there was much the matter. You see she hasn't seen much of her lately—she's been so busy going out—but she always runs up every evening before she goes out, to ask if she wants anything." (The Doctor grunted.) "But this evening she was going out to dinner and afterwards to the opera and then she

"Send for her at once," he said quietly, and immediately turned all his attention again to the little girl who was muttering in her delirium.

An hour later there was a rush up the stairs, a murmur without, and Mrs. Durer hastily entered the room. She blazed with jewels.

"Oh! my angel! My poor little darling. What is it? Are you ill?"

She paused as she approached the bed, and then stood still, while a look of horror came into her face and remained stamped there, as though she had turned to stone.

"Oh! Doctor! What is it? Is she dying?"

"She is very sick," said the Doctor, without taking his eyes from the child's face. The woman threw herself on her knees beside the bed.

"My darling—don't you know me? Don't you know Mamma?" she asked.

The deep sunken eyes rested on her a second, but there was no recognition. They turned away, and the child went on muttering:

"Where is Jane! Tell Jane when my beautiful Mamma comes she will play with us."

The Doctor's face hardened at the words. He had heard them often during the past summer, and he knew the sad ending of that dream. The woman at the bedside crouched lower.



In the Kootenay Valley, B.C.

was going on to a ball somewhere. And she got in so late she just had time to dress and didn't have time to come up to the nursery. And the little girl was so disappointed she didn't go to sleep very quickly. But presently she went to sleep pretending that she had "Miss Hazel" in her arms—that's the old doll you mended for 'em last summer—the other little girl gave it to her when Madame took her away and she always loved it best of all, and played that she still had her. Then after she had been asleep a little while she waked and asked for her mamma, and when I went to her she had a burning fever, and was out of her head. And I thought of you at once, because you know her so well. But William—he's the butler, he said as it wasn't etiquette to send for you and Madame would be home before long."

"Etiquette be d—!" growled the Doctor, and opening his carriage he handed the nurse in and sprang in after her. "I was sure you'd come," panted the nurse, "so I thought I'd come and see you anyway, so I just put on my bonnet and came right away."

A few minutes later the Doctor was at the child's bedside bending over her, examining her with a grave face, while a half dozen sympathetic servants, awestruck at the sudden illness, stood just within or just without the doors.

"Where's Mrs. Durer?" he asked, as he raised her up.

"She must be at the ball by this time," said the butler. "She was going to a ball from the opera."

"Don't you know Mamma, darling?" "No. Where is Miss Hazel? When she gets well and strong we will all play together."

Mechanically the woman at the bedside began to strip off her jewels and they rolled down on the floor, without anyone heeding them. "I will get her for you," she said humbly.

A fleeting look of recognition dawned in the little face. "Is she well? May I play with her when I get well?"

"Yes—soon."

"And Jane?—My Mamma won't let me play with her any more."

Mrs. Durer winced.

"Doctor, what is the matter with her?" "Starved," said the Doctor.

She sprang to her feet and turned on the nurse like a tigress.

"You! You wretch! How dare you!"

"It was not she," the doctor's voice was low, but vibrant, and his deep eyes burned.

"What?—Who then? I told her to give her the best—to r— are nothing."

"She obeyed you, but she could not give her the best."

"What? How could she be starved?" "It was her heart. It starved."

"You mean—?" Her voice died in her throat as the Doctor suddenly bent low over the child and put his hand on her softly, as after a sigh the tossing ceased and her head sank on the pillow. Mrs. Durer bent forward with horror in her eyes.

"Doctor! what—is—it!"

The Doctor made no reply. He folded

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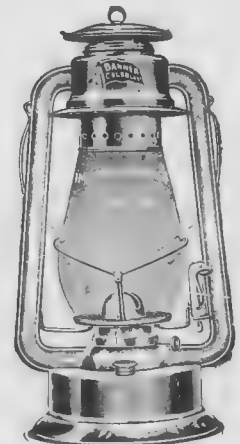
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the little hands and smoothed the soft hair on the little face which had suddenly grown placid. Then he bent over and kissed the white, calm brow. And when he raised up, his eyes, as he glanced at Mrs. Durer, had softened.

I learned of the death of the little girl through a letter from the doctor which showed real grief and some bitterness. I knew therefore that the story which came to me of his attention to Mrs. Durer was as unfounded as ever. And when, some years later, I again visited Rock Ledge, now grown to a watering place of the degree which the press calls "some importance," I was interested to learn something of her later history.

It seems that for years the lady returned no more to Rock Ledge; but went abroad annually, returning just in time each season to exhibit at one of the most fashionable summer resorts on the Coast the creations of the first dressmakers of the Rue de la Paix, reinforced gradually more and more by the efforts of other artists. All of which was duly chronicled by those sheets which cater to the millinery tastes of the public which are particularly interested in such important matters. Then after a period in which younger rivals appeared to supplant her in the eye of that public, she reappeared at Rock Ledge. She was still handsome. Some said, handsomer than ever; but my friend who spoke to me of her, said she was the most discontented woman she ever saw; "she wanted nothing that she had and wanted everything else. The fact is," she said, "she always wanted the moon—she wanted to marry that big, good-looking doctor who attended her child; and who performed such a wonderful cure in the case of old Mrs. Dow's crippled grand-daughter—you know about that?"

I replied that I had heard of it; but she went on to tell me all the details quite as if I had not known them. "You know she did not have any spine at all."

"No, I did not know that," I interjected.

"Not a particle of one—oh! not the least bit, and your friend took her and just made one for her, and now—"

"How on earth did he perform that miracle?"

"I don't know—you go and see old Mrs. Dow, in the old cottage down under the big apple-trees, with the lilac bushes by the side door and the peonies and hollyhocks—and she'll tell you. He actually made her one—strapped her to a board for years—and put her in a plaster jacket for I don't know how long, and now—what do you think?" She paused for breath and in the interval I said, "I did not know what to think."

"—She is a trained nurse—a strapping, strong woman—a trained nurse."

This was news, indeed, and my memory of old times and of my first visit to Rock Ledge having been revived by the conversation, I strolled down that afternoon to see Elishy Dow's widow and the old cottage under the big apple-trees.

I found her, like her apple-trees, a good deal aged since I had been one of her early boarders that summer; but with her keen eyes still glinting shrewdly through her spectacles, on which the old silver rims had now been replaced by rims of gold—"given her by Jane," as she mentioned with grandmotherly pride.

She still cherished the memory of Elishy Dow, and apparently cherished some other memories as well. She referred again and again to that summer that I had spent beneath her roof, and showed me a photograph of the Doctor, hung in her front room in a place quite as conspicuous as the memorable portrait of Elishy Dow. It also was the gift of Jane, as she explained.

"Oh! I say, you don't know how much Jane thinks of that man—she don't allow there's anybody in the whole world just exactly like him. Why, she thinks as much of him as if she was his widder. You know she's in his hospital now?"

"Ah! I am sorry to hear that."

"Oh! bless you! not that away—why, Jane's as well and strong and peart now as anybody. I say, you just ought to see her. Why! the Doctor!—Well, you just'd ought to see her! You'd hardly believe it."

And then the details came out quite as

my friend had said they would.

Also there came another part of the story.

One summer, not long before "just about dusk—well, good dusk," as Mrs. Dow explained, with the particularity natural to her, a knock had come on the door—the side door that the neighbors used—and when she had put down the basket she had in her hand with the hood in it which she was "knitting for Jane," she went to the door—and there was—"Who do you suppose!"

I started to hazard "Jane?" but it was plainly not she, nor could it be Elishy Dow, for according to Captain Spile he was well buried. So I gave it up as someone I could not imagine. Mrs. Dow looked triumphant.

"That woman!" Her face became reflective. "Well, I—!" she began, and then her expression softened. "I don't know as I ever felt sorry for any woman in my life. I never expected to feel sorry for her; but I did. And do you know I took and showed her this hull house and everything that poor little thing had used. And she cried like her heart would break. And she asked me to take her down to where the Doctor made the play-house for 'em that summer, and asked me if I thought she could buy that place."

"I never expected to be sorry for that woman; but I was. She was so lonesome. She said she didn't have a soul in the worl' as cared for her—just cared for the money she had."

"And as I was showin' her the room that little thing had had, and the bureau, and pulled open a drawer, there was the old doll the Doctor had mended for Jane that first summer he came here, when he wanted Jane to let him mend her. Jane had given it to that little girl the day that wom—the day she went away and her mother wouldn't let her keep it, though she cried so—and there it lay just where Jane put it, with the little plaster jacket on it the Doctor made and all, and when that wom—when she saw it she grabbed it up and first thing I knew she fell down flat on the floor with it in her arms kissin' it like 'twas her own child."

"Well, I will say my floor is clean. One thing Elishy Dow al'ays would have was a clean floor. And when she got up, she asked me if I would sell her the doll. I told her 'No.' I couldn't sell her—'t she was Jane's. Then she asked if I thought Jane would sell her; 't she'd give anything for her, 'anything in reason.'"

As she paused I ventured to ask her what her reply was.

"I told her, 'No—I didn't think Jane would; but I thought Jane would want me to give it to her.' She was so lonesome."

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I enter some homes. There is a rich perfume of love that pervades all the place. It may be a home of wealth and luxury, or it may be plain and bare. No matter; it is not the houses nor the furniture, nor the adornment that makes this air of sweetness. I look closely. It is a gentle woman, mother, or daughter, quiet, hiding self away, from whose life the fragrance flows. There is a wondrous charm in a gentle spirit.

J R Miller.

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The boy thought profoundly for a moment, and then said, "He would make up the weight with his thumb!"

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Be it ever so humble.

How Guy Watson Secured the Necessary Ingredients of an Earthly Paradise.
By Lynn Roby Meekins.



JOHN PIERCE, the millionaire, who was making a great country seat near the village of Hale, did not buy the four acres of tangled woodland across the pike, simply because he did not need them. His own ideas as well as the plans of his landscape architect considered them superfluous.

Guy Watson bought the property because it was cheap and because it was picturesque, and furthermore because he believed that in the course of time the coming of the millionaire to Hale would have a decided effect upon real estate values, and would enable him to sell out at a profit.

At first Watson's bit of land was a mere speculation; but one Sunday afternoon he made a visit to it, and instead of spending a few minutes, as he had intended, he found evening drawing near before he got through with his explorations. As he stood on the turnpike and looked at his estate, a new gladness came upon him. It was his. He owned it. Of all the vast earth this part belonged to him. Of the millions and millions of acres of the world, four really, absolutely, and unquestionably were in his name. He felt bigger. He had a new relation to mankind. An interest he had never known before was his.

Watson had dabbled in sciences that did not actually belong to the engineering course, and so he began to examine his four acres from every point of view—including trees, insects, springs, rocks, soils, snakes, and all the objects that nature can put into a piece of rocky land that slopes somewhat abruptly, and that has springs near the top and marsh at the bottom. Then he began to use his holidays working upon the place, cutting out the useless things, and draining the marsh until he had a pretty little stream instead of a bog.

Without knowing it, he had fallen in love with his four acres. He walled in the spring near the top of the land, and it seemed to him that no water on earth was so pure and sweet as that which bubbled from its depths.

One afternoon he had lingered in his paradise, which he named Hillcrest, until the sun began to go down. He started to town for his supper, but he could not help stopping on the top rail of the old fence. There he sat with his back to the road, peering through his beloved trees at the sky, and oblivious to everything but his estate. It was just at the top of the hill, and the rail on which he was sitting had known many years of hard weather.

Suddenly there was a break, and a finely built young man turned a back somersault down the decline that led to the road. The performance was a little irregular and erratic, but under the circumstances it was as graceful as could have been demanded by any reasonable person—even by the young woman who was approaching the brow of the hill from the direction of the village.

Watson had not heard the noise of the horses' hoofs; and small wonder, because they were treading in sand. He had quickly jumped up, and was about to rub his uninjured neck, when he saw the smiling face—and then he saw something not quite so pleasant. The splendid horse had taken another view of a young man falling off a fence and somersaulting down a hill, and had shied; the reins slipped from the young woman's grasp, and in an instant the animal had sprung forward, and she had fallen to the road.

Watson forgot all his aches and pains and ran to her quickly. He found her in a dead faint. He tried to bring her back to consciousness, summoning all the ready helps in cases of accident that he could recall; but her eyes refused to open. Without more ado, he took her in his big, strong arms and carried her

to his spring. There he took off his coat and spread it under her, and then he poured upon her face cupfuls of the cool water.

Presently the eyes opened. There was a deep breath, a sigh, a look of wonder—and consciousness was restored.

"Oh, yes, I remember!" she said. "But how did I get here?"

"You—ah—came," the young man replied, mentally congratulating himself upon the evasion.

"But you led me?"

"Oh, yes," he said.

"Then I fainted here at the spring?"

"You were unconscious here at the spring," said Watson, who would not lie, but who did not much mind playing with the truth.

"Thank you—thank you—very much. I feel quite myself now, and I must be going."

Watson helped her to rise. He realized her fine qualities—a form that was not too large or too small, a face strong, tender, and open; mouth, eyes, and nose all good, and hair that was lovely, though pitifully wet—altogether not a great beauty, but a very satisfactory sort of young woman.

"You are weak, and I shall be glad to escort you home."

"Oh, that is not at all necessary," she replied. "I am all right, and I know the way."

"I am the owner of this property," declared Watson with a smile which had not a little pride, "and I have a right to see that my guest shall have a safe escort, even though it be myself. Besides, it is growing towards dusk."

"Oh, there is Peggy!" exclaimed the young woman, taking no time to answer Watson's observations.

"But you should not ride that horse after the experience you have just had," he protested.

"Not ride her?" she exclaimed incredulously. "Why, it was my fault that I fell. I was laughing at you and the broken rail, and the reins slipped from me. It wasn't Peggy's fault at all. Besides, if Peggy ever thinks I'm afraid of her, that will be the last of my control over her." They had reached the road. "What do you mean by throwing me?" This to the horse.

Peggy's eyes looked as if she wanted to say: "Because the young gentleman's queer actions scared me, miss."

"Kneel!"

Peggy obeyed.

The young woman extended her hand to Watson, saying, "I thank you for your very great kindness."

"And I beg your pardon for tumbling off that fence and causing all the trouble. I beg you to think that that is not my usual way of getting down hills."

She had seated herself calmly in the saddle, and was still laughing at Watson's remark, when she gave Peggy the command to rise. With more thanks, and with the final sight of a young man standing in the middle of the road with upraised hat, she cantered off.

Watson got to his boarding house in time for that section of supper whose geography lies just within the Arctic Circle.

"Did you hear the news?" asked the village gossip. "The Pierces have moved into their big house."

John Pierce's heart was as big as a bull movement in Wall Street, where he was a popular and active figure; so when he had finished his mansion, he sent out a general invitation to the villagers to inspect it, not only desiring the approval of his neighbors, but feeling that their good will would mean easier times for him in the future.

Watson was not among the many who went through curiosity. He had found a perfect site for just the kind of house he wanted—half way down his hill, with old trees around it, and a view that stretched far over the valley to the uplands miles away. Consequently, he

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had begun to study house plans, and to calculate what could be done with his surplus and his savings from his salary. The result was a compromise between a house and a bungalow, a simple affair that cost a great deal less than one of John Pierce's small stables.

And so he began. The spring gave him his water supply, the drainage problem was easy, and lumber was cheap. Labor could be hired; he inspected every bit of work that was done, and had it done his way. There gradually rose his own modest home, where he might in the future find surcease from the world and from boarding houses.

Now the engineer at the head of John Pierce's elaborate scheme of landscape treatment was in the city, ill, and the workmen had come to a point in the designs which they could not understand. Mr. Pierce had heard of Watson, and at once called upon him to straighten out the difficulties. They were picking out the necessary drawings in Mr. Pierce's library when the young woman of the adventure came in.

"I have met Mr. Watson before," laughed Miss Pierce, when her father started to make the introductions, and Watson bowed and smiled.

"I hope you reached home safely," he said, but conversation between them was cut short by a question from the millionaire.

"You ride?" he asked Watson.

"Oh, yes, I spent five years engineering in the West."

"Then I'll order horses, and we'll ride over to that part of the farm and see what is the matter. Here, James, have my horse and the chestnut ready as soon as possible."

"And mine," added Miss Pierce.

Thus it began—or, rather, thus it continued. The three galloped to the point of the difficulty, and Watson straightened it out in short order.

"Well," declared Pierce, "it does beat thunder how much a little knowledge will do. But you came for the day, Mr. Watson, and we'll keep you anyhow."

"No," replied the young man. "My work's done, and I'll get back to the mills."

"Well, at least we'll take a canter

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Doctor Was Fooled By His Own Case For a Time.

It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts.

A physician speaks of his own experience:

"I had used coffee for years and really did not exactly believe it was injuring me although I had palpitation of the heart every day. (Tea contains caffeine—the same drug found in coffee—and is just as harmful as coffee.)"

"Finally one day a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead, and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions when I tried a small quantity of coffee which caused severe irritation and proved to me I must let it alone."

"When we began using Postum it seemed weak—that was because we did not make it according to directions—but now we put a little bit of butter in the pot when boiling and allow the Postum to boil full 15 minutes which gives it the proper rich flavor and the deep brown color."

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Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

around the place and have a bite before you go."

But just then came a servant riding rapidly to tell Mr. Pierce that he was wanted on the long distance telephone—for John Pierce never got away from Wall Street so long as he could carry a wire with him.

"Kate, I'll leave Mr. Watson to you," he shouted as he rode away.

So her name was Kate, and she was the daughter of John Pierce!

It was a day of days, and Kate Pierce's spirits were high and fine. They swept away Watson's reserve like a breeze lifts a morning mist. Both were riding noble animals which seemed imbued with the general liveliness. Mile after mile was covered, and roads that seemed to lose themselves in beautiful woods led to new delights. They had worked around the larger hill, and there was a road homewards rising and dipping on newly made grades. The horses had been going faster and faster, and when they struck a straight course they lengthened out for a spurt.

At the bottom was a turn, and the chestnut Watson was riding lost her feet and rolled. He jumped as quickly as possible, but one foot caught in the stirrup, and the horse's body fell upon it. Then, with a splendid effort, as if to make amends for the accident, the chestnut rose and began to run; but more swiftly than it takes to tell it, Kate Pierce had urged her horse to its side and had caught hold of the bridle. Otherwise poor Watson might have been dragged either to his death or to a long stay in a hospital.

As he untangled himself he exclaimed; "That was beautifully done—beautifully!"

"Are you hurt?"

"I never saw it done better, and I've ridden wild horses on the plains," he added, and remounted without answering her question.

But when they reached the house Watson had to admit the truth. His limp told the story, and while he was not seriously injured, there was a very disagreeable twist in the foot. But he laughed at aid, and ate luncheon without betraying any of the emotions that the sharp twinges were giving him. The spell of the morning was still upon him, and his conversation won John Pierce, who recognized in him a man of matters as well as of manners. So Watson was pressed to call, and he did call, bringing his limp with him.

Then, after a while, he declined invitations, and his calls ceased, for Watson had reached the fork of the road. He argued it out with himself. He was perfectly safe in spending his affections upon his house. He was wasting time falling in love with Kate Pierce. So when he started forth he did not turn to the right, that led to the Pierce mansion, but went his quiet way to the left, where lay Hillcrest.

The Pierces were loath to let him off, because society around Hale was scarce, and Watson was a good person to have at the table. Kate Pierce found in him the interest that appeals most to all healthy women—manliness, and with it a feeling of comfort that makes conversation and its occasional silences natural and good. She had never thought of analyzing her heart and finding Watson's name written upon it, any more than she had of discovering that of all creatures, next to her father, the best beloved of her soul was her horse Peggy. So life went along, and Watson's house kept on going up.

Kate was riding one day when, without intent or expectation, she took the left of the fork. Presently she saw Watson limping along, and she reined in her animal and spoke. They proceeded this way for the mile that stretched to Hillcrest.

She twitted him on his devotion to his little house, and said she was preparing to believe the village gossips who could not see why a young man should build a house just for himself. She asked about the supposititious bride.

"She is fair," said Watson with a smile. "She has glorious hair, a form molded by the gods, a face as tender as it is beautiful, a heart as brave as it is good, a soul as pure as it is holy, and she can cook."

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"From what heaven will you bring this paragon?"

"Oh, I don't expect to bring her at all. She is as impossible for me as any other angel. And yet I have held her in my arms and soothed her lovely brow with my own unworthy hand."

"And you're going to live in your little house with your books and your ideal—for you know there isn't any such person as you describe?"

"Oh, yes, there is, but to me she will be an ideal, and I can worship her from afar without her knowing anything about it. And," he added with a little laugh, "it's so much safer. If she should come to my little house, perhaps she would cook nothing but angel cake."

They had reached Hillcrest by this time, and Kate touched the whip to Peggy and was gone.

Watson went into his home, now partly furnished. Meager did it look, but it was his and he was happy. He had been there fully two hours when he heard the approach of wheels. The driver was urging his horses at full speed. As soon as he came within calling distance of Watson, the man asked him to get into the carriage at once. He was wanted. Miss Pierce had sent for him.

He found Kate in the parlor, her face as white as death, her eyes staring as though life had gone out of them.

"I sent for you," she said, "because papa and I were all our family in the world, and I thought possibly you would help me. He came home and said: 'My daughter'—here she paused. "They will tell you the rest."

John Pierce had arrived on the last afternoon train, had walked up the steps of his mansion, and after uttering the two words had fallen—stricken by apoplexy. Watson took hold of things as best he could. He went to the telephone to call the village undertaker. Just as he did so the bell rang. It is not necessary to give the details, for it was the story told many times before—a crash in Wall Street, and the supposed fortune of John Pierce reduced to worse than nothingness. Watson ordered that



In Pleasant Shades,

no one but himself should use the telephone. In that way he could keep the news from every one, at least until the morning, and he was determined that Kate should not hear it as long as he could help it. They were trying hours for the young man, but he did the right things in the right way.

Instinctively Kate Pierce clung to him as she had done to no one except her father. Her only relatives lived in California, and they were almost as far away in kin as in distance. The hardest part for Watson came when he had to tell her of the loss of her fortune.

"Everything is swept away," he said finally, "but Hillcrest is almost ready for you."

The tragedy passed, and out of its darkness came a new light. They waited a few weeks, and then, one bright afternoon, after a quiet wedding, they made their way—their bridal tour—to the little house. On the mantelpiece Watson has carved "Be It Ever So Humble," and in the little kitchen more substantial things than angel cake are deliciously cooked.

Terrence, a lusty, good-natured Irishman, was one of a number of workmen employed in erecting a new building. The owner of the building, who knew him, said to him one day:

"Terry, didn't you tell me once that a brother of yours is a bishop?"

"Yes, sor."

"And you are a hod-carrier! The good things of this life are not equally divided, are they, Terry?"

"No, sor," rejoined Terrence, shouldering his hod and starting up the ladder with it "Poor felly! He couldn't do this to save his loife!"

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VISIT THE EXHIBITION

A Trip through the Islands south of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca American side.

Written for Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale

WE stood watching a man and a boy strengthening a little wharf in a lonely island cove. Aided by a team of horses they drew up long fir poles, standing them on end in the water, then driving them deeply into the sand with a rude pile driver. A passing Siawash and his dusky, Japanese-looking lad paddled along, using their paddles most ungracefully, in fact a paddle is just as likely to be an old broken oar as not, as these western Indians are not models of activity.

We had only come one mile from the

nose into and wallowed, we slid out of the open cabin door into the first big wave that splashed up, she stayed on her side so long we guessed we were goners. We crept down the slanting cabin stairs and got the dogs out of the fore deck and carried them up, by this time they had got the old wreck around and we were scudding for the shelter of the island. They were fools enough to try it again and over she flopped and in went her nose. It was so dark we could only see the crests of the waves as they jumped over the fore deck; this time we were sure she was gone, everyone had life preservers and the pumps were the only things that were keeping us afloat. Well we got the dogs, filled our pockets with the

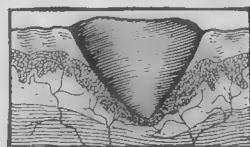


Pumping fresh water from spring below high tide line.

shores of the great straits of San Juan De Fuca, where the huge billows crashed on the beach with dull thunderous notes, almost hiding the distant steamers—great oriental liners, long grimy tramps, laden with explosives, bound for the distant Alaska ports, and here the waters of this protected Puget Sound were as harmless as a summer sea.

We took a nice old throbbing "flutter-tail," as they call the stern wheelers out here. These boats, so shallow that the winds readily veer them around and make them very hard to steer, have to cross all the wide passages and open heavy waters as well as to creep over the shallows of the mud flats. I overheard Fritz telling a casual chum about one of these rattling craft. "Yes, we've been on her, we started out from behind an island to cross Admiralty Inlet late one night, the wind was howling in from the Straits and it was black as your hat, and that bally captain had her bow heavy with a load of oats. Say! Just as soon as we struck that cross sea she stuck her old

boxes of negatives and crept up on the outside ladder to the hurricane deck, our canoes were lashed up there and we might have to launch them. It's lucky Don had a strong chain and collar, as he climbed out of my arms once and swung out into the darkness, I pulled him up and we just got half way up when the captain spied us, you ought to have heard him swear. Well he—pointing at me told that captain some things, told him he was likely to drown us the way he had loaded his bally boat and that we might have to launch those canoes on the hurricane deck any minute. We sat there in our fifteen-foot canoes, splashed by the spray, for about half an hour, then they got her before it again and away we plunged for the island. Just as soon as we got in shelter that fool captain turned her around and started to back all the way down the Inlet, but he ran her ashore, and as the tide was going down it left her high and dry on a sandbar and as we weren't going to drown we tumbled into the wet beds, dogs and all.



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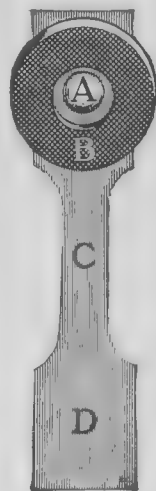
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135 Water Street, New York

We jumped off at a little tide pier. I was very anxious to get a sea spider, a most curious member of the crab family. By walking across the ridge, on to the shores of the Straits of San de Fuca we might be able to find one driven ashore by the last storm. The tide was out and we searched all the low caverns under the great rocks, where the octopus hides, intent on catching crabs and shellfish of all kinds. Several of these rocks had piles of empty shells near them and once we saw the long muscular arm of a devil-fish creep back from our prodding stick. It was late in the afternoon when we finally found a hunched up mass of arms and shell, the rare sea spider. Its crab-like arms were eight in number, about seven inches long, two of them had great toothed claws, under the head a number of fine feelers shot out, between the two greater claws were valve holes, into these this strange creature sucks his prey. Looking like a reddish spiny rock, lying perfectly still, it waits the approach of any larger prey, these it grasps in the cruel claws. Its shell was as big as the half of a football, it weighed almost three pounds, a rarely cast up deep sea specimen.

I sit writing these lines in a little traiside house on the banks of the

were wound up, lashings were made, she was passed baywards at the end of a four-inch and now awaits her fate. If the wind changes another point she will pile on the beach. I never witnessed a more terrifying struggle than when the gasoline shot out to turn in for the pier. Up, up, she would struggle like a long, white fish leaving the water, then with a roll that showed all of her red painted bottom, she would plunge down the great foam-crested roller, disappearing in a high flung mass of spray.

All the steam craft are waiting; the captains, a silent group, are huddled in the lea of a pile of logs, watching the sky, for a wind out of a clear sky, veering half the compass as this one did, is liable to change any minute. As the sun goes down, and the darkness seems to add fury to the storm, the sullen crash, and deep reverberating boom of a rotten-hearted "first growth" in the forest above sends a new terrific note into uproar of wind and sea. All we can see now are the bobbing lights of the little fleet, when one disappears we ask one another in whispers "Is she gone?" No! There shines her light again and Fritz appropriately hums the old tune so dear to the English church: "Eternal Father, strong to save, Who's arm has bound the

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H.P. SAUCE



A typical Vancouver Island scene.

Sound. Outside a sou'-wester is howling in all its equinoxal fury. Borne on the blasts is a dull, rumbling and pounding of a big shore-driven raft, many sections of giant firs, bound into small rafts by ninety foot boom sticks. These huge logs, many of them seven feet through and forty long, make a deep rasping booming note I have never heard before. At the small pile driven wharf a motley crowd of steam craft are partially sheltered, straining and creaking before the force of the blast. The two little tugs engaged in the shrimp catching, the work we came here to photograph, are lashed to the piles, pounding and rolling, both with steady streams of smoke downpouring from their funnels, ready to slip moorings and run at the first sign of a change of wind, run right into the teeth of the gale, as there is no other harbor for miles around. A big piledriver in tow of a little gasoline tug vainly tried to make the shelter of the little pier, but it was the piledriver that was going backwards, as she dragged the tug out into the mad waves. Hook after hook on great four inch lines was thrown over before the big flatbottomed craft was halted, then on another change of wind she bore down on the harbor, the anchors

restless wave." When morning broke we rushed to the window, the sea had gone down, the wind was broken and the fleet was safe.

Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink. These islands are poorly provided with drinking water, what springs there are usually lie near the shoreline, some below high tide. These are piped to by families dwelling a half mile inland, the shining lead pipe climbing cliffs like some long grey snake. We had wandered far, Fritz was constantly complaining of the empty water flask. At last we saw a man looking at us over the top of one of the great clay cliffs; Fritz scrambled up full fifty feet, then he was a short half way and found out where we could sleep and eat. Back across the slope we toiled. In a little cove we saw the ever present pile driven wharf and the store and home of some hardy Dane or Swede, built on piles below high water mark, regular squatters. Passing the store door we were welcomed by a girl of about fourteen. "Oh, you may come right in," she said in her broken English, then the wife, a Danish woman, took us upstairs and showed us into a nice clean room. Coming down after we had washed up we met her

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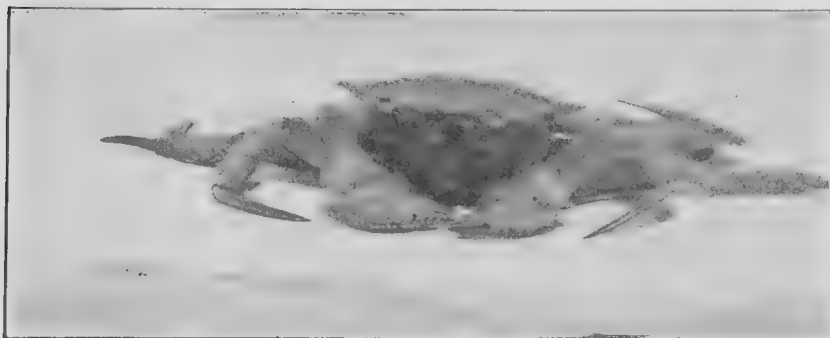
A typical pile driver.—Pacific coast wharf.

again. "I hop you vill 'scuse us, tings not all right yet. I loss my little baby." I told her how sorry we were, thinking the trouble was at least a week past. Waiting for supper in the little sitting room, Fritz detected a subtle odor of carbolic acid and remarked of it to me, then we were called to supper. At the head of the table sat a little fat Dane, an old man, clothed all in black, across from us were two women and two children, likewise dressed all in black. Half noting this we began our supper, then I heard the little girl behind me say: "Oh! We nefer will carry little Ollie in our arms again." Then it all flashed upon me. A funeral supper, the mourning relatives (although they showed no sign of grief), the little minister at the head of the table. The moment supper was over I left the table, whispering to Fritz the facts of the case, then I sought the

chopper. "Oh! dat is allrite, dis is a public house, do not go away—it iss allrite," he answered. We went out in the darkness and smoked our pipes. That poor little one's remains were too close to us for the respect we felt ought to be paid to the dead, so early next morning we reeled off ten miles, hunting the place where the giant starfish are.

We fortunately found one, after a day's work, the curious eighteen arm member of Asterias Vagabundus with four rows of walking feet, each ending in a suckling disc, the calcareous network shell that covered the back was very strong, at the end of each arm was a rudimentary eye, the egg pores under the base of the arm were well developed.

Coming across the bay we saw the lurching speedy craft we were to resume our trip upon, from the bow as she entered she was a marvel of height and



The Pacific Spider Crab.

father in the store to tell him how sorry we were for intruding. Ahead of us entered the little fat minister, behind the counter the Danish father of the dead child was counting out candy eggs into a paper bag for a waiting boy. The old minister told the Dane how he would go to the church and get all tings retty. "Oh! I tank you," from the busy Dane (the candies were five for a cent or thirty for five. "Yes, I'll see 'bout rin'ing of de bell" continued the minister. "Oh! I tank you so much. One, two, three, four, five—good-bye, tank you, tank you," and as the door closed on the kind old pastor "Oh! I haf lost my co'rt" and out poured the miserable little candy eggs from the paper bag. Once he had the count correct and had amassed the five cents I told him how sorry we were that we had intruded upon his trouble—by this time the wife was selling shoes to a

slenderness. Along she came for that tall pile driven wharf, neatly bumping off two of the tired and sand flea eaten piles and she was away again before you could say "Jack Robinson."

I think the oft expressed opinion of the passengers as to the danger of these overballasted, tender craft is having some effect, as already two of them have been "swansoned," as the shipwrights call adding a false side to make a tender boat wider and more staunch, but we note with increased respect for our safety, that after this operation they advertise that they have increased their passenger capacity, so we leap from the frying pan into the fire.

Of course there are companies out here exempt from these observations, the ones that build boats with sufficient beam to be called steamships and not racers. Bump! We had struck our home dock

(and Fritz and I stepped thankfully off), utterly refuting the statement of the captain to an inquisitive passenger's

question of when we would strike shore. "Never sir," he proudly ejaculated, "if I retain my eyesight."



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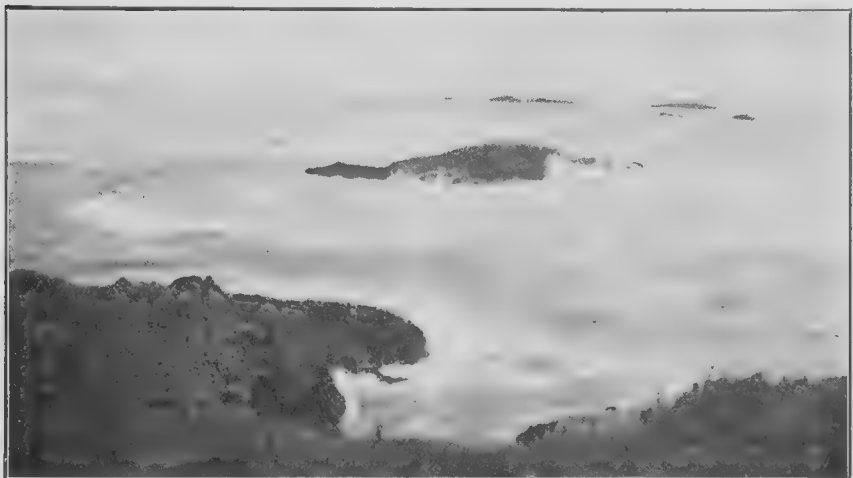
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Good Taste in Home Decoration

Individuality in Dining Room Furnishing Makes it one of the Pleasantest Spots in the Home. By Edith Charlton Salisbury, Professor of Domestic Science, Manitoba Agricultural College.

Certain people find much pleasure in going over new houses and apartments that are open for inspection, "just to see the decorations and how the rooms are arranged," they will tell you by way of explanation. It is interesting to notice which rooms in such houses prove most attractive to these people; one can get a little insight into some phases of character by listening to the reports of these visits. The woman who loves to entertain, who is fond of making a good appearance before her neighbors, talks most about the size of the drawing room and the splendid hall; the woman who holds the reins of her household in her own hands and is its chief worker grows eloquent as she tells you about the convenient kitchen and its various devices for making work easier; the same excellent housekeeper will not fail to remark on the commodious and convenient closets and the big sunlit bedrooms. But after all no place receives a larger share of comment than the dining room, because the majority of people realize that much of the enjoyment of any house, as a home, depends very much

lars and cents. But in individuality, in a certain unobtrusive beauty and in simplicity much more marked than any garishness could ever be, they were a perfect delight. Let me tell you of a luncheon that stands out in memory as a feast of the gods. No, I cannot tell you of the various dishes that comprised the luncheon menu, for I don't remember one of them. I know there were only two courses and those exceedingly simple, but I know I was refreshed and stimulated and satisfied as I could not have been at the most formal table d'hôte dinner. It was the surroundings, the charm of the color scheme that satisfied my hunger and gratified that something within me which always responds to color well applied. It was a north room where the sun peeped in only on the brightest days and then for only a few moments, but the entire room seemed flooded with mellow sunshine. This effect was given by the arrangement of color—a soft pomegranate yellow blending with darker and lighter shades. The room was low-ceiled and irregular in shape. The woodwork was weathered



Simple and conventional but individuality attained in flowers and silver.

on it. There is a class of men and women who seem willing to live in houses, the dining rooms in which are always dark and gloomy unless illuminated with artificial light; the windows open into wells or stare hopelessly at the blank wall of the adjoining building. Such people are unaware of the influence of bright, congenial surroundings in successful living. If this class of people did not exist there would be no one to rent or buy houses with dark rooms, and in a short time such would cease to be built.

There is not a room in the house that brings a larger return in genuine satisfaction and pleasure than the dining room when attention has been given to its decoration and furnishing. I have been in homes where each meal was anticipated with veritable joy, not because we expected a sumptuous repast, but because we were eager for that feeling of supreme satisfaction, imparted by the perfect harmony that pervaded the dining room. I have been in other homes much more elaborate perhaps in cuisine and furnishings that for some unexplained reason took the edge off appetite and robbed the entire menu of its flavor. Why? Because harmony was lacking in every particular. Mind you, the amount of money spent on furnishings, the lavishness and richness of your china and silver are by no means a surety that your dining room is a success from an artistic viewpoint. Some of the most interesting and charming rooms I have known have cost but little in dol-

oak—a mistake in that dark room, but put in by the builder because that was the latest "fad." The walls were finished in panels and there was a plate rail and casement windows over the low buffet. One could very easily forgive the mistake of putting dark woodwork in a sunless room when it was condoned by casement windows which certainly are fascinating to drape, and, like some women, are more beautiful than useful. But when there were two other windows for that utilitarian purpose we may accept the beauty for its own intrinsic value alone. Below the plate rail the wall was covered with burlap of a peculiarly mellow tint of the same fascinating yellow, the color which has the hint of old red gold and hides within its chastened lights and shadows—a suggestion of balmy autumn days.

Little Things Which Insure Comfort.

The floor, dark wood, like doors and windows, was bare, except for a single rug in the centre, the colors of which were a mixture of rich brown and yellow, a faithful copy of leaves as they cover the ground after a killing frost in early fall. The casement windows had leaded panes of dull glass, as should be used always in a room with panelled walls. The curtains next the windows were of white net, over-hung with the thinnest of yellow silk and the side curtains were of brown rep. The furniture matched the woodwork, simple in lines and quite unobtrusive to the eye. You were conscious of it, chiefly from

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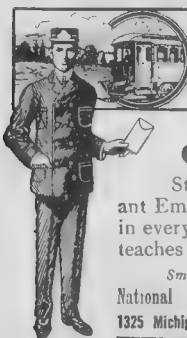
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Panelled wainscot and beamed ceiling make this room beautiful.

its comfort. The chairs had broad seats and high backs, excellent qualities in dining room chairs. The sideboard was inexpensive and still lacked the undesirable points of cheap furniture. It was neither ugly in design nor made hideous with impossible carvings, and made no pretensions of being anything it was not.

On the plate rail were two or three pieces of good pottery, chosen, I fancy, because their design and coloring gave the last touch necessary to a perfect color scheme. I mention the plate rails with misgivings, fearing that some one may think I approve of it in its popular style, when I do not. I would rather have walls quite unadorned than have a plate rail of the ordinary kind—the shelf cluttered with china of all sorts, shapes and colors, vases of many styles, not to mention candlesticks, a photograph here and there and an accumulation of six months' dust. To keep a plate rail such as that dust-free would require more time than the ordinary housekeeper can honestly afford to spend on the daily or weekly dusting. But the plain shelf encircling the room permits of variety in wall decoration, makes a high-ceiled room appear lower, and with a few carefully selected ornaments on it, takes the place of, and is more suitable for dining rooms, than pictures.

A fireplace in the dining room is a great addition to its comfort if the room is sufficiently large to allow space for it. By that I mean the room should be large enough that the table may not be too near the fireplace, else the person who sits next to it may be uncomfortably warm when a fire is burning on the hearth. Then, too, the mantel best suited for a dining room is devoid of ornament, a severely simple affair of brick or stone with a plain shelf on top. Over this shelf should hang a good picture—perhaps the only one in the room—in preference to a mirror which is never desirable.

A Black-List of Things to Avoid.

In furnishing a dining room there should be a black-list of furniture, decorations and colors. I would head this list with golden-oak wood trim and furniture, either dull or polished, and red wall coverings and hangings. The combination is frequently seen and is ruinous to any success in artistic decoration. It should never be used. Then red would be better excluded from most dining rooms. There is a dark rich shade which looks well in certain rooms where there is a good deal of woodwork in white enamel. But it is a mistake to think that red makes a cosy, attractive room, for instead of brightening the dark room the color absorbs the light and makes it still gloomier, except in artificial light.

Beware of any red in the room, if you are so fortunate as to own a mahogany dining set, else you obtain what is termed "hot color." Furniture of that beautiful wood looks better with white enamel woodwork than anything else and blends harmoniously with some shades of dark blue, green and brown in decorations.

The black-list should include, too, the common oak sideboard with a mirror on top, framed by tiers of upright shelves. This special brand of sideboard usually costs a lot of money and makes a big showing, but of a kind that can never be called artistic. It is conspicuous, but in a way that makes the person, sensitive to line and curve, wish to apologize for it. Don't permit anyone to persuade you that such a piece of furniture is necessary to the good appearance of your home. If it must be that or none, choose none and substitute instead a cupboard which can be painted or stained to match the woodwork.

On the black-list put all trimmings, in the way of ribbons tied on chairs, a bow of ribbon fastened to the sideboard scarf, and all trifles that rightfully belong to the boudoir and living room. Simplicity and harmony should be the keynote of the dining room.

Walls Made Attractive With Burlap.

While the furniture of a dining room is conventional, confined nearly always to table, sideboard or buffet, chairs and serving table, a great deal of latitude for individuality is allowed in selection and arrangement of colors, materials used for wall coverings and draperies. Two rooms exactly alike in size and general style may present two totally different aspects when decorated and furnished according to individual taste. It is the individuality put into a room



White enameled chairs and woodwork are frequently seen in present day dining rooms.



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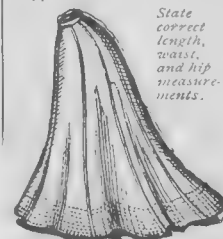
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which gives it its greatest charm. I have seen two rooms similar in size, exposure, number of doors and windows, etc., but when decorated and furnished according to the different tastes of the occupants were as much unlike as two rooms could be. Perhaps no part of the decoration is more important in determining the character of the room than

the wall and floor covering. While, for the former, the list may, if one wishes, include everything from paint to tapestry, I do not think anything is better suited to average pocket books than burlap for the lower part of the wall and a good ingrain paper above. Tapestry is lovely, but is too expensive for most people, while a wall entirely cover-

ed with paper lacks something of the cosiness, the air of hospitality, which burlap imparts. No safer direction can be given for decorating the walls of a dining room than to have it panelled below the plate rail and the panels covered with a good quality of burlap of the desired shade with a dado of harmonizing paper above, a lighter tone than the burlap. Do not use two colors either contrasting or opposing on the walls, as, for instance, green burlap with cream dado, as is sometimes seen; this not only has the effect of changing the dimensions of the room, but always gives a patchy appearance. Remember, too, that the burlap should always carry the strongest color in the wall decoration. If you select good quality which nowadays is especially prepared for durability and cleanliness and have it put on properly you will have a wall covering that will be satisfactory for a long time. One can get any color that is suitable for down-stairs rooms and in tones that blend delightfully with draperies and floor coverings.

A Hint on Floor Coverings.

For a dining room one rug, large enough to extend several inches beyond the chairs when they surround the table, is better than several smaller rugs. The varieties generally preferred are Wiltons, Axminster, Brussels, or Oriental, if the purse is full enough. But I have seen some very inviting dining rooms in country homes where the hard wood floor had no covering, others in which Japanese matting and hand woven rugs were used. It is not so much the material or the cost that results in satisfactory furnishing as it is the color arrangement.

There is a fashion at present to use white enamel chairs and woodwork in dining rooms. The table may be white enamel, too, or it may be mahogany or dark oak. Generally the buffet is discarded and a china closet in the wall is used. With some shades of dark blue and deep red this style of furnishing is effective, the chief objection to it is that one soon tires of it and wants a change after a season or two. If this is impossible then better not decide on the white enamelled dining room.

Unless worms be expelled from the system, no child can be healthy. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is the best medicine extant to destroy worms.

The Hungry North.

Written for Western Home Monthly by
G. W. Bartlett, Arden.



THE Eskimo does not realize that there is a limit to the human capacity for food," says a well known northern traveller. This statement is no exaggeration. Given an unlimited supply of meat, the Eskimo will continue his operations until he has eaten himself into drowsiness. This amazing consumption of food is not a trait of these people alone, but is shared to an almost equal degree by the Northern Indians, and even by the old time fur traders.

In the palmy days of the early fur trade, the voyageur on the Winnipeg River regarded a wild goose as a "snack" to stay the gnawings of his hunger until he could obtain a square meal; but by no means was it to be accepted as a satisfying dinner.

In the Churchill district, Wm. Auld, who was chief of the Northern Department of the Hudson's Bay Company early in the nineteenth century, wrote concerning his Orkney employees that their stomachs were "so distended with oatmeal diet that they made no great matter of swallowing ten pounds of venison at a meal."

Equally extravagant reports are noted, as the merest common incidents, in reports from the various northern posts of the great fur company, illustrating the unsatiable appetites of the men of the north. One of the most extraordinary accounts which has yet come to hand is taken from the journal of one of the earliest traders among the Saulteaux of the west. It is an account of a feast given by the Indians in order to appease the spirit of a slain bear by devouring his body in his own honor. The ceremony was both social and religious. One most rigid condition was that the entire carcass must be devoured at one sitting.

At nightfall five white men, two Indian men, and three Indian women, sat down to the feast—a party of ten to eat a huge black bear. Out of regard for his deficiencies as a pale face, the narrator, Alexander Henry, was let off with a ten pound cut, his men receiving slightly larger portions on their dishes. The Indians, with serene confidence in their own powers, took the lion's share. "One of them," writes Henry, "had the head, the breast, the heart, the surrounding fat, together with the four feet; all of which he successfully swallowed in less than two hours. He as well as the other Indians, had finished long before I had got through half my toil. My men were equally behind hand."

"In this situation, one of them resorted to an experiment which came to a ludicrous issue. Observing that a part of the cheer would be acceptable next day, when his appetite should be returned, he took a large portion of the contents of his dish and made it fast to a girdle inside his shirt."

"Meanwhile, finding myself unable to perform my part, I begged the Indians to assist me, which they willingly did, eating the rest of my portion with as much ease as if their stomachs had been empty."

"The feast being now brought to an end, we arose to depart, but when my man, who had concealed his meat, arose, two dogs, guided by the scent, seized the treasure and tore it to the ground. The Indians were greatly astonished. They declared that the dogs had been guided by the great spirit to frustrate the profane attempt to steal away this part of the offering. As matters stood, their only course was to put the meat into the fire and consume it."

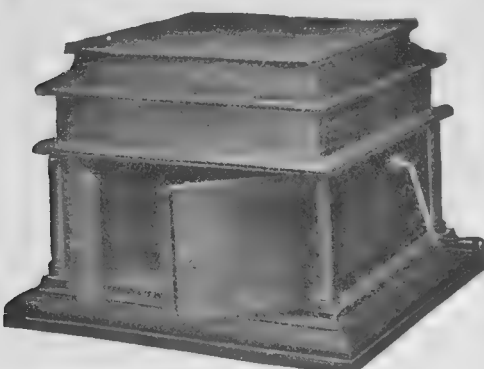
Doctor: "I don't think it is anything very serious, but you will have to stay in bed at least two weeks."

Patient: "But, doctor, do you know that this is a very expensive hotel?"

Doctor: "Yes; I am a friend of the proprietor."

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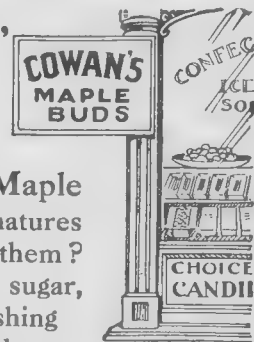
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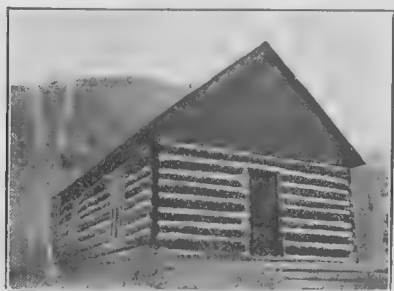
With the Preacher in the Rockies.

On the Trail. By Chas. L. Cowan. Written for The Western Home Monthly.



ALIGHTING from the train the preacher inquired the direction in which the camp lay.

A man without a coat, with a glaring red shirt open at the neck, sporting somewhat tattered trousers tucked into long-legged, hob-nailed boots, and wearing a large broad-brimmed hat after the sombrero pattern, looked the questioner coolly up and down, noted everything from the "bowler" to the grip, and then slowly replied in cultured tones wholly incommensurate with his rough appearance: "Go over to the thick timber and you will find two trails. Follow the one that leads straight to the mountains; it will take you to the camp."



St. Paul's Church, Calena, B.C.

Thanking his informant, the missionary proceeded on his way.

It was towards fall: the trail was dusty, and the day bright and warm. As yet, the innovations of civilized life had not taken from the landscape its natural picturesqueness, and the wild rugged beauty captivated the traveller. Straight and tall tamarac, great white pine, spruce and fir trees grew in profusion all around. Nature was showing the handiwork of its Creator, trees were "clapping their hands."

An hour or two later the lonely shack of a gaunt prospector was passed. Of him it has been written:

"He is rough, he is crude — but the world where he lives
Is but rough and but crude in the life
that it gives,
With the wind swooping down with a
fury that jars
And the night with its lonely array of
stars—
Yet he does not make moan over what
he may lack,
But looks out on his conquest — 'The
Man in the Shack.'"

He has found traces of gold, has staked his claim, and now is awaiting the advent of the rich investor.

Climbing painfully up a steep ridge a wonderful scenic panorama burst upon the missionary's astonished vision. Before him was a gently sloping, thickly timbered, foothill. Behind that again, towering high and lofty were the Selkirks like gigantic sentinels guarding the valley. In the distance, shelving between two peaks, with another majestic peak towering behind as a background, the sun beat down upon a glacier of immense proportions. The combination of exquisite colors produced by the soft glow of the afternoon sun, the huge mountains impressed—no, that word is too weak—filled the beholder with awe and bewilderment and drew from his lips an involuntary exclamation of delight and wonder. The view from Sorrento across the Bay of Naples, the wonderful Umbrian plain, surely cannot excel the grandeur seen that day from the camp trail! It seemed as if God, from the mountains, from the forest, from the glowing tints, had suddenly torn aside a curtain and cried: "Behold and worship!" No wonder that E. B. Browning's lines rushed to the missionary's tongue:

"Earth's crowned with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his
shoes."

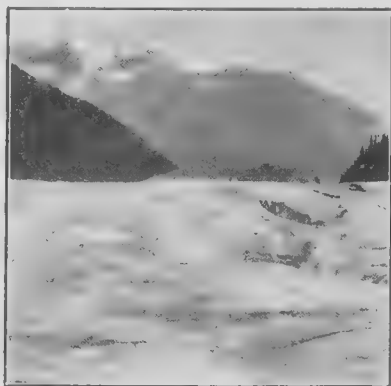
Turning right around, the observer discerned, about twenty miles away, the far-famed Rockies looming up in unbroken and parallel procession, apparently taller, and even more soldierly than the Selkirks. Colossal piles of "God's own masonry" encircled the preacher. Proceeding a little farther along the rising trail he turned a bend which brought him into the vicinity of the camp.

A Lumber Camp.

Those who have never seen a camp in the far-off mountains cannot realize what they are like. The first building that met the eye of the missionary was a stable made of undressed logs, with caked mud in lieu of mortar to keep out the biting wind. About ten yards distant, built in oblong shape, and of the same material, stood a bunk house, while on the west, immediately opposite, was the cook shack of two apartments, the kitchen and the dining room. The cook, who, by the way, is an important and somewhat autocratic character in camp life, was an Austrian, while his helper claimed Emerald Isle as the land of his birth. North of that again was the "office" where blankets, pillows, etc., were on sale; and where the foreman and timekeeper resided. On the left hand as you entered the door were two beds of coarse grey blankets and here the missionary slept (?) with the timekeeper. Being so far away from town a "smiddy" was a necessity for the repairing of vehicles. This shop was built at the extreme end of the settlement. These buildings, and another bunk house made up the camp which nestled so cozily on a little flat at the foot of the mountains.

Camp Life.

The life is not altogether an enviable one. Indeed, often much that is repulsive is evident. There is no white linen and a hard bunk takes the place of a warm bed. No smile, no glad nod of recognition from a loved one, greet the worker when the toil of the day is over. These are places where women's voices are not heard, where the bright prattle



Tobey Creek, Columbia Valley.

of little children makes no welcome disturbance. The lumberjack is without the uplifting grace of the true home life; and there are no facilities for the cultivation of intellect and character.

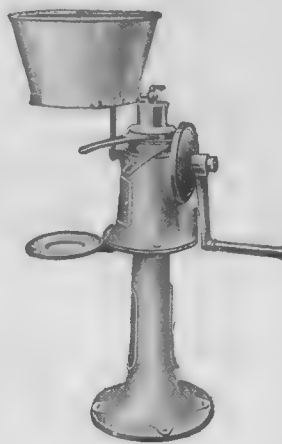
If in ancient times representatives of all nations gathered in Alexandria and Athens, or in modern days in Paris and Rome, so in the camps men of all nations and creeds congregate. Social distinction is unheard of: burdensome chains of etiquette and irksome bonds of so-called "good form" are rudely snapped asunder. The Italian, Britisher, German and Russian sit side by side at the same table. In no place is the Brotherhood of Man nearer realization than in the lumber camp. Six-thirty a.m. finds the woodsman at breakfast; that finish-

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ed, with axe and saw in hand, he cheerily marches to the woods. Six-thirty p.m. he is back again in camp longing for the gong to sound the welcome news that supper is served. He eats heartily and so rapidly as to astonish the tenderfoot. The bracing mountain air whets the appetite in an unimaginable manner and if the service is not princely it is none the less appreciated. But the work is not over for the day; their saws are to be set and axes sharpened for the morrow's toil. That done, they repair to the bunk house where games of cards and dominoes are indulged in. Darkness descending, some by the light of candles and stable lamps eagerly scan old newspapers for the news of the outside world. These papers are greatly cherished, as are magazines, and passed from one to the other till they are in shreds. Sunday is a holiday, but it is really a change of labor. What washing is to be done is then performed in the little creek that runs by the side of the camp. Those who are fortunate enough to have guns go out hunting deer, mountain goat, bear or caribou as the season permits. Others go to the creeks and lakes where there is abundant fishing.

Occasionally a great longing possesses the woodsman to see town life again, so with his cheque in his pocket, and his "turkey" on his back he strides the trail. It is heart-breaking to witness how he is duped and stripped of his savings. Human sharks lie in wait and he is cajoled and flattered, enticed and bled, until not a cent remains. Then, saddest of all and so typical of debased humanity, he is spurned and flung aside as a cumberer of the ground. With heavy heart he finds the trail that leads back to the camp. Unfortunately, it cannot be stated that he always takes the lesson to heart, because, as his money accumulates, the same restless feelings surge up within him with often the same results. But withal, a kinder-hearted and more generous type of man is not to be found from the Apennines



to the Grampians, from the Pyrenees to the Carpathians.

The Preacher's Reception.

Finding the foreman, a strongly-built, blue-eyed Scot, the preacher inquired if he might hold a service in the camp that evening. The reply of the man revealed his nationality:

"I dinna ken what theyll think o' a preacher here. Ye see we had yin that cam' a wee while sin' and he didna please. The mannie sent ward tae the camp tae hae a team waitin' on him at the station!"

Here a grin overspread his rugged features reminiscent of the past and he

chuckled as if enjoying a huge joke.

"Ay we sent the team and he came up, preached a sermon, and we sent him back tae the station wi' the team."

The foreman laughed outright as if something had delighted him.

"But what do you think of my chances?" asked the preacher, feeling some misgivings.

"O I dinna ken, but since yer a Scot ye kin try. We're no very releegous here and a guid sermon 'll dae us nae harm. Vera often I went tae the Free Kirk at hame."

He halted, a rush of forgotten memories appeared to have suddenly come upon him and he turned away his

head a moment. When he spoke again it was not concerning the homeland, but a word of encouragement.

"I'll dae all I kin tae help ye. Ye kin go roond the boys when they come back frae their wark, and I'll speak tae some ma'sel."

He was as good as his word as later results revealed. Supper over, and following the advice of the "boss," the missionary visited the men and extended a hearty invitation to the service. Some gave a cold stony glare and refused to speak, others joked and attempted puns. With a smile and a cheery word, heedless of unkind remarks the messenger of peace pursued his round. It was difficult to get some to shake hands and many after extending the palm did not return the pressure. A few were suspicious, and one, after a "good-evening" returned the remark. "Wall, ye hev yer share of it." This was not inviting, but the preacher did not grumble as he was there on the King's business. Complaints would have been useless and would only have brought scorn and contempt upon his own head. These men do not bow to the wearer of the clerical collar, but ask the question: "Is he a man?" If perchance the answer is not in the affirmative the parson need not force himself upon the camps. They may tolerate him, while in their hearts they despise him. As far as usefulness goes he is effete. He is better away. What Robert Service says of the call of the Yukon for men, the mission work in lonely mountain camps proclaims in more emphatic voice:

"Send not your foolish and feeble; send your strong and your sane.

Send men grit for the combat; men who are grit to the core."

The Camp Service.

Eight o'clock arrived and the missionary entered the larger bunk house to commence the service. As yet, he hardly knew how the effort would culminate,

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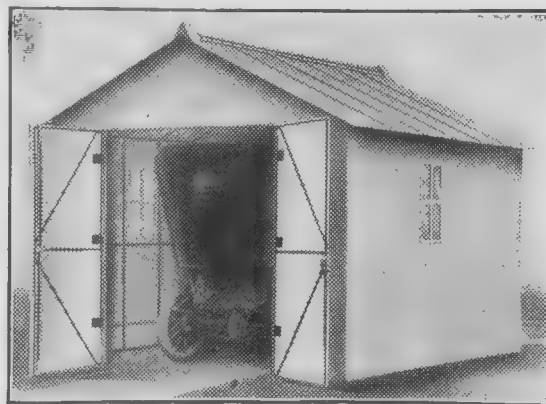
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and standing within the door he said: "Any objections to the service? Now is the time to make them."

A chorus of voices answered "No."

Following that a voice was heard saying, "I'd like to see the blamed mongrel who'd be so perlit as ter try. Go on, parson. I guess none'll take offence. Let's have a meetin'."

The preacher peered through the smoky atmosphere and observed a man, six feet in height, with head thrown defiantly back, and fists clenched. Unused to such behavior, the missionary thought a fistie display was ahead; but apparently no one cared to avail himself of the veiled challenge.

Frost was in the air and the evening was cool. An enormous stove in the centre of the apartment was heating the temperature to a melting degree. From the log beams above wet underwear hung, from which was coming an obnoxious odor. In that building, thirty by eighteen, forty men slept; and the only place of ventilation was a small fanlight window, scarcely ever opened on account of the men nearest it objecting to the cold and draught. Some were lazily smoking in reclining attitude,

with the other in making the loudest noise. If occasionally there was lack of harmony, the praise did not lack in heartiness.

Breathing hard, and perspiring profusely, they sat down, well pleased with themselves. Prayer was then offered to the Father of all, commending the wayward men to His grace and beseeching that strength be given them in the hour of great temptation, when the nails are dug into the palms, when cold sweat damps the forehead, when the teeth grit, and when their very blood cries aloud for the forbidden sin.

Following upon the prayer, a children's hymn was sung:

"Jesus loves me this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

The refrain swept the hardened men back to boyhood's rollicking days when in the Sabbath school they learned the immortal strain. It was touching to listen to the boisterous singing of the children's classic by the woodsmen.

Next, the heart-reaching story of the Prodigal was read. During the reading there was not a whisper; they seemed

could be seen furtively drawing his sleeve across his eyes. In a low tone the reader proceeded:

"I will arise and go to my father. . . and he arose and came to his father."

Eager hearers hung upon the precious words, and hearts beat faster with a new hope. One could almost have said

that some, like the Prodigal, were rising from sins and going home to their Father, and truly some were. The tale was cheering abandoned men. But it was not ended:

"When he was a great way off, his father saw him and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him."



Lake Louise on line of C. P. R.

others were chewing "black plug," and all expectorated on the floor. On the whole, the atmospheric conditions were not compatible with clean thinking, or conducive to highest moral issues.

The missionary took his stand at a rickety table. His grip was opened and hymn books were distributed. An invitation was given to suggest a hymn and one present mentioned the familiar lines:

"Stand up! stand up for Jesus!"

But the men could hardly be persuaded to sing. They hung their heads and looked sheepishly at each other. For stalwarts of the forest they were surprisingly shy.

A little Frenchman cried out: "Bon M'sieu, I lak' dat song."

Thus inspired, the preacher glanced at the foreman, who, interpreting the look answered, "I'll raise the tune for ye maister."

Once more an attempt was made and this time it was successful. The reserved feeling gradually gave way and before the end of the hymn one vied

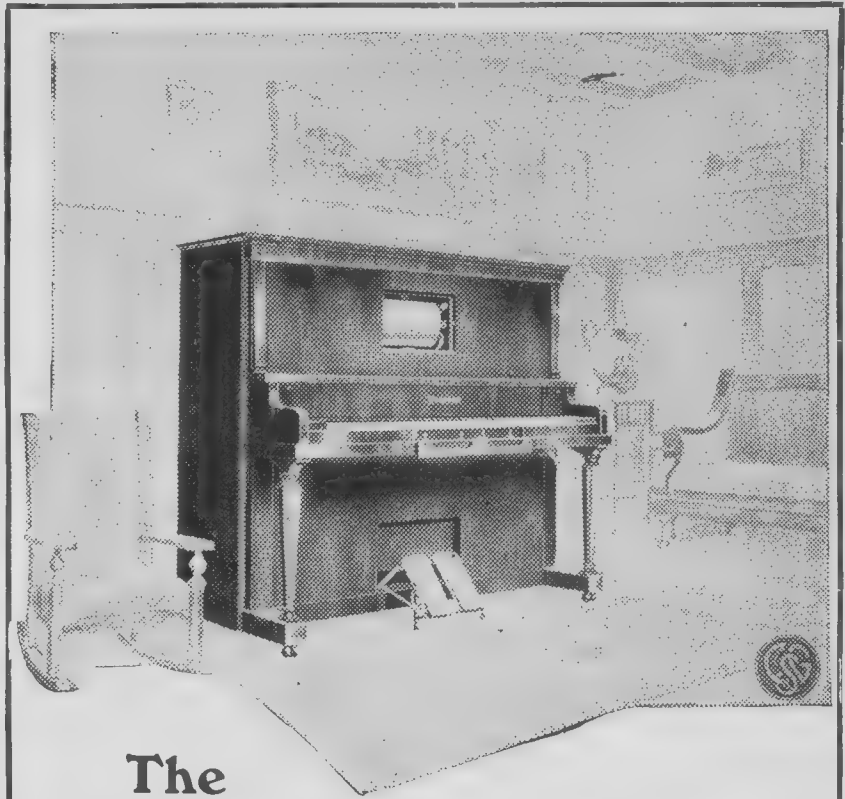
under a spell. Many minds, no doubt, went back to churches in far-off lands where the same story was often repeated. Others, in that cosmopolitan gathering, thought of the days when they left the old homestead, pure and unstained, with their mother's prayers and father's benediction.

"He took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."

There was no need of ransacking libraries for illustrations, as living examples of the same truth were around him. And they knew it. The cesspool of iniquity had left its disfiguring stamp upon many of the men now looking and listening in strained attention.

"And he began to be in want, and no man gave unto him."

The words came slowly from the preacher's lips. Now there was death-like stillness, and the cracks of the wood fire sounded painfully loud. Pipes had gone out; some were moodily gazing at the floor; while in a corner a man



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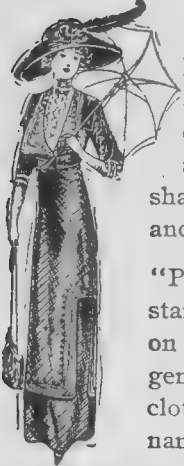
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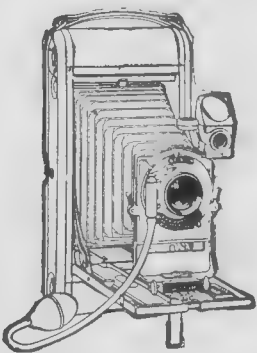
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The faces around grew brighter, and,
if possible, they more anxiously listen-
ed as the well-known words found their
way to their beating hearts. With
deeper feeling the missionary began the
confession:

"I have sinned against heaven."

How true of them—indeed, how true
of all! The reading was discontinued
for a moment to allow the note of the
repentant wanderer full sway. Sinned?
Yes, and God alone knew how grievous-
ly. If all tales were true, at least one
man had fled from the hangman's rope.
But be done with uncertainties! Num-
bers of these men had assisted in
"painting the town red;" had in one
wild day's debauch swamped the earn-
ings of six months. The dance hall, the
gaming table, the painted woman had in
turn claimed them. It was not neces-
sary to remind them of former and pre-
sent transgressions, as the Spirit was
speaking to their hearts.

There are times in the lives of men
when it is imperative that you should

closed with the benediction. Silently
the hymn books were gathered and af-
ter a quiet good night the preacher left
them to meditate upon what they had
heard.

But he was not done! A bearded man
about sixty years of age followed him
with a troubled look on his face. He
grasped the missionary's hand and with
a sob told his story.

"I am a total wreck, but I was not
always such. I had a good home and cul-
tured godly parents. They endeavored to
lead me right and I did go straight for a
time. . . . Do you know I was edu-
cated in Queen's, and I—I became a
minister! But I fell—I disgraced my-
self. I am now (tears were blinding
him) a—a teamster."

A Queen's man! A minister! Could
it be possible? Yet though his clothes
were in no way different from other
woodsmen, his voice and general de-
meanor bespoke a former acquaintance
with better things. The appealing look
on his face reminded the missionary of
his duty, and the ex-minister, now a
complete shadow of his former self, with



Beaching Canoes.

tell them of their failings, but as the
preacher looked upon his hearers, in-
tuition warned him that the physico-
logical moment was not then. His
duty was to harangue, not to violently
condemn, but lovingly and gently lead
the straying feet into the paths of rec-
titude. So, very quietly he continued
the beautiful parable:

"Bring forth the best robe, and put
it on him. . . . for this my son was
dead and is alive again; he was lost
and is found."

They were strangely moved; they had
seen the forgiving love of God in the
tale that was read and commented upon,
and the spark of hope in their hearts
was burning brighter; they need not
despair.

Very softly the preacher asked them
to bow their heads, and once more the
prayer, "Our Father," ascended to be
heard and answered. They sang,

"Abide with me,
Fast falls the eventide."

in subdued tones, and the camp meeting

a sin-stained regrettable past, was
pointed to the Saviour, who once said
to a sinner such as he, "Go, sin no
more."

Next morning the preacher bade the
foreman good-by, and as a parting word
that worthy said:

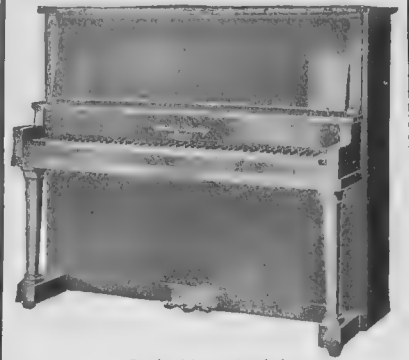
"Dinna be 'feart tae come back again.
We'll aye mak' ye welcome. Could ye
no come often, sort o' regular like?
Drap me ward when ye kin git awa'
an' I'll hae the team waitin' at the
station for ye."

One day a friend entered the studio of
a famous artist during the latter's strug-
gling days, and was astonished to see
him rubbing a piece of raw meat over a
painted rabbit in the foreground.

"What on earth are you doing that
for?" he asked.

"Well, you see," he explained, "Mrs.
Meelyans is coming to see this picture,
and she likes things realistic, but she has
no idea of art. If she sees her pet dog
smelling it, she will get excited and buy
it on the spot. Do you see, if I don't
sell it, I'll have to go without a dinner."

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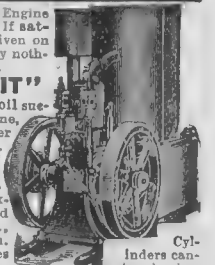
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A Perilous Passage.

How Father O'Neil Earned a Donation for his Charities.
By Grace MacGowan Cooke.



IT had been a military wedding; the three men driving in the livery coach, called in that Western town a hack, were in full uniform. Champagne had flowed at the breakfast which followed it, and champagne at midday gets into one's ideas.

Markham, the youngest man in the party, was at the sentimental stage.

"I tell you, Spikey isn't worthy of her," he repeated again and again with portentous shakings of his close-cropped yellow head. "Or, rather, he isn't worthy of it—of woman. For my part, going out as we all are to God knows what fate, if I thought I left a woman behind me—ho could send up her pure prayers for my safety, I'd be a better man and a better soldier."

Delevan looked impressed; but Major Henry, whose mustache was beginning to grizzle, snorted a little contemptuous laugh.

"Champagne!" he commented. "Champagne in the morning—that's what it is."

Of course the boy resented it.

"Oh, you cynical old brute!" he retorted. "You remind me again that no man's worthy of a woman. I tell you if there was a peasant girl, a daughter of the soil, bearing my name, waiting for me to come back, I'd feel blessed."

"Marry one," grinned the major briefly, "and see how you'd enjoy it when this moonshine and molasses evaporated."

The coach was pulling up a long slope now, getting out toward the barracks. To the west, on an arid little flat, was a huddle of huts belonging to the Irish laborers who were bringing the new railway in, the railway which was to revolutionize Prairie City. Ahead of them toiled a woman's figure with a small red shawl over her head, and a tin pail swinging in her hand.

"Hark!" commanded Delevan. "Listen! Isn't that girl singing 'Lilibullero'? I've always wanted to learn to whistle the thing. Listen."

Back to them floated a clear, high treble, in that most bewitching melody, which surely has Irish magic in it.

"It is!" shouted Delevan excitedly, poking his head out of the window. "Oh, driver, I say! Whip up a little and stop when we get to that girl. I want to speak to her."

The driver shook his head reprehendingly, but he whipped up. Abreast the walker, Delevan jumped out and paused, cap in hand, for the girl had turned a slender, pretty face, and was regarding them with the true Irish eyes, dark blue, black-lashed, as though they had been "rubbed in with a smutty finger."

"I beg your pardon, miss. The tune you were just singing—I want to learn it, and I'm such a duffer I can't get it from a book. If you would hum it over again—"

"Get in," Major Henry's authoritative, strident voice cut across Delevan's voluble apologies. "Get right in here, my girl. There are only three of us, and we can give you a lift; the road to the barracks passes by your house."

The girl—she was scarcely more than a child, showing the flattened curves and

hollows of an immaturity which might ripen into beauty or deteriorate into vulgarity—flashed him a quick look, and then smiled, revealing a row of pearly teeth. She was really very pretty when she smiled.

"Thank you kindly, sir," she said, with just the faintest touch of the brogue clinging to her pleasant little voice. Avoiding the hand with which Delevan would have assisted her, she stepped lightly in, and looked about for a place to put her pail. "'Tis buttermilk," she explained, "and if it gets to sloshing around here 'twill spoil your uniforms. Ah"—as Delevan sprang in and would have seated himself—"I can't endure riding backwards!"

There was a muffled laugh, and Markham, blushing like a peony, arose and offered his seat. The newcomer slipped into it without a word of thanks. Major Henry picked up the buttermilk pail,

and emptied its contents out of the window.

"We'll fill it with champagne for you," he explained.

The girl laughed.

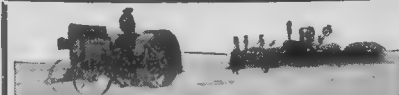
"And how I'll be making bread with champagne I don't know," she retorted archly, flashing those big eyes, which were growing brighter every moment, upon the three men about her.

"The tune!" broke in Delevan. "Part of it, anyhow, before we get to your house."

"Mebby you could learn it better if I was to whistle it," the girl suggested, tilting her head on one side and looking at him through her thick lashes.

The little red shawl had slipped back, revealing a great crop of blue-black Irish hair, which curled and crinkled above the whitest of foreheads. If there were a few golden freckles on the tip-tilted nose, one forgot them in the milky pureness of her throat.

"These Irish peasants are a wonder," muttered Major Henry to Markham, under cover of the sound, as the girl pursed her red lips and began. "Look at her hands and feet, her ankles and wrists—a duchess might envy her!"



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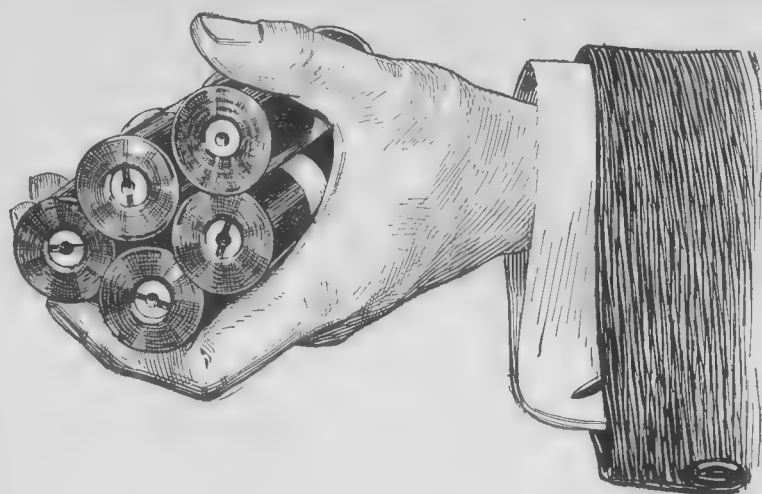
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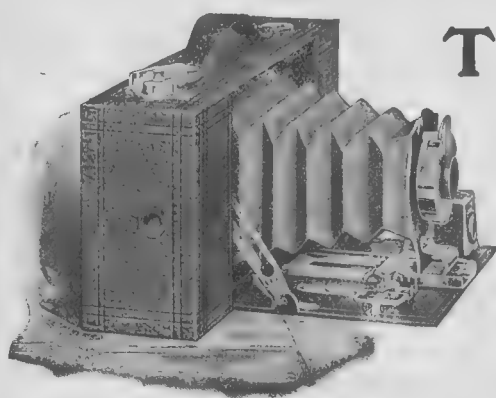
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She whistled like a bird—or a gamin. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike the major. He chuckled and slapped his knee.

"The very thing!" he muttered.

Delevan was deep in his music lesson. The older man leaned forward and touched Markham, whispering to him with bursts of smothered laughter.

"Yah! I knew you'd funk," he finally commented in disgust.

"I didn't—I don't!" protested Markham heatedly. "The sentiments I expressed are still those I feel."

"Well, then, what's to hinder? Here she is, your peasant woman, and a beautiful little specimen—prettier than you've any right to ask. I'll lay you five hundred to one you won't do it."

"I'd go you," Markham answered helplessly, "but it's an insult to her womanhood. Of course, man, I can't just marry the girl as you'd buy a dog!"

"You can—and you know you can. You were simply a fraud like the rest of them, when you smothered those lofty sentimental vaporings."

the barracks. You're a fortunate girl—I can tell you that!"

This was the turning-point. If the girl had shown a coarse satisfaction, if she had been hardy, ready with her consent, even the champagne and the excitement of the situation would never have carried Markham through it. But she covered her pretty face with her slender little hands and burst into tears, the red blushes running over her white skin in a way beautiful to see.

"Let me out of the hack," she protested. "Tis you are making game of me, because I'm poor and common. And I didn't think he would love me!"

It is hard to understand in cold blood, but the girl was very pretty, her distress was extreme, her sudden dependence upon Markham as one who would not have "made game" of her was touching.

"Indeed," he said, leaning forward and taking her hand seriously in both his own, "indeed, Major Henry is correct. It's true. I'm in earnest;" and even as he protested, he heard Major Henry betting with Delevan on the result.



The gladsome summer time.

Anybody but such a boy as Bruce Markham would have suspected the interested motive behind the elder man's action. Anybody but such a modest fellow would have connected it at once with Major Henry's open and avowed infatuation for the bridesmaid at this recent wedding, who had fallen to Bruce's share, and who had shown him the interest and liking that women always gave to the handsome, cleanhearted boy.

Henry turned to the girl beside him. "Hold up on the music lesson a minute," he ordered. "No"—as the driver pulled up at one of the huts on the flat—"don't stop just now, George. Move on. Drive around this metropolis while we settle a little matter."

The man drove on. The girl turned to her seat-mate composedly; she had shown a poise of mind in the situation which was like her poise of body as she leaped into the swaying coach.

"This gentleman here, Lieutenant Markham," Henry went on, "has fallen desperately in love with you. He would like to be married before we go on to

Things were rather mixed for Markham after that, till he found himself in Father O'Neil's parsonage.

"Are you a member of the church?" that worthy inquired severely.

Markham had no idea that the church to this man meant the Roman Catholic church, and he answered with a grave bend of the head.

"What is your pastor's name?" came the next inquiry. "This is most unseemly! Besides, you haven't even got a license. What? The driver has gone to the court-house for one?" as Major Henry whispered to him energetically.

The girl shuddered and trembled, and clung to Markham's arm. Delevan looked distressed. Major Henry and the priest were still talking aside.

"Think it over, and come to me inside of a week," Father O'Neil counseled, turning to the would-be bride-groom.

"We are ordered to Montana tomorrow," Markham answered, and his voice sounded strange in his own ears.

The priest looked at him thoughtfully.

"How long have you known this

child?" he asked more gently.

Before either of them could answer, Major Henry broke in:

"Here comes George with the license, Father O'Neil. I can't see that it cuts any figure—the length of their acquaintance. He's a decent chap, and the girl's a member of your parish—you know whether she's a worthy person."

"Oh, as to that," replied the priest stiffly, "the child is a good child;" and he patted her shoulder reassuringly.

As he did so, Markham glanced at her with a sudden remorse in his face. How little any of them, save the priest, were considering the girl! Father O'Neil caught the look; it seemed to settle something in his mind.

"Sit down, gentlemen," he said. "Major Henry was mistaken. That was not your driver with the license; he can't be here for ten minutes, I should say." He drew out and consulted a ponderous gold watch. "Do you all sit down, while I take this child to my housekeeper, and let her attire be a little more seemly for the occasion."

The fifteen minutes of their waiting in the pastor's study was a very bad quarter of an hour for Markham. The exhilaration of the wedding breakfast and its accompaniment had died out. Something in Father O'Neil's patient, quiet goodness made it impossible for the men to continue their talk of betting, or for Major Henry to hold firmly to his jeering pose, in this square, ascetic little reception-room.

The eyes of the bridesmaid rose reproachfully in Markham's memory. He was gropingly aware that it was the gush of sentiment he had felt toward her, the charm of her perfect womanhood, which had made it possible for Major Henry to push him into this position—one of the grimmest of fate's little jokes, surely!

At the end of the quarter of an hour Father O'Neil came in.

"Major Henry," he said, "and Mr."—"Delevan," the bearer of that name supplied—"Mr. Delevan, I wish you good day. I have something to say to Lieutenant Markham that is best said to him alone."

Henry rose in anger.

"We're all grown men here," he said gruffly. "There's no little boy who needs looking after."

Father O'Neil put up a warning hand. "Sir," he said, "you're old enough to know better. Your gray hairs—the major winced—"ill fit you for leading this boy into folly. What your object is, I leave between you and your conscience—between you and your God. This house of mine is open to all repentant sinners. It has no room for the impenitent."

What the good man found to say to Markham when they were alone together was not much. He had drawn the true story from the girl, had reproved her and sent her home. He quoted a few texts concerning the evil counsel of fools, and the inadvisability of imbibing too freely, and let the lieutenant out at the front door, where they parted with a hearty handclasp, and a warm "God bless you, sir," from the young man, in return for the elder's benediction.

Markham saw service after that, the active service which ripens a man faster than years. After an Indian campaign, his regiment was one of the first sent to Cuba, and later he was in the Philippines. Nearly ten years had passed when he found him trudging afoot the way up the long hill which the coach had taken on that eventful day.

The surroundings were so changed that he could scarcely have identified them. The town had grown with that marvellous suddenness known only to the West. He looked humorously over toward the flat where the cabins had been; it was a suburb now, and there were prim Queen Anne cottages in decorous rows, with a trolley line running between. Ahead of him trudged a very small girl, with a school-bag in her hand instead of a tin pail, and Markham burst out laughing as the girl began to whistle—"Lilibullero!"

He quickened his pace and overtook the child.

"I'll bet I know your name," he be-

gan, accommodating his long stride to her short, light, dancing step.

She looked at him sidewise from under her tam-o'-shanter, with blue eyes, black-lashed, "rubbed with a smutty finger," that took his breath away.

"My name's Nora McKamey," she replied demurely.

His first thought had been that she might be a younger sister of the girl with the buttermilk pail; but Nora was that damsel's name, and McKamey was not—then. He made a hasty guess at the child's age. Could it be? Yes, it might be, if she had consoled herself promptly enough for his defection.

"Can you sing the song you were whistling?" he asked.

"No, I can't but whistle it," the child replied. "Ma, she can sing it, awful pretty. Say, you're a soldier, ain't you?"—glancing at his uniform. "My ma had a beau once that was a soldier, and he was awful fine—but, of course, she loved pa best," she concluded, in quick, jealous explanation.

Markham laughed out, suddenly and joyously. He looked down at the child beside him. The transformation was like that of the city. She was well, even daintily dressed, and her pretty face might have belonged to a millionaire's daughter.

"How many are there of you children?" he asked.

"There's me, and Emmet, and Jur-ruldyne, and the baby—the baby, he's named Bruce."

So his poor little Irish sweetheart had thought enough of their glimpsed romance to name the baby after him!

"Where do you live?" Markham asked.

Nora put her hand comfortably into

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his; like the Nora of old, she took up readily with strangers.

"If you want to go there I'll take you," she asserted protectingly.

And so it was that Bruce found himself that summer evening, when he had set out for a very different destination, standing in Nora's stuffy little parlor,

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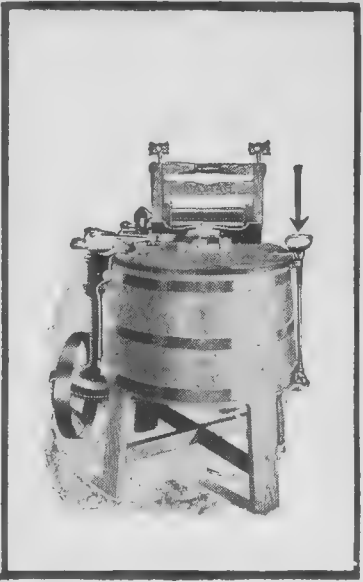
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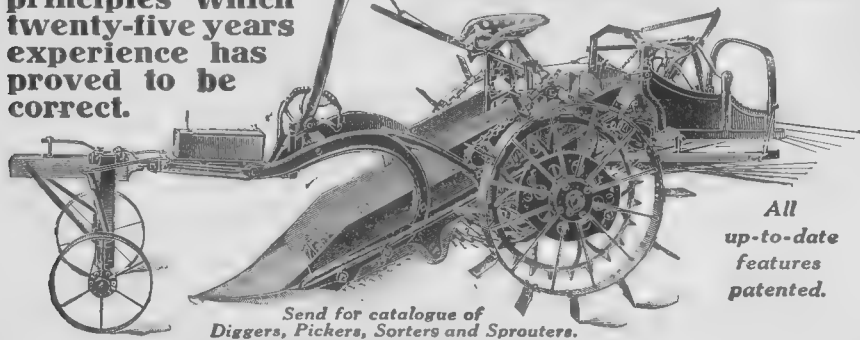
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while she "ran up the shades," and set a chair for him, all in a flutter.

"Mr. McKamey, he'll be in in a minute, sir; soon as he draws on a coat. It's so awful warm, and he do love to set and smoke in his shirt-sleeves."

"Does love, ma," Markham heard Nora number two whisper in correction.

Just then a tall, black-browed, good-looking Irishman entered and put out a welcoming hand.

"Glad to see you, captain," he declared heartily, and then there was a brief pause.

"I called to see—I called to see," began Bruce, between laughter and embarrassment—"well, I came because Nora here picked me up on the hill, and I—I called to see the baby."

McKamey looked at the officer in a mystified way, and shook his head as one who gives up a conundrum. But Nora McKamey had drawn back into the shadow, and was looking at Markham's hair, peculiarly golden for a grown man.

"What was you saying the name was?" she faltered, going back to the brogue of her girlhood.

"Bruce Markham," he replied simply.

"Yes, that's it," the father agreed, taking the baby from the arms of Nora the Second. "Bruce Markham McKamey, and a fine boy he is, if I do say it."

Nora and her one-time lover burst out laughing, and clasped hands across the baby's downy head.

"I knowed you in a minute, sir, as soon as I let the light in," she asserted. "I just couldn't believe it. Emmet, this is Captain Markham, that the baby's named for."

McKamey's face lengthened, his big, hilarious voice dropped to a tone of deep sympathy. One could guess what account he had had of Markham's wooing.

"Well—well—well!" he said, and put out his hand again. "I'm proud to make your acquaintance. I—" He broke off. No doubt he had been on the point of adding condolences, but had decided that they would come ill from a victorious lover to one who had failed.

When Bruce resumed his way, half an hour later, he had taken the address and asked the privilege of presenting the traditional silver cup to his namesake. He resumed his walk with a question in his mind.

He was on his way at last to the house of the bridesmaid—now soon to be his bride. Their courtship had been conducted through troubled times. Their love had been tested by absence, disappointment, and time. Of this episode in his life, she did not know; dared he tell her?

Once in her presence, and in that fullness of content which only two perfectly mated souls can feel, he decided that he dared. And he was justified; she was a woman with breadth of mind enough to know that a ran is not his past, yet fully to understand that the past has made the present man.

"And he was sorry for you!" she whispered with a little burst of laughter at the end. "Well, why shouldn't he be? According to his light, you have missed all that makes life worth a hile."

"Up to now," supplied Markham jealously.

His bride-to-be blushed deliciously.

"I think I shall have to hunt up Father O'Neill," she murmured, laughing, "and give him a donation for some of his charities!"

Western Verse.

THE CALL OF THE WEST.

By W. Shaw, Winnifred, Alta.

Have you heard the call that comes drifting in

From the land of the settin' sun?

From the boundless leagues of the western plains

Where mighty rivers run?

'Tis the Call of the West, insistent and strong,

"Send me your bravest and best."

On the feathered wings of the evening breeze

Comes the Call of the Golden West.

Send me, oh send me your bravest and best,

Send me the young and the strong; The clearest of eye and the strongest of limb,

Pick them from out of the throng. This you must know is the young man's land

Hardy to stand the test, These are the men who must answer my call,

The call of the Golden West.

From the East and the South they are teeming in

And from lands far across the sea,

Russian and Pole, Italian and Swiss,

Are all bound for the land of the free,

Coming to answer the far-reaching call

Sent out for the bravest and best.

The call sent out from the young man's land.

The land of the last great West.

A "MINER" SONG.

Written for Western Home Monthly.
By Frances.

I sing a song of collier lads, With "striking" ways so free; Monarchs of toil! Their kingdoms stretch

From rolling sea to sea.

They are magicians; at their touch

Old Earth reveals her stores,

And coal, rich gold and precious stones

In largeness forth she pours.

Bards chant in silver-sounding strains Of deeds that brave men do.

Me thinks the collier's grimy coat

Hides men as brave and true.

They work where sunshine never falls

In level, golden rays,

Where bracing wind can never sweep

The close, dark, winding ways.

The farmer and the fishermen

Have wind and sun galore;

The beauty of the fields and woods,

The charm of sea and shore:

Producers they, of sterling worth,

For millions must be fed,

Alack! What puny needs we are

Without our daily bread.

Our soldiers are the nations pride;

In trappings grand to see,

But still a gallant "roving blade"

Does not appeal to me;

Nor would I wed a sailor bold,

Who skims the curling foam,

While "horrid wrecks" and "hurricanes"

Disturb my dreams at home.

O, here's a toast to all good men!

To those who pass the years

Within a dingy office cooped,

A pen behind their ears;

Long-suffering clerks, who all day sell

Gay "fluffs" and dinky toys,

But all are pigmies in the race

With brawny collier boys!

No other class of men on earth

Meet with so much abuse.

Simply because no other class

Is worth "the mortal use."

Brains plan but muscle drives the ball,

And so we starve and freeze

When sturdy miners play the game

Of "gentleman at the ease."

COMRADES.

Written for Western Home Monthly.

It's the loving word and cheery smile, That helps to make our lives worth while,

And those who spend for their fellow-men

Get all their treasure back again.

So take your neighbor by the hand,

Let him know just where you stand,

And in your firm and nearty grip,

Make him feel your comradeship.

Ready-made Medicine.—You need no physician for ordinary ills when you have at hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchial troubles, it is invaluable for scalds, burns, bruises, sprains it is unsurpassed. While for cuts, ulcers and the like it is an unquestionable healer. It needs no testimonial other than the sale, and that will satisfy anyone as to its effectiveness.

The River Boss.

By Stewart Edward White.



OBEY orders if you break owners," is a good motto, but a really efficient river boss knows a better. It runs, "Get the logs out. Get them out peaceably, if you can, but get them out." He needs no instructions from headquarters to tell him how to live up to this rule. That might involve headquarters.

Jimmy was such a river boss. Therefore when Mr. Daly, of the firm of Morrison & Daly, unexpectedly found himself contracted to deliver 5,000,000 feet of logs at a certain date, and the logs an impossible number of miles upstream, he called in Jimmy.

Jimmy was a small man, changeless as the Egyptian Sphinx. A number of years ago a French comic journal published a series of sketches supposed to represent the Shah of Persia influenced by various emotions. Under each was an appropriate label, such as Surprise, Grief, Anger, or Astonishment. The portraits were identically alike, and uniformly impassive.

Well, that was Jimmy. He looked always the same. His hair, thick and black, grew low on his forehead; his beard, thick and black, mounted over the ridge of his cheek bones; and his eyebrows, thick and black, extended in an uninterrupted straight line from one temple to the other. Whatever his small, compact, muscular body might be doing, the mask of his black and white imperturbability remained always unchanged. Generally he sat clasping one knee, staring directly in front of him, and puffing regularly on a "meersch-chaum" pipe he had earned by saving the tags of Spearhead tobacco. Whatever you said to him sank without

splash into this almost primal calm, and was lost to view forever. Perhaps after a time he might do something about it, but always without explanation, calmly, with the lofty inevitability of fate. In fact, he never explained himself, even to his employers.

Daly swung his bulk back and forth in the office chair. Jimmy sat bolt upright, his black hat pendent between his knees.

"I want you to take charge of the driving crew, Jimmy," said the big man. "I want you to drive those logs down to our boom as fast as you can. I can give you about twenty days. It ought to be done in that. Sanders will keep time for you, and Merrill will cook. You can get a crew from the East Branch, where the drive is just over."

When Daly had quite finished his remarks, Jimmy got up and went out without a word. Two days later he and sixty men were breaking rollways forty-five miles up-stream.

Jimmy knew as well as Daly that the latter had given him a hard task. Twenty days was too brief a time. However, that was none of his business.

The logs, during the winter, had been piled in the bed of the stream. They extended over three miles of rollways. Jimmy and his crew began at the downstream end to tumble the big piles into the current. Sometimes only two or three of the logs would rattle down; at others the whole deck would bulge outwards, hover for a moment, and roar into the stream like grain from an elevator. Shortly the narrows below the rollways jammed. Twelve men were detailed as the "jam crew." Their business was to keep the stream free in order that the constantly increasing supply from the rollways might not fill up the river. It was not an easy business,

Are You a Weak Man?

What would you not sacrifice to feel as you did a few years ago: to possess the same snap and energy; the same gladness, joyous light-hearted spirit man, and you know you would like to be You might as well be. It's easy.

Your body is a machine.

The nervous system is the motor.

Electricity is the power that runs it.

When you are weak, it shows you lack the necessary power to drive the machinery of the body—just like any motor without electricity.

The nerves control the organs and muscles and electricity supplies to the nerves the power to control. Electricity is nerve food, nerve life. When the supply is exhausted the nerves become weak and the organs refuse to perform their functions in a regular manner.

How can you get a new supply of the nerve force—electricity? Simply draw upon another supply furnished by nature. Is it drugs? No. Drugs are poisons. Electricity is the nature food of the nerves. When the mother's breast fails the child is fed by milk from the cow. The parent does not go to a drug store and buy poisons with which to nourish the child.

So if you are weak you must feed, not poison, but electricity, to your nerves.

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nor a very safe one. As the "jam" strung out over more and more of the river, the jam crew was constantly recruited from the men on the rollways. Thus some of the logs, a very few, the luckiest, drifted into the dam pond at Grand Rapids within a few days; the bulk jammed and broke, and jammed again at a point a few miles below the rollways, while a large proportion stranded, plugged, caught, and tangled at the very rollways themselves.

Jimmy had permitted himself two days in which to break out the rollways. It was done in two. Then the "rear" was started. Men in the rear crew had to see that every last log got into the current, and stayed there. When a jam broke, the middle of it shot downstream in a most spectacular fashion, but along the banks "winged out" distressingly. Sometimes the heavy sticks of timber had been forced right out on the dry land. The rear crew lifted them back. When an obstinate log grounded they jumped cheerfully into the water—with the rotten ice swirling around them—and pried the thing off bottom. Between times they stood upright on single unstable logs and pushed mightily with poles while the ice water sucked in and out of their spiked river shoes.

As for the compensations. Naturally there was a good deal of rivalry as to which wing should advance fastest; and one experiences a certain physical thrill in venturing under thirty feet of jammed logs for the sole purpose of teasing the whole mass to cascade down on one; or of shooting a rapid while standing upright on a single timber. I believe, too, it is considered a mighty honor to belong to the rear crew. Still, the water is cold, and the hours long, and you have to sleep in tents.

It can readily be seen that the progress of the rear measures the progress

of the drive. Some few logs in the "jam" may run fifty miles a day—and often do—but if the sacking has gone slowly at the rear, the drive may not have gained more than a thousand yards. Therefore Jimmy stayed at the rear.

Jimmy was a mighty good riverman. Of course, he had nerve, and could do anything with a log and a peevish, and would fight at the drop of a hat—any "bully boy" would qualify there—but he also had judgment. He knew how to use the water, how to recognize the key log of jams, where to place his men—in short, he could get out the logs. Now Jimmy also knew the river from one end to the other, so he arranged in his mind a sort of schedule for the twenty days. Forty-eight hours for the rollways; a day and a half for the upper rapid; three days into the dam pond; one day to sluice the drive through the dam; three days to the crossing, and so on. If everything went well, he could do it, but there could be no hitches in the programme.

Even from this imperfect fragment of the schedule the inexperienced might imagine that Jimmy had allowed an altogether disproportionate time to cover the mile or so from the upper rapid to the dam pond. As it turned out, however, he found he had not allowed enough, for at this point the river was peculiar and very trying.

The backwater of the dam extended up-stream half a mile; then occurred a rise of five feet to the mile, down the slope of which the water whirled and tumbled, only to spread out over a broad fan of gravel shallows. These shallows did the business. When the logs had bumped through the tribulations of the rapid, they seemed to insist obstinately on resting in the shallows, like a lot of wearied cattle. The

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piston-like smoke from his pipe. McGann shrugged in Celtic despair.

But the little man had been figuring, too, and his arrangements were more elaborate and more nearly complete than McGann suspected. That very morning he sauntered leisurely out over the rear logs, his hands in his pockets. Every once in a while he stopped to utter a few low-voiced comments to one or another of the men. The person addressed first looked extremely astonished, then shouldered his peevie and started for camp, leaving the diminished rear crew a prey to curiosity. Soon the word went about, "Day and night work," they whispered, though it was a little difficult to see the difference in ultimate effectiveness between a half crew working all the time and a whole crew working half the time.

About this stage Daly began to worry. He took the train to Grand Rapids, anxiety written deep in his brows. When he saw the little inadequate crew peering in a futile fashion at the logs winged out over the shallows, he swore fervently and sought Jimmy.

Jimmy appeared calm.

"We'll get 'em out all right, Mr. Daly," said he.

"Get 'em out!" growled Daly. "Sure! but when? We ain't got all summer this season. These logs have got to hit our booms in fourteen days or they're no good to us!"

"You'll have 'em," assured Jimmy.

Such talk made Daly tired, and he said so.

"Why, it'll take you a week to get her over those infernal shallows," he concluded. "You got to get more men, Jimmy."

"I've tried," answered the boss. "They ain't no more men to be had."

"Suffering Moses!" groaned the owner. "It means the loss of a fifty-thousand-dollar contract to me. You needn't tell me. I've been on the river all my life. I know you can't get them off inside of a week."

"I'll have 'em off to-morrow morning, but it'll cost a little something," asserted Jimmy calmly. Daly stared to see if the man was not crazy. Then he retired in disgust to the city, where he began to adjust his ideas to a loss on his contract.

At sundown the rear crew quit work, and swarmed to the white encampment of tents on the river bank. There they hung wet clothes over a big skeleton framework built around a monster fire and ate a dozen eggs apiece as a side dish to supper and smoked pipes of strong "Peerless" tobacco and swapped yarns and sang songs and asked questions. To the latter they received no satisfactory replies. The crew that had been laid off knew nothing. It supposed it was to go to work after supper. After supper, however, Jimmy told it to turn in and get a little more sleep. It did turn in, and speedily forgot to puzzle.

At midnight Jimmy entered the big tent quietly with a lantern, touching each of the fresh men on the shoulder. They arose without comment, and followed him outside. There they were given tools. Then the little band defiled silently down river under the stars. Jimmy led them, his hands deep in his pockets, puffing white steam-clouds at regular intervals from his "meerschbaum" pipe. After twenty minutes they struck the Water Works, then the board walk of Canal Street. The word passed back for silence. Near the Oriole Factory their leader suddenly dodged in behind the piles of sawed lumber, motioning them to haste. A moment later, a fat and dignified officer passed, swinging his club. After the policeman had gone, Jimmy again took up his march at the head of a crew of men now thoroughly aroused to the fact that something unusual was afoot.

Soon a faint roar lifted the night silence. They crossed Fairbanks Street, and a moment after stood at one end of the power dam.

The long smooth water shot over, like fluid steel, silent and inevitable, mirroring distorted flashes that were the stars. Below, it broke in white turmoil, shouting defiance at the calm velvet rush above. Then seconds later the current was broken. A man, his heels caught against the combing, midleg in water, was braced back at the exact angle to withstand the rush. Two other men passed down to him a short heavy timber. A third, plunging his arms and shoulders into the liquid, nailed it home with heavy inaudible strokes. As though by magic a second timber braced the first, bolted solidly through sockets already cut for it. The workers moved on eight feet, then another eight, then another. More men entered the water to pass the timbers. A row of heavy slanted supports grew out from the shoulder of the dam, dividing the waters into long, arrow-shaped furrows of light. At half-past twelve Tom Clute was swept over the dam into the eddy. He swam ashore. Purdy took his place.

When the supports had reached out over half of the river's span, and the water as dotted with the shoulders of men gracefully slanted against the current, Jimmy gave orders to begin placing the flash-boards. Heavy planks were at once slid across the supports, where the weight of the racing water at once clamped them fast. The smooth, quiet river, interrupted at last, murmured and snarled and eddied back, only to rush with increased vehemence around the end of the rapidly growing obstruction.

The policeman passing back and forth on Canal Street heard no sound of the labor going on. If he had been an observant policeman he would have noted an ever-changing tone in the volume of sound roaring up from the eddy below the dam. After a time even he remarked on a certain obvious phenomenon.

"Sure," said he, "now that's funny!"

He listened a moment, then passed on. The vagaries of the river were, after all, nothing to him. He belonged on Canal Street, East Side; and Canal Street, East Side, seemed peaceful.



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Send in five names and get your picture by return mail.

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rear crew had to wade in. They heaved and pried and pushed industriously, and at the end of it had the satisfaction of seeing a single log slide reluctantly into the current. Sometimes a dozen of them would clamp their peevies on either side, and by sheer brute force carry the stick to deep water. When you reflect that there were over 40,000 pieces in the drive, and that a good fifty per cent. of them balked below the rapids, you can see that the rear crew had its work cut out for it.

Jimmy's allotted three days were almost gone, and his job had not advanced beyond the third of completion. McGann, the sluice boss, did a little figuring.

"She'll hang over thim twenty days," he confided to Jimmy. "Shure."

Jimmy replied not a word, but puffed. The river had fallen abruptly silent. The last of Jimmy's flash boards was in place. Back in the sleeping town the clock in Pierre's Tower struck two.

Jimmy and his men, having thus raised the level of the dam a good three feet, emerged dripping from the west side canal, and cheerfully took their way northwards to where, in the chilly dawn, their comrades were sleeping. As they passed the riffles they paused. A heavy grumbling issued from the logs jammed there, a grumbling brutish and sullen, as though the reluctant animals were beginning to stir. The water had already banked up from the raised dam.

Of course the affair, from a river driver's standpoint, at once became exceedingly simple. The slumbering twenty were aroused to astounded drowsiness. By three, just as the dawn was beginning to streak the east, the regular clank, clank, click of the peevies proclaimed that due advantage of the high water was being seized. From then until six was a matter of three hours more. A great deal can be accomplished in three hours with flood water. The last little jam "pulled" just about the time the first citizen of the West Side discovered that his cellar was full of water. When that startled freeman opened the front door to see what was up, he uttered a tremendous ejaculation; and so, shortly, came to the construction of a raft.

Well, the newspapers got out extras with scare heads about "Outrages" and "High-handed Lawlessness;" and factory owners by the canals raised up their voices in bitterness over flooded fire-rooms; and property owners of

perishable cellar goods howled of damage suits; and the ordinary citizen took to bailing out the hollow places of his domain. Toward nine o'clock — after the first excitement had died and the flash boards had been indignantly yanked from their illegal places—a squad of police went out to hunt up the malefactor. The latter they discovered on a boom pole directing the sluicing. From this position he declined to stir. One fat policeman ventured a toppling yard or so on the floating timber, threw his shaky hands aloft, and with a mighty effort regained the shore, where he sat down panting. To the appeals of the squad to come and be arrested, Jimmy paid not the slightest attention. He puffed periodically on his "meerschaum," and directed the sluicing. Through the twenty-four-foot gate about a million an hour passed. Thus it came about that a little after noon Jimmy stepped peaceably ashore and delivered himself up.

"You won't have no more trouble below," he observed to McGann, his lieutenant, watching reflectively the last log as it shot through the gate. "Just tie right into her and keep her a-hustling." Then he refilled his pipe, lit it, and approached the expectant squad.

At the station house he was interviewed by reporters. That is, they asked questions. To only one of them did they elicit a reply.

"Didn't you know you were breaking the law?" inquired the "Eagle" man. "Didn't you know you'd be arrested?"

"Sure!" replied Jimmy with obvious contempt.

The next morning the court-room was crowded. Jimmy pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to a fine of \$500 or 90 days in jail. To the surprise of everybody he fished out a tremendous roll and paid the fine. The spectators considered it remarkable that a river boss should carry such an amount. They had not been present at the interview on the boom poles between Jimmy and his principal the day before.

The latter stood near the door as the little man came out.

"Jimmy," said Mr. Daly distinctly so that everybody could hear, "I am extremely sorry to see you in this trouble, but perhaps it may prove a lesson to you. Next time you must understand that you are not supposed to exceed your instructions."

Thus did the astute Daly publicly disclaim liability.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy meekly. "Do you think you will get the logs in time, Mr. Daly?"

They looked at each other steadily. Then for the first and only time the black and white mask of Jimmy's inscrutability melted away. In his left eye appeared a faint glimmer. Then the left eyelid slowly descended.

Military Course for Teachers.

Arrangements have been definitely made for conducting a course of training for teachers who wish to qualify as Cadet Instructors at the Winnipeg Rifle Range grounds. The course will open on July 6 and will extend over a period of six weeks ending August 17.

There will be accommodation for fifty teachers (male) from the Province of Saskatchewan. It is the intention, weather permitting, to hold the course under canvas.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

PHYSICAL CAPITAL.

The body is the base. The brain rests on the body as a building rests on its foundation. The poorest sort of economy is economy in food and sleep. What is a million dollars worth if a man can't enjoy it? What is fame worth if a man can't sleep at night? Dr. T. De Witt Talmage in speaking of the final physical breakdown of Horace Greeley said:—"My friends, there comes from this providence a warning for all brain-workers. Mr. Greeley, at my own table, ten days before his nomination at Cincinnati, told me that he had not had a sound sleep in fifteen years! I said to him, 'Why do you sit in your room writing, with your hand up at that elevation, on a board raised to that point?' 'Well,' he said, 'I have so much work to do that I must not have my chest cramped at all. I must keep all my faculties of body and mind in full play, or I cannot get on.'"

PURPOSE.

Such is the strength and power of the human will that when a strong man makes up his mind to do a thing, the thing is already half done. Purpose is the best guarantee of progress. All the laws of gravitation favor an iron will. Determination is a sure prophecy of achievement. The vital thing is the ability to decide just what ought to be done. Methods are always of secondary importance. When Caesar saw Brutus for the first time and heard him pleading in the Forum, he said, "You youth is destined to make his mark, because he intends strongly."

FAILURE.

Failure is a sure index of one thing, namely, it points out the spot where you ought to succeed. Like the man who slips on the skin of an orange—you can go back and look the thing over. The place where you have gone down is exactly the place where you ought to rise. If you can get up "before the bell rings" there is another chance for you. It is not going down that breaks a man; it is staying down.—Said the president of one of our great universities, in addressing his students, "Show me the young man who has had failure and has now won his way to success, and I will back him."

EASE AND EFFORT.

The village of Ease lies just beyond the city of Effort. When a thing is well done it becomes a well-spring of possibility. The speech well prepared, delivered and published is handed on from reader to reader and finally becomes a specimen of literature, permanent and classic. The best wall ever built, is a wall of noble achievement—just behind you. In your moments of extreme weariness you can lean against that wall and, by and by, in your old age, rest in its shadow. "I had the fever a long time burning in my own brain," said Mr. Longfellow, "before I let my hero take it. 'Evangeline' is so easy for you to read, because it was so hard for me to write."

TEMPER AND GENIUS.

Temper and genius go together. Wherever you find force you will find fire, and fire burns. The electricity which burns out a "fuse" is not illuminating the building. An uncontrolled temper is a weakness, even if found linked with the strongest character and the most brilliant type of intellect. The man who cannot manage and regulate the hidden fires of his own soul is in perpetual danger of a temperamental conflagration against which there is no possible insurance protection. "Great Thoughts" remarks concerning Thomas Carlyle:—"In private life it would be difficult to find Carlyle's match for violent language about the paltriest trifles. When a poor tradesman neglected to send home an umbrella, Carlyle writes of him: 'The scoundrel umbrella-vendor. Has that accursed chimera of a cockney not sent the umbrella yet? I could see him thrice trailed through the Thames for his scoundrel conduct.' He seems to have taken this vigour in speech in part from his father, of whom it used to be said that he had no need for swearing, because he had such a genius for saying fierce things. Health, however, had a great deal to do with Carlyle's unreasonable displays of temper, dyspepsia and kindred affections having been his scourge since his college days."

CULTURE.

Culture is ingrain. It is something which is wrought into the very fibre and fabric of the soul. It is the essence of character and when found in a family circle, the badge of certain traits and characteristics, it is the advanced bloom of a third generation. Charles Kingsley possessed it—it may have been unconsciously—but listen to this letter written to his son:—"My darling boy," he writes to his eldest son at school—"Poor Grandpapa is dead, and gone to heaven. You must always think of him

lovingly; and remember this about him, Maurice, and copy it—that he was a gentleman, and never did in his life, or even thought, a mean or false thing, and therefore has left behind him many friends, and not an enemy on earth. Yes, dear boy, if it should please God that you should help to build up the old family again, bear in mind that honesty and modesty, the two marks of a gentleman, are the only way to do it. . . . Mother sends you a thousand loves. . . . Your own Daddy, C. K."

THE PRACTICAL MAN.

The practical man goes directly to the main point. He has an instinct for the centre of things. While others are circling around, and around, and around, this man finds the cross road which leads from Nowhere to the metropolis known as Practical Utility. He "lands" while others are looking. He fires while others are aiming. He strikes while others are considering. In a word he is the practical man. In 1897 Dr. Grenfell was in Boston. Mr. Moody was holding meetings in Tremont Temple at the time. Dr. Grenfell sought him at his hotel—the first time they had ever met—and told Mr. Moody he owed his conversion to him 14 years before. "What have you been doing since?" was Mr. Moody's immediate question.

THE EMERGENCY MAN.

The emergency man is the man in charge of an army—an army of circumstances

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Canon Cody: The things you can't prove are often the most worth knowing.

G. K. Chesterton: Monosyllables are used to transact the world's real business.

Miss Evelyn Sharp: In calling a woman an angel a man is rather getting rid of his responsibility.

Elbert Hubbard: The failure of many of us is not in what we do not know, but in what we do not realize.

Max Beerbohm: As men's purses grow big their hearts sometimes become little and their human sympathies less.

G. B. Shaw: Most people speculate because they believe that there are bigger fools than themselves who will draw the blanks.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward: Hopefulness in youth occasions no surprise; but the optimism of the aged is twice blessed and doubly impressive.

Canon Murray: Our happiness de-

pends as largely upon the happiness of others as our physical health depends upon that of the community.

H. G. Wells: A child in any station of life should have the unspeakable heritage of being able to look back in after life on a home of happiness and joy.

E. F. Benson: The progress of science has been mainly achieved by observing common things and events. The greatest discoveries have been interpretations of that which is most familiar.

Rev. Dr. Renison: More should be done for the Indians. They should be kept in their own environment; we

should remember that Canada was once theirs, and that they have not had a square deal; and we should not lay the foundations of Canada on the bodies and souls of the Indians.

Rev. H. G. Rogers: A woman has as much right as a man to use profanity. At any rate, God has made no distinction between men and women in the use of profanity. The commandment, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain," applies to all. A man who habitually swears in the presence of his children would be terribly shocked to hear his wife use such language at all, and if she did so in the presence of the children he would be thunderstruck. And yet she would be no more in the wrong than he.

GO where you will for a day's outing, a week end, or a vacation, the sun will be high and hot, the air humid and the dust plentiful at times. Talc Powder, just ordinary Talc Powder, is but a partial answer. It is only in the luxuriously refreshing and satisfying effects of

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THE PHILOSOPHER.

A CRIME AGAINST CANADIAN UNITY.

Some Eastern papers, arrogating to themselves a monopoly of genuine Canadianism—though the plain, actual truth is that their ideas are the only sort of disintegrating force which conceivably could burst the Dominion asunder—have of late been delivering their periodical course of instruction to the people of the West. Several of these Eastern journals are proposing that the celebration of Dominion Day be made the occasion for inculcating true Canadianism, "especially in the West." A Toronto paper says that "there are many newcomers in the West, many foreigners, many people who do not understand our history and institutions." There are many such people in Toronto, too—a great many. By all means let everything be done to build true Canadianism East and West. The worst crime against Canadian unity is the Eastern preaching of the doctrine that the West owes everything to the East, and should be properly submissive. All this talk of what the West owes the East is not only rank sectionalism, but it is rank falsehood and injustice. The money subsidies paid for the opening up of the West by railways were not provided by the East. They were provided by borrowing money on the credit of the Dominion as a whole, and every Westerner is bearing his full share of the burden of carrying the national debt. The land grants to the railways have been provided by the West itself. There is not any burden of Canadian citizenship which the Western Canadian does not share to the full with the Eastern Canadian. As a matter of fact, the East stands very much more in need of being lectured on the duty it owes the West, than the West does of being lectured on the duty it owes the East. There should be no antagonism between them; and the cure for any antagonism there is, as well as the sure safeguard and preventive of the growth of such antagonism is the square deal.

AS TO "UNPRECEDENTED" WEATHER.

"Unprecedented," as applied to weather, is a relative term not an absolute term, in as much as memories are short, and only a reference to the records can give any trustworthy standard; and the records, on this continent, at any rate, do not go so very far back. In Europe the records go back very much farther, of course. And not merely the general historical records are here referred to, in which years of abnormal weather are noted; in the matter of regular, exact records it is possible to go back a great deal farther on the other side of the Atlantic than on this. For example, the British Rainfall Association reports the driest spring since early in the eighteenth century, and, moreover, that within two hundred and twelve years there have been, in all only four months, at any season of the year, with so little rain as in April of this year. The rhyme about April showers and May flowers must surely have been recalled many times this spring in England.

HEREDITY.

Heredity is a matter which has an urgent interest for the thinker. That there is so great a divergence among thinkers in regard to it adds to its interest. Here is what one great thinker has said on this subject "It often appears in a family as if all the qualities of the progenitors were potted in several jars—some ruling quality in each son and daughter of the house—and sometimes the unmixed temperament, the rank, unmitigated elixir, the family vice, is drawn off in a separate individual, and the others are proportionately relieved." Whatever we may think of such conclusions as this one of Emerson's, the broad fact of heredity has to be reckoned with, and sometimes it seems to cut across one of our most cherished ideas, namely, that every person has a right to a fair opportunity, untrammelled by what others have done. But we must remember that there are influences always at work upon us as powerful as heredity. It is our own attitude towards the good or the evil that must be the determining factor. It is not the estate we come into at birth, so much as the use we make of it, that counts.

THE "CODE OF HONOR."

The movement for the abolition of duelling in the German army is very significant. Germany, while very far advanced in municipal government, town-planning, education and other matters, has retained some aristocratic ideas that date back to feudalism. This movement for the abolition of the "code of honor" means that the farmers, merchants and mechanics—in a word, the "common people"—are making themselves felt as a power in the land. It is only a couple of generations since duels were fought in this Canada of ours. The Philosopher was reading only the other day in Judge Longley's life of Joseph Howe, the great Nova Scotian, the account of the duel he was provoked into fighting with a political opponent. Howe kept Mrs. Howe in ignorance of it until the duel was over. His opponent fired

first and missed Howe, who then fired up into the air. The letters he had written, to be delivered in case he fell, are printed in the book referred to, and are moving in their earnestness. In the affecting letter to his wife he wrote that whatever happened, he would not aim to hit his opponent; and in a brief address to the people of Nova Scotia, he explained why he had accepted the challenge. He had to give proof of his courage, otherwise he could not have accomplished anything in public life. He was challenged again, but only two or three times. His reply to his first of these subsequent challenges, Sir Rupert George was as follows: "Having never had any personal quarrel with Sir Rupert George, I should certainly not fire at him, if I went out, and I have no great fancy for being shot at, whenever public officers, whose abilities I may happen to contrast with their emoluments, think fit to consider political arguments and general illustrations insolent and offensive."

A HEAVY COST IN MEN AND MONEY.

A leading financier recently expressed the opinion that "the investor who is governed by his enthusiasms rather than by his reason, I do not say seasoned, judgment, is not only following a dangerous path, but also is a real menace to market stability." This utterance might serve, from one point of view, as a summing up of a notable article in the London Statist, than which there is no financial journal of higher authority, dealing with Italy's investment of blood and millions in Tripoli. Beyond the seizure of that former Turkish province, and the possible destruction of the Turkish troops that have been practically marooned there, Italy will not, in all probability, be able to inflict any material damage upon Turkey. But Turkey is able to inflict heavy economic punishment on Italy. In the year preceding the outbreak of this, the world's latest war, the trade between Italy and Turkey amounted to a little more than \$55,000,000, by far the greater portion of that total being Turkish imports of Italian articles. This market is now wholly closed. Moreover, this traffic required the presence at various ports of large numbers of Italians. There were settled Italian colonies at Saloniki, Smyrna, Aleppo, Beirut, Jerusalem, and, of course, Constantinople. These have been driven from the land at heavy financial loss to themselves both in actual property and business prospects. Again, the Tripoli campaign is costing Italy heavily, while it is costing Turkey practically nothing, as there is nothing Turkey can do in Tripoli. Italy is pouring out \$12,000,000 on the campaign. No wonder that the war is reported to be no longer as popular in Italy as it was during the first weeks of excitement.

"CAGED DAUGHTERS."

The problem of "the superfluous woman," to use the phrase that was in such vogue in England several years ago, does not grow any lighter in old world lands. "Caged daughters" is the latest phrase current in the London journals just now in this connection. Of increasing frequency in the old country papers are arguments as to the desirability of having women emigrate to the overseas portions of the Empire, where wives are in greater demand than in the mother country. An increasing disinclination to marry seems to have much to do with the growth of the army of unmarried, who, not having domestic responsibilities and duties, have to find some outlet for their energies. The state of affairs is one which is causing social observers some concern. One writer in a London weekly remarks that no one has yet proposed a revival of the Babylonian custom described by Herodotus of auctioning off the marriageable young women. The most attractive came first, and so on down to the average comeliness. Then the auctioneer brought forward the least attractive and asked who would take her with the smallest dowry. The marriage portions were provided out of the sums bid for the more attractive, and in this way "the caged daughters" of Babylon were provided for with the utmost equity. Modern civilization, needless to say, cannot emulate such a method. Its problems have to be solved on different lines.

AUSTRALIA'S TRANSCONTINENTAL UNDERTAKING.

The Commonwealth of Australia, seeing Canada's abundance of railway development has decided to construct a railway that is to span the Island Continent from Port Augusta, in South Australia, to Kalgoorlie, in Western Australia, at a cost of \$25,000,000. How many of us Canadians, who think it strange that a person in the old country is not familiar with Canadian geography, could at once point to Port Augusta and Kalgoorlie on the map of Australia, or tell off-hand how far Melbourne is from Sydney? To return, however, to the Australian transcontinental. It will be 1,070 miles long, and will traverse

a desert as barren and desolate as the Sahara, and, in consequence, peculiar conditions will have to be dealt with in the work of construction. There is no possible base of supply, except at the two ends, and the railway will have to be constructed from the ends, meeting in the middle. Water will have to be conveyed to the construction camps, and the severance of communication, from any cause, would be a serious matter, and might be a matter of life or death. Camels will have to be employed between the ends of the finished track. Which is a reminder that it was once proposed to use camels in the arid regions of this continent.

THE KAISER AND THE PANIER SKIRT.

The German Emperor is reported to have said "Bah!" when he was asked to give his opinion on the panier skirt, which the ultra-fashionable women of Europe are wearing, and which, it is announced, has made its appearance in Ottawa. The Kaiser might have expressed himself in more violent terms, and still be justified. Judging by the fashion plates to hand, the panier skirt is a freak "creation" of the Parisian arbiters of frivolous feminine fashions. It cannot be said to be a graceful garment. But what has appearance to do with the matter? It is style, and style alone, that counts with the ladies who go in for wearing the very latest thing.

A HOLY WAR.

Often most important news comes to general knowledge in a very obscure way, and so it is with the announcement received in Paris from Tunis that the Holy War proclaimed shortly after the invasion of Tripoli by Italy is spreading throughout the lands where Mohammedanism is the prevailing faith. If this is true, and the stubborn course which Turkey is pursuing gives color to the report, the movement may prove of tremendous moment. Never has Islam been so aggressive as to-day, since the time when the policy of spreading its doctrines by the sword was discontinued. During the past four or five years news has been made public of great missionary efforts by Mohammedan priests in interior Africa; and in those countries where Islam is already established there has been an extraordinary revival of religious fervor. There has not been a time in many centuries when the proclamation of a Holy War would be more formidable than now. The Mohammedans are far from being a poor people. Among them are many very rich men. And they are decidedly not unwarlike, especially when fighting is made a religious duty. If they are to be combined against Italy in a Holy War, a situation of the most serious nature will be created.

THE RICH HAVE THEIR TROUBLES, TOO.

An article in the New York Evening Post says that many women residing in the fashionable quarter of that city whose dress accounts run as high as \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year are attending classes in millinery and making their own hats. "The explanation is," says the Post, "that the hats they buy cost from \$60 up, so they save greatly when they make one themselves." Is it not saddening to reflect that the increased cost of living, that we hear so much about, is making itself felt even in such circles? Truly, as some wise observer of humankind has said, the rich have troubles of their own, which the poor cannot hope to enjoy.

THE REAL ENEMIES.

Could anything be more stupid and senseless than a bar-room fight? Two men, or half a dozen men, stupefied by drink, quarrel about something which they would not remember the next day, and fall to blows. They are not natural enemies. They do not represent opposing interests or irrepressible conflicts. How often have there been wars between nations of much the same character? Rarely, indeed, is any eternal principle at stake. Always each of the warring nations claims to be fighting for the same eternal principle, and confidently appeals to the god of battles to help it against an unscrupulous foe. Heroism, courage, self-sacrifice, comradeship are displayed on each side—but to what end? And what might not be done with these qualities if men could only discover their real enemies, and fight them? As Norman Angell has said in his great book on the delusions involved in most wars, there is nothing wrong in fighting. What has been wrong in too many wars is that the wrong things and the wrong people were being fought against. Each nation is composed of all sorts and conditions of men, women and children. To have the people on one side of an imaginary line at war with the people on the other side of it, because of a trumped up antagonism fomented for the exciting of the many for the advantage of the few is a crime against humanity. The real enemies are disease, crime, corruption, injustice, greed, tyranny and the other sources of evil. War against these enemies should be fought relentlessly.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

Winnipeg Canada

We Fully Guarantee our Gasoline Engines

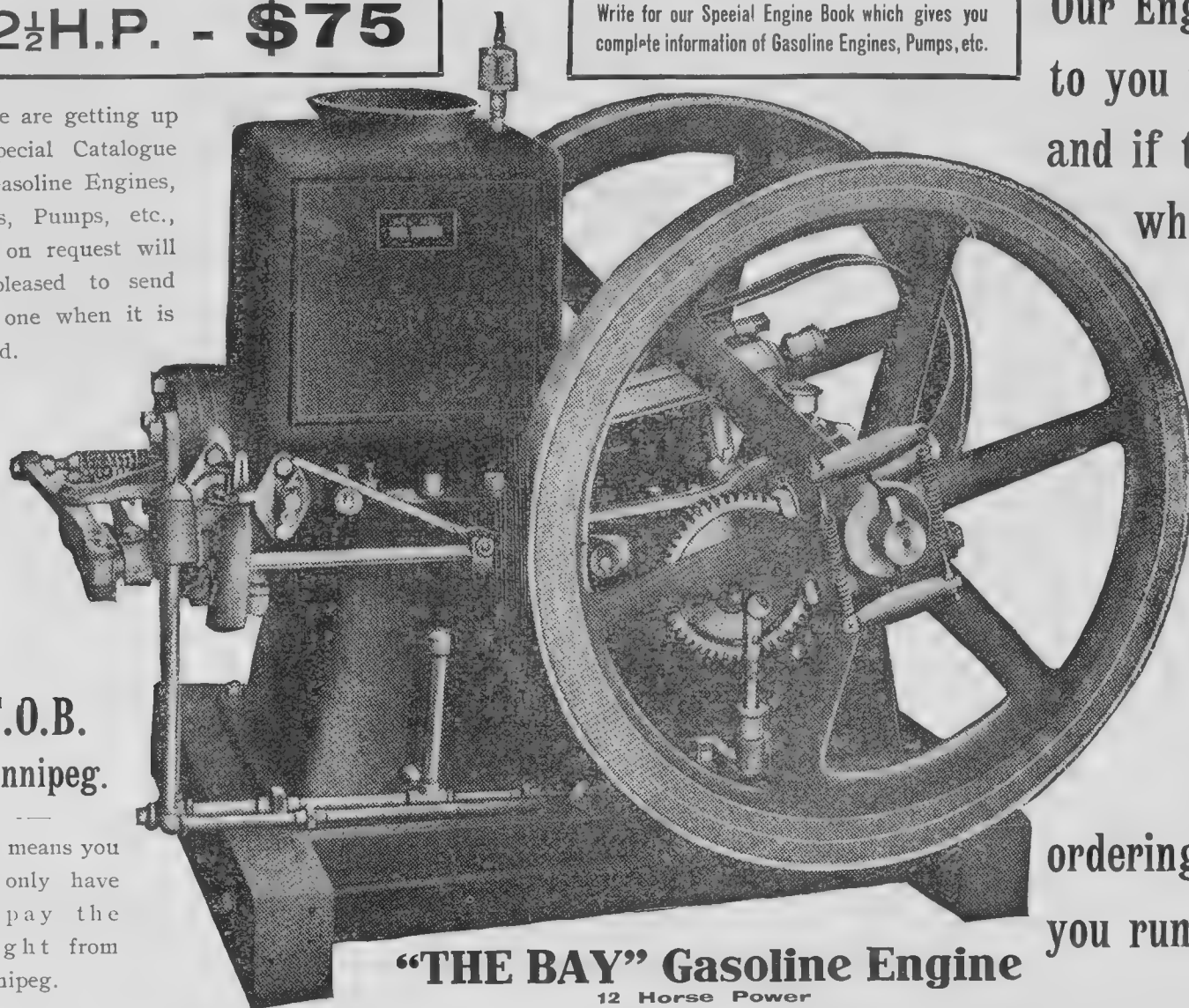
2½ H.P. - \$75

Write for our Special Engine Book which gives you complete information of Gasoline Engines, Pumps, etc.

We are getting up a Special Catalogue of Gasoline Engines, Jacks, Pumps, etc., and on request will be pleased to send you one when it is issued.

**F.O.B.
Winnipeg.**

This means you will only have to pay the freight from Winnipeg.



"THE BAY" Gasoline Engine

12 Horse Power

THESE engines are built for heavy duty where long continued service as well as absolute reliability is required. We do not advertise them as cheap engines nor do we expect them to be sold in comparison with the many low grade engines now being advertised. "THE BAY" ENGINES ARE MADE TO GO IN COMPETITION WITH THE BEST AND HIGHEST PRICED ENGINES ON THE MARKET.

CONSTRUCTION BASE. The fuel tank is placed in the base of the engine (except the 2½ H.P.) and is large enough to contain a supply of the fuel equal to a day's run. 2½ H.P. has galvanized iron gasoline tank mounted over battery box.

GOVERNOR. The governor is of the hit-and-miss type of simple construction operated by machine cut gears with bronze trip arm, equipped with double balance weights, tool-steel trip and is extremely sensitive. While the governor is in action the compression valve is held open to relieve compression thereby saving wear and increasing power.

EQUIPMENT. With each engine we furnish batteries, wire, switch, coil, sparker, muffler, wrench, battery box and definite instructions. The engines are furnished COMPLETE, ready to run.

Our Engines go out to you for 30 days, and if they are not what we advertise them to be, we refund your money and pay freight charges both ways, so that by ordering from us you run no risk.

SPECIAL COOLING DEVICE. Our engines have an exclusive feature found on no other engine on the market. They are combined open jacket and tank cooled engines. This is a new idea and is a great improvement over other makes. A large engine creates a great deal of heat and for a long steady run the water evaporates and requires refilling at short intervals. For this reason we have arranged so a tank can be connected, same as on the ordinary tank-cooled cylinders. When short runs are needed the hopper contains enough, but on the long run the tank can be utilized if desired.

We also carry a complete line of Pumping Engines, Special Cream Separator Engines, and a line of Air Cooled Portable and Stationary Gasoline Engines for general purposes around the farm.

H.P.	Shipping Weight	Fly Wheel	Pulley	Speed	
2½	500 lbs.	20"	4"x6"	450	\$ 75.00
5	1170 lbs.	30"	6"x10"	400	145.00
8	1400 lbs.	36"	6"x12"	350	250.00
12	2700 lbs.	42"	8"x16"	300	375.00

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

Mail Order Department

WINNIPEG

MANITOBA

Industrial Home

Erected at Kildonan, Winnipeg, by The Salvation Army.

At a cost of fifty thousand dollars there has been erected at Kildonan by the Salvation Army an industrial home for women where character will be rebuilt and re-moulded, in other words, a character building home or reclamation home.

It was a happy thought of the movers when the idea of this home was first thought of. Situated on the banks of

Col. Mapp introduced the lieutenant-governor in a happy speech. An occasion of this kind, he said, was like a red letter day in our history, and there was much to be grateful for.

Lieut.-Governor Cameron congratulated the Army on this very auspicious opening, a home, the first of its kind on the continent of America, a home for reform and reclamation of those un-



Reception Room

ed, yet man's nature is just the same. Man is keeping abreast of the age in providing organizations and institutions to act as aids, support and assistance to give care and sympathy to all unfortunate brothers and sisters that are amongst us. It is the result of large centres of population which we have built up, that has given occasion to create in the hearts of individuals and organizations, the thought that there should be these agencies where reclamation and sympathy could be provided, to bring back the fallen, to have a spirit of independence and be a benefit to themselves and of advantage to the community in which they live. One of the most remarkable things in the moral and social reform cause is an organization which assists men and women in their effort to live their lives

over again, and the most marvellous agency is the Salvation Army. A peculiarity of the Army is that its sphere of operation is world-wide and of the fact that their efforts do not overlap, or affect other Christian organizations. The Army movement seemed created by inspiration to do work that other Christian organizations had either overlooked or were not qualified to do. Winnipeg and Canada owe the Army a great debt of gratitude as well as commendation for the splendid work they have done, are doing and promise to do in future. When a boy at home a favorite hymn of his was

"From Greenland's icy mountain,
From India's coral strand,"

and he thought then that the greatest



Salvation Army Industrial Home at Kildonan

the beautiful Red River, the good that will result from this institution will be never-ending. Women will have a chance to live their lives anew, and start out again on the pathway of purity and nobility in life.

The opening of this new home took place on May 15, and when men like Commissioner Rees, Col. Mapp and others will leave Toronto; the Governor of a province, the Premier and the Mayor leave their places on a busy afternoon to be present, it tells more eloquently than words of their deep and abiding interest in the work of the Salvation Army.

fortunates of our civilization. You wish, he said, to restore them morally and spiritually to a sphere which the Almighty intended they should fill. The Army was doing a work that is being blessed by the Master Himself, and He would give them faith, hope and perseverance to the end. They deserved the encouragement of every right-thinking person.

Hon. R. P. Roblin said he appreciated the opportunity to have even a small part in the opening exercises. The same necessity existed in years long gone by for such an institution as this, but there are no records to show that they exist-

Industrial Provincial Fair Brandon.

JULY 22 -- 26, 1912

\$35,000 IN PREMIUMS

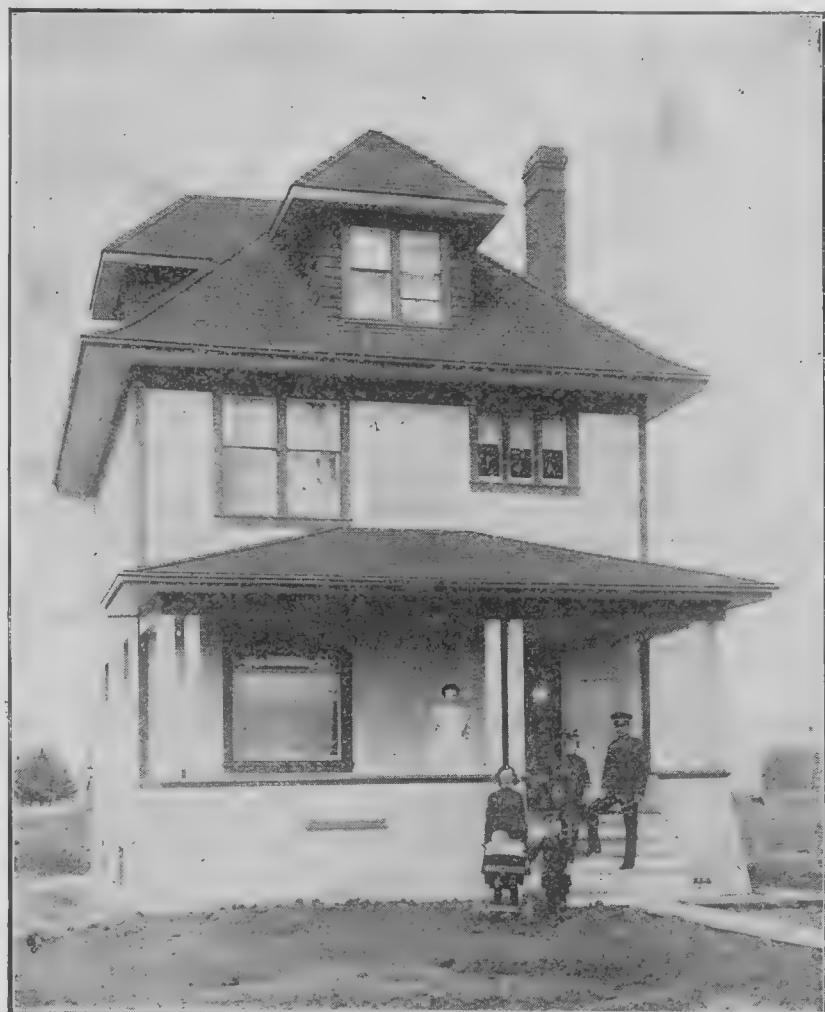
Single Return Rates and Special
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Information apply to

W. I. SMALE

BRANDON.

Secretary & Manager



Governor's Home—Staff Captain and Mrs. McAmmond in charge.

\$7,000.00 in Prizes

GIVEN TO THE PURCHASERS OF LOTS IN WINNIPEG'S

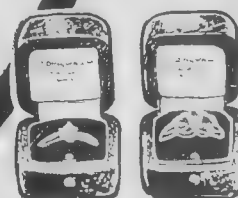
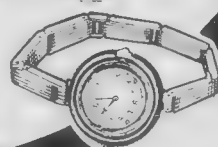
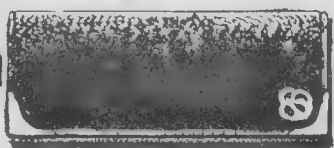
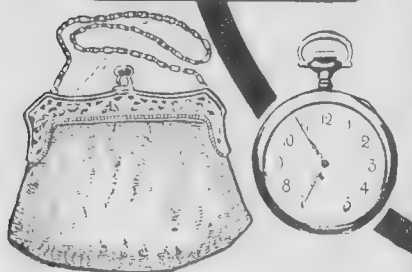
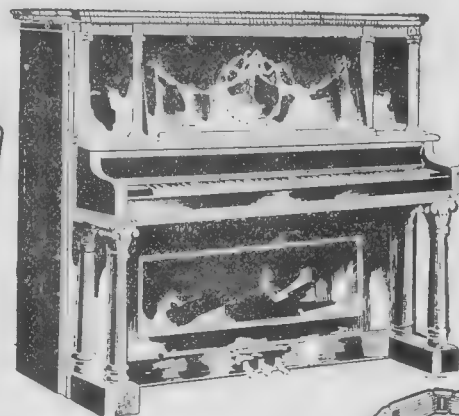
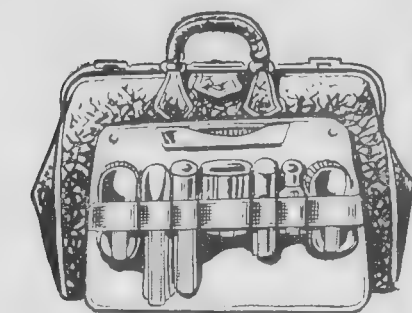
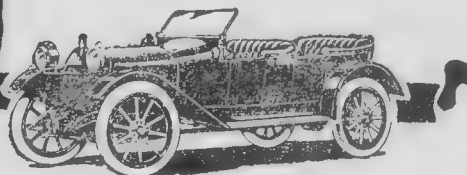
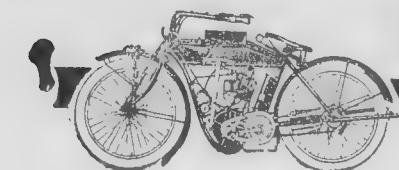
Choicest Subdivision

Twelve wonderful prizes—
Value, \$50.00 to \$4,000.00—
Given Free to Winners in the



Naming Contest of this Sub-
division.

Open to all lot buyers.
Read the conditions.



1st Prize—New, modern bungalow, valued at \$2,500, completely furnished at a cost of \$1,500; total \$4,000.

2nd Prize—4-passenger touring car, "Hupmobile" supplied by Joseph Maw & Co., value \$1,175.

3rd Prize—Solid silver lady's chain purse and \$500 in gold.

4th Prize—Elaborate wallet and \$500 in currency.

5th Prize—Newest model piano, supplied by Nordheimer Piano Co., value \$400.00.

6th Prize—Indian motor cycle, cash price \$280. Supplied by the Consolidated Bicycle and Motor Co.

7th Prize—Lady's solitaire diamond ring, value \$100.

8th Prize—Gentleman's solitaire diamond ring, value \$100.

9th Prize—Lady's travelling case, fully equipped, value \$50.

10th Prize—Gentleman's travelling case, fully equipped, value \$50.

11th Prize—Lady's bracelet watch, value \$50.

12th Prize—Thin model gentleman's watch, value \$50.

(Jewelry prizes from Dingwall's.

Read and Follow the Conditions

The permanent name for this subdivision will not be selected until at least three-fourths of the 197 lots in it have been sold. Every purchaser of a lot as soon as his first payment is tendered and accepted, will receive a coupon for each one hundred dollars in value of the lot or lots purchased. That is, if you buy a thousand dollar lot, you will receive ten coupons, and if a two thousand dollar lot you will receive twenty coupons. Upon each coupon the owner of the lot will be entitled to place one name in the competition and suggest the name which will permanently mark this district.

These names will be deposited in a sealed casket, kept publicly on view in this office, and the key of which will be held in trust by the chairman of the naming committee. Each coupon as it

is received will be numbered by an automatic numbering machine and these numbers will establish priority in determining the result of the competition.

If two or more coupons carry the name finally selected the distribution of prizes will go to the first coupons bearing this name as their numbers indicate priority; the committee will also select their second, third and fourth choice of names for this division and so on, and these will be entitled to prizes exactly the same as the first choice name. Should one or more people select the same name, they will receive consideration exactly the same as in the case of the first one selected.

The coupons upon which these names will be registered will not carry the name of the person who submitted them, but will merely be identified by the number of the lot upon which they were given, so that the judges will have no way of knowing who submitted the choice names.

THE finest—most aristocratic and desirable—residence division in all greater Winnipeg, is being marketed under a startling new plan, that permits all of the lot purchasers to participate in the distribution of the valuable prizes shown here, aggregating over \$7000 in value.

Buy a lot in this division,—it is sure to make you money—lots here cannot but increase in value, like all central Winnipeg real estate has doubled in value over and over again in the past. This division is located on the south bank of the Assiniboine, just west of the Agricultural College and the new City Park. It is less than a quarter of a mile deep, only running back to Roblin Boulevard, which has a carline. It is the last section of original sale Assiniboine River Frontage to be placed on the market within the whole Aristocratic Fort Rouge district. When it is sold there will be no more.

Lots \$18 to \$50 per Foot

\$18, \$20, \$22, \$25, \$28 and \$30 per foot for Inside and Boulevard Front Lots.

\$50 per foot for River Frontage. Only ¼ cash, balance 1, 2 and 3 years; 6 per cent.

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MAIL THE COUPON TODAY.

People out of town have just the same chance of winning as those right in Winnipeg.

SUBURBAN ESTATES Co.,

Trust and Loan Building, Winnipeg.

Please send me plan and folder and full information regarding your \$7,000 naming offer.

Name

Address

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SUBURBAN ESTATES Co.,

Trust and Loan Building, Winnipeg.

Enclosed find dollars being first payment on lots of value in your new residence division. It is understood that I am entitled to submit my proportionate number of names in your \$7,000 naming contest.

Name

Address

work to be done in missions was in China and other foreign lands. But getting away from home, his view had changed. The greatest need was at home where we live. There is as much necessity, or more, for missionary work in the city of Winnipeg as in Peking, China. In this city there is ample field for any man or woman who is at all interested. His sympathy and aid was with the Army. He made an earnest plea on their behalf in view of the splendid work being done along this line of reform, and he was most anxious to be identified with it. He regretted the necessity for the institution, but conditions could not be prevented; we must deal with it, and co-operate one with the other. Let us be practical, as is the Army, and lend them our aid. He was heart and soul with them in the splendid work they were doing.

Mayor Waugh spoke of the pleasure he experienced in being present. Of the work of the Army in Winnipeg he was well acquainted. He well remembered when it started and how proud all good

citizens were of it. The Army does not build great churches, but they go about their work in a quiet practical way and get after results. He did not know of any agency that ever accomplished better achievements than the Army; therefore was he pleased to add his testimony to such a worthy cause. The social problem has been in existence since time began, and the woman that sinned, as referred to in the 8th chapter of St. John's Gospel, was told to "sin no more." "My sympathies," said the Mayor, "go out to the woman. Some say, send her to jail, or send her away, or send her to hell. For that type of Christianity I have no use. God bless and prosper the Army when you build a home like this to protect some mother's daughter, to stretch forth the hand and to lift her up to a better future. That is the object of this home. We are not doing that; we have scorned women. What have we done to those who brought their downfall? These brutes walk the streets of this fair city, with heads high, and unabashed they go in and out among so-



Dining Room

LIFE IS TOO SHORT FOR WASH DAY TO BE ALL DRUDGERY

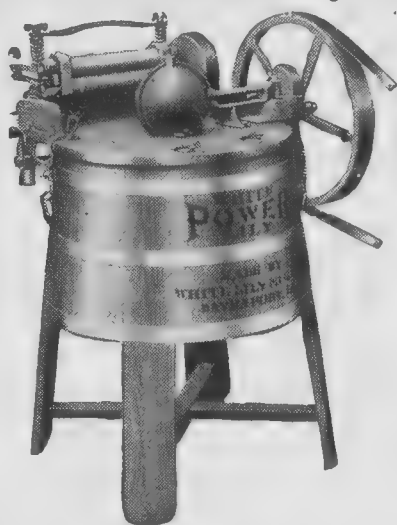
WHEN A

WHITE LILY POWER WASHER

Will make it the Easiest Day of the Week

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is made of best material and workmanship and is guaranteed by one of the largest manufacturers of washing machines, for five years.



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is so simple that any child can operate it.

The WHITE LILY is the cheapest power washer on the market possessing all the features that make a perfect power washer.

The WHITE LILY is the only power washer on the market sold on the terms of half cash with the order, balance after thirty days use. No reduction made for cash with the order, we want the machine to sell itself.

THE GEM MOTOR CO.,

HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTIES

419 Portage Avenue, WINNIPEG, MAN.

city as though they were pure as the driven snow. They are not known; pity it is so, for were it to become whispered that so-and-so was the cause of some mother's daughter's downfall he would be scorned from all decent society and would not have the impudence to enter any respectable home. I would like to put up a motto in this building, and it is this:

'Neither do I condemn thee;
Go and sin no more.'

"I hope you will go on with this splendid work of reclaiming character. Only too willing am I to do what lies in my power to further it along."

Commissioner Rees spoke most sympathetically and earnestly. He was glad for what the government, the city and citizens had done to make the home a living reality and he was satisfied that Staff-Captain and Mrs. McAmmond, who will have charge of this work, would do all in their power to help women, morally, mentally and spiritually. He referred to the general scope of Army work, and said they were working hand in hand with the "powers that be" in trying to give fallen sisters another chance in life. Thirty-four years as an Army man, he was one of the first to suggest this plan of reform. In Winnipeg one of the prime movers was the late Hon. T. M. Daly, and the commissioner paid a tribute to his memory. "She is some mother's daughter," was among the last sentences he spoke. His works do follow him. In closing, the commissioner referred to the interest of the public in this home.

Col. Mapp referred to the finances, made an earnest appeal for the public to rally to the financial support of the home, and suggested having a tag day, backed up by the city authorities.

"Canadians for Canada."

Written for Western Home Monthly by
Marion Dallas, Ottawa.

Patriotism—love of country—what magic there is in the word, how it thrills our souls and arouses the noblest sentiments of the life. All ages have burned the incense of admiration at the shrines of Patriotism. History's most beautiful pages are those which relate of brave and noble deeds. Fire-side tales and the out pourings of the memories of people would lose their warmest glow were the patriotic stories effaced. From Patriotism our poets and singers have received their sweetest inspiration. The paramount duty of a new and growing Cosmopolitan such as our great Dominion of Canada is the possession and retention of lofty and pure ideals. We have a wonderful heritage and while these are days of peace in our fair land, the days when Patriotism is a duty have not yet departed, what was won by the sacrifices of our fathers must be protected by us.

Canada is to-day a centre of world attraction. It is the good fortune of every Canadian to have fallen into an inheritance, the wealth of which, in scenery and natural resources, we can scarcely realize, it would be pitiable indeed, if our eager haste for greatness prevented us looking backward and forwards and creating a national spirit of Idealism and Patriotism.

"The patriot sees with eagle eye
The vision far and wide;
Unswerved by passing lurement nigh
For lasting weal he soareth high
The people's trusted guide."

—Grant Balfour.

Canadians are sometimes accused of lacking that deep and reverent love of

We can give you

ABSOLUTE PROOF

that the Lots we offer inside the Town Limits of Edson at \$40 each on easy terms are a

Money-Making Investment

offered below their real value.

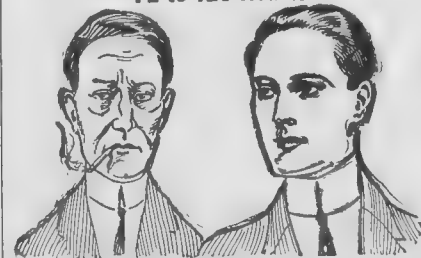
Edson is a Divisional Point on the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, with a monthly pay roll of \$40,000. Edson is the actual distributing point for the Peace River country, the Brazeau coalfields and for two hundred miles west on the Canadian Northern. Edson is little more than a year old and already has more than twelve hundred permanent residents. It costs you one cent to obtain Illustrated Booklet and the above-mentioned proof. Mail us a postcard today.

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Dr. Elder's Tobacco Boon Banishes All Forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 Hours.



"What Tobacco Boon Will Do."

A positive and quick relief. A Home Treatment easy to take. S. E. Addington, of Bethel, Okla., writes "Your Tobacco Boon has cured me after using tobacco 34 years. H. S. Evans, of Meridian, Miss., writes "I had been a heavy chewer for 54 years. After taking your treatment 8 days I was completely cured." Adolph Erigen, of Pigeon Falls, Wis., writes "I would not take \$1,000 for what good your Tobacco Boon did me." Hundreds of similar letters from satisfied patients. REMEMBER—We give a legal binding Guarantee of results in every case or money refunded. FREE Booklet on the Tobacco Habit and its Remedy, also full information about my Home Treatment will be mailed free in plain package to any one. Do not wait—send name and address TODAY.

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Kitchen

country which is so characteristic of other nations and especially our Cousins to the south, but Canadians have proved their loyalty to Home and Motherland. When the call for volunteers came, we never hesitated—we sent our best, and we would do so again. We are, however, very reticent in displaying our most sacred feelings, we do not exploit our Maple Leaf or wave our Flag as we might. We do not celebrate the birthday of our Dominion with that patriotic enthusiasm which would convince all newcomers that we are proud to be a part of the greatest Domini in all the world.

Canada should make a science of teaching patriotism, our young people should be taught to have a genuine love and reverence for the flag and country. "It's only an old bit of bunting, It's only an old colored rag, But thousands have died for it's glory And shed their best blood for our flag."

Every heroic event in our nation's history should be emphasized and lovingly dwelt upon and the names of the noble men and women who have sacrificed their lives for their country, either on the frontier or upon the battle field, be indelibly stamped upon the lives of the boys and girls in our Canadian schools from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Patriotic entertainments should be given in the schools on Empire Day and Dominion Day. The decorations for such occasions are very easily arranged. Our own flag should always be given a prominent place; banners and bunting add to the patriotic effect. Programmes might be based upon the following suggestions.

Suggestions for patriotic programmes:

Musical selections, Medley introducing patriotic airs.

Open chorus—The Recessional, Kipling.

Essays:—(a) The discovery of John and Sebastian Cabot; (b) The landing of Champlain; (c) The capture of Quebec.

Readings:—(a) Selections from "Daulac," Wilfred Campbell; (a) The St. Lawrence and the Sagueny, Sangster; (c) The Seats of the Mighty, Sir Gilbert Parker.

Chorus:—(a) O, Canada, Lavallee; (b) Rule Britannia, Theodore Martens.

Essays:—(a) The Cause of the War of 1812; (b) Events that took place upon the Queenston Heights; (c) Laura Secord and the story of Beaver Dam.

Recitations:—(a) The Battle of Lundy's Lane, D. Campbell Scott; (b) Canada to England, Valency Crawford; (c) Canada to England, Chas. G. Roberts.

Songs:—(a) Upon the Heights of Queenston, Theo. Martens; (b) The Maple Leaf, Alexander Muir.

Tableaux:—From the Life of Queen Victoria; Coronation of Queen Alexandra; Coronation of Queen Mary.

Empire Flag Drill with patriotic accompaniment. Characters represented—The Navy, The Army, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Newfoundland, Canada, the Indians, and many other countries from which our immigrants have come.

Essay:—The Fathers of Confederation.

Recitations:—(a) Canadian Born, Pauline Johnson; (b) Dominion Day, Fidelis; (c) Last chapter of "The Handicap," Knowles; (d) The Jubilee Ode, Henry Drummond.

Closing Chorus:—The Land of the Maple, H. H. Godfrey.

"Our loved Dominion bless
With peace and happiness,
From shore to shore;
And let our Empire be
United, loyal, free,
True to herself and thee
For evermore."

Frederick G. Scott.

"GOD SAVE OUR KING."

Try to Say This.

A twister twisting will twist a twist, this twist to twist three twists he will twist, but if one of the twists of the twist untwist the twist untwisting will untwist the twist.—A Reece, 31, Stapleton Street, Irlam-o'-th'-Height, Manchester.

DIRECT TO YOU ON 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Here is the place and now is the time to buy your labor saving equipments and farm supplies

at a great saving, we have literally smashed prices on every kind of modern labor saving devices for the farmer, as well as on farm necessities, and our method of selling direct to you allows you to keep the middleman's profits in your pocket where they belong. Each and every article offered in this advertisement is guaranteed to be first class in every particular, and it is guaranteed to be the equal of that offered by the most reputable concerns in the world. The conditions of our guarantee are so broad in its nature that you cannot help but realize the truth of our offer and be convinced that we deal with you on the square. We give you the opportunity to buy from us in the open with every possible doubt removed.

HERE IS OUR OFFER It Fully Protects You.

If you buy any goods from us that are not fully up to our representations in every way, or if they fail to come up to the expectations that our literature and language have led you to expect, then at our expense for carriage both ways we will take back any such unsatisfactory merchandise, and refund you the full purchase prices in addition to the carrying charges. We ask you to read every word of this advertisement and then send us a trial order and we will convince you of the virtue of this great offer.

C. S. JUDSON CO., LTD., WINNIPEG, MAN.

COMPLETE PUMPING OUTFIT \$47.50

Including 1½ Horse Power Engine, No. 1 Heavy Pump Jack and 15 feet of belting, shipped complete ready to run, or a 2½ H.P. Pumping Outfit, only \$65, complete with Jack and Belts. This engine will run the cream separator, churn or washing machine and pay for itself in a very short time. Get our Big Engine Catalog and solve your



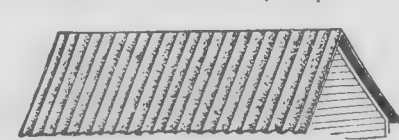
labor problems, these engines are built especially for years of hard work, very simple in construction, best design, and easy to operate with a surplus H.P. above rating guaranteed, and 30 days free trial at your own work to test to your entire satisfaction. All sizes up to 25 H.P. and we can save you from \$50.00 to \$200.00 tell us what you require engine for, we will be glad to furnish you full information free.

SECURITY GALVANIZED STEEL GRAIN TANKS, \$62



Embodiment every feature necessary for to insure protection to your grain. One of the most rigid and durable grain tanks ever made, made of galvanized steel and bolted together, we know the requirements of a good grain bin and we have the bin that will fill this requirement to your entire satisfaction. Send for free catalog today stating size capacity required.

CORRUGATED STEEL ROOFING, 23c per Sheet.

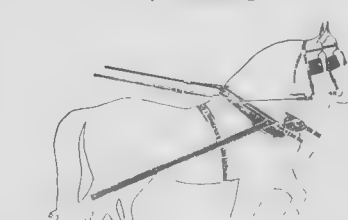


Size of sheet 27½ ft. x 4 ft. Send us your specifications, tell us the kind of building and size, we will quote you freight prepaid prices and guarantee to save you money. Estimates given free on siding steel shingles, eaves, troughs and fittings.

BELTING

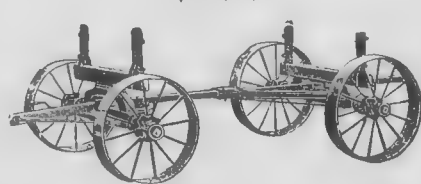
Endless and cut in any size required. Send for our circular on Thr. she. s supplies.

General Purpose Farm Harness \$23.50



Complete including collars and lines. Every strap warranted. We can supply you any type of harness you require.

LOW DOWN STEEL WHEEL WAGON \$27.50



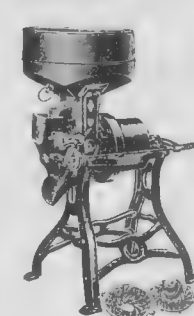
Are fast replacing the high farm wagons for general farm work. The reason is plain. The Low-Down wagon makes easier work for the man and no harder for the team. One man can do most of his farm work alone with the Low-Down wagon. This wagon is sold on a 30 days free trial.

IMPROVED LIFT PUMP HEAD \$4.00



This pump is strong and durable, can be used for hand or power purposes, adapted for use with pump jacks, it is fitted for 1½, 1 or 2 in. pipe. If you wish to make your hand pump into a power pump for use with an engine this is what you require. Price of this Pump Head, complete with ¾ in. brass lined cylinder and 8 ft. of 1½ in. pipe and rod, \$9.00. We furnish estimates free for complete pump outfits on request. Give depth of well; say if open well or drilled; state distance from platform to surface of water; whether lift or force pump is wanted.

MONARCH GRAIN GRINDER \$21.50



Has 6 inch plates. Will grind grain as fine as any burr grinder made. Complete with 3 sets of burrs and suitable for use with engines from 2 to 6 H.P. Price of 8 inch plate, \$27.50. We can furnish any style of grinder. Write for free catalog of grain grinders, cordwood and pole saw frames.

ACME LOW DOWN TANK PUMP, \$6.25.

Double acting draws water on each stroke of lever, has 5 inch stroke fitted for 2 inch suction, 1 inch discharge. The equal of any tank pump made. Price includes complete fittings, as shown in illustration. We furnish Two-in. wire lined Suction Hose, extra quality. Will withstand hard usage, has steel wire lining, made in lengths of 20 and 25 ft.



Length of 20 ft. \$6.50
Length of 25 ft. \$8.25

ACME PORTABLE FORGE

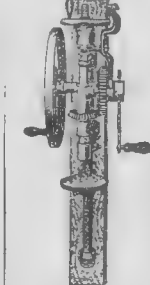


designed for general utility work for mechanics or farmers, has 8 in fan, 18 in. hearth weighs 90 lbs. price complete with hood. Our catalogue

on Blacksmith's and farm repair Tools will save you money.

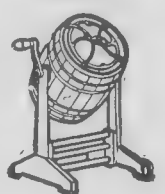
\$7.50

ACME TWO SPEED SELF FEED POST DRILL \$8.00



made of best material, strong and durable. Drills ¾ in. holes and to centre of 12 inch circle. Spindle has 3 inch run. Weight, 85 lbs.

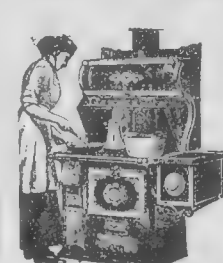
BELLE BARREL CHURNS \$4.50



made of as good material as it is possible to make a churn of, we unhesitatingly recommend it as one of the best churns of its kind made.

We have these churns in 10, 15, 20 and 25 gallons capacity. Power attachments for churns \$3.25 each.

TEST A VICTOR 30 DAYS.



In your own home at our risk. This wonderful range is the highest type of steel range construction. Large oven, big copper reservoir, handsome high closet, economical in fuel, sold to you on the consideration that it is the equal of any steel range made regardless of price or make.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Fill it in and mail to us at once

C. S. JUDSON Co. Ltd., Winnipeg, Man

I saw your wonderful advertisement in the WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

I am interested in.....

Please send me without any obligation on my part and free of cost full information regarding these subjects. Also send me free of cost the following catalogs. (Place an X mark in square opposite catalogs you desire.)

My Name is.....

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C. S. JUDSON Co. Ltd., Winnipeg, Man.

A LOVELY BABY BOY

This Mother is quite Enthusiastic over a well Known Food.

Mrs. J. W. Pateman, 34 Harriet St., Toronto, in writing about Neave's Food says "When I first knew one of my friends, her baby Jack was eight months old and dying by inches. She had tried three foods because her Jack could not digest milk. At last, I fetched her a tin of Neave's Food. At the end of a month, Jack was rapidly gaining flesh and was bright and happy. He is a lovely boy now and she declares Neave's Food saved his life. And it did.

Then I recommended it to a friend on Victoria Avenue. She had a baby 6 months old that was not thriving a bit. She put the baby on Neave's Food and at the end of three months, the baby was twice the size.

I have never seen two bigger, stronger boys than mine for their ages and we owe it all to Neave's Food. I have the utmost faith in Neave's Food."

Mothers and prospective mothers may obtain a free tin of Neave's Food and a valuable book "Hints About Baby" by writing Edwin Utley, 14 Front Street East, Toronto, who is the Canadian agent. (Mention this paper.) For sale by all druggists. 24A

BINDER TWINE

There is every prospect of a heavy demand for Binder Twine this year. The thoughtful farmer will order his supply now and have the twine on hand for use when he needs it. Don't wait, delay in ordering may mean a loss of hundreds of dollars. You run no risk ordering now. Should your crop fail for any reason we will take the twine off your hands, refund the money, and pay all charges.

DIAMOND E GOLDEN MANILLA BINDER TWINE

Every foot of this twine is guaranteed to come fully up to standard; 550 feet to the pound; delivered in 50-lb bales only, C.O.D. all charges paid to any station in

Man.	Sask.	Alta.
8½c.	8½c.	8½c.

Per Pound

½c. reduction on carload orders.

Grain Growers Associations should take advantage of this reduction—we only ask \$100.00 deposit on carload orders—balance payable C.O.D.

For shipment to points with no agent, cash should be sent with order.

T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

Cleaning Up?

Besides your general house cleaning you probably have some dainty garments to be cleaned in readiness for the hot weather.

Our dry-cleaning methods have proven most satisfactory

Henry Bros.

Dye House

Winnipeg, Man.

Phones: Main 1930-1931-7372

Offices: 279 Smith Street and 569 Ellice Avenue.

Factory: 217 Provencher

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The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

NOTICE.

Often girls from rural communities and girls from the Old Country do not know where to go when they reach the city. If any girl contemplating coming to Winnipeg will write to me in care of the Western Home Monthly, I shall be pleased to see that she is met at the station and taken to a safe environment. We have made arrangements with representatives of the Travellers' Aid to meet any young woman who makes this request through the Western Home Monthly. The women of the Travellers' Aid each wear a badge of silver metal, the centre of which is a Maltese cross. The letters Y.W.C.A. are enamelled on the outside circle. If any young woman who desires help in this way will write to me, describing herself and the time she expects to arrive, also the road, I will give her description to one of these women, and she will give special attention to the stranger at the station. I find that young women need this attention, and we are pleased to assist our readers in every possible way.

Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

SOUL-EMBROIDERY.

Ruskin said woman must embroider man's life. Now, the meaning of the word embroider is to make beautiful. Then woman's duty is to make beautiful man's life.

There are always two sides to every question. Why do newspapers and other publications always publish the unhappy side of marriages and ignore the thousands of happy homes?

This world is full of little Edens, but they are not flashed before the eyes of the public as are the sensational stories of the divorce court.

To be absolutely loved by a good man is worth while. The exchange of the influence of two souls is expressed in sympathy and gratitude. Young girl, weave into the embroidery of your soul the threads of sympathy and gratitude, and your future home is sure to be ideal.

Wives destroy their homes by placing dynamic bombs of ingratitude and selfishness before the fireplace.

The golden keys to the Browning home were love, sympathy and gratitude.

When Browning first wrote to Mrs. Browning expressing his sympathy with her work, she thanked him for his sympathy saying: "Of all the commerce from Tyre to Carthage, the exchange of sympathy for gratitude is the most princely." So precious did Browning regard the memory of his wife that he never picked up her prayer book without kissing it.

A man was once sentenced to Newgate Gaol for defending the French Revolution and for offending a Bishop. Miss Eliza Gould visited him, and later became his wife. Their daughter, brought up in the influence of a home of love and sympathy, composed that hymn which is as dear to the pauper as it is to the millionaire—Nearer, my God, to Thee. This was the product of a sympathetic home.

Every unhappy woman could trace her condition to ingratitude.

Francis Hodgson Burnett says that "all the vices were not given to one sex, and all the virtues to the other." As long as this old world exists women will strive to please men, for they really do think them nice. And after all, most of us agree with Josiah Allen's wife, who says: "A good, noble, true man is the best job old Nature ever turned off her hands, or ever will."

MOTHER'S DAY.

Decoration Day and Mother's Day, celebrated on the 12th of May, made a most fitting combination; and the impression of the two services will long remain in the hearts of our young men and women.

Flowers, flowers, everywhere! Beautiful emblems to the memory of men who died for their country and to the mothers of men and women who are living for their country.

As I looked over the crowds assembled to do honor to the memory of the mothers and the soldiers, a feeling of respect swelled up in my heart for every man and woman who wore the carnation. God gives us but one mother, and a tender loving tribute on one day of the year will make better the life every day during that year.

Kate Douglas Wiggin says: "Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds! Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one mother in all the wide world."

Mothers' Day in Winnipeg was a sad day for many young women, for their mother's live in other lands and some in the Great Beyond.

I did not realize this until I stood before my class of young women. When I began the lesson to be given in honor of the day, sobs from aching hearts described the intense feeling so pathetically that I could not go on to the end. The atmosphere was too sacred for words.

Let me give this word of comfort to the mother who thinks of her daughter in a distant land. "The memory of you and your love is the guardian angel of your girl."

COMMERCIALIZED CHARMS.

Some girls measure their own charms by the amount of money their young men friends spend on them. A girl of this class will encourage a young man so long as he gives her a "good time." Many young women demand so much from young men that they influence them into habits of extravagance and recklessness. This same commercialism often changes the career of a young man from success to failure.

Two young women students in a university were honored by the attentions of two ambitious young men. One girl expected her friend to take her to the theatre and dances every week; nearly every Saturday he called for her to go out riding. The other young man thought his lady friend expected as much, but she knew he could not afford to spend much on her; so when he suggested going to the theatre she charmingly replied: "Let us take a walk near the lake and study our mathematics."

She always counted the cost of her friend's invitations, and seldom allowed him to spend money on her. He finished his course successfully, and they are now very happily married.

The girl who allowed her friend to spend money recklessly on her is still placing a commercial value on her charms. The young man left the school because so much of his attention had been concentrated on her that he fell behind in his classes and his finances as well, and, therefore, he could not take up the work the next year. This girl stole the time of her young man friend. She required him to spend too many evenings with her.

It is a crime for a girl to steal those precious moments which are the golden opportunities of a young man.

Young women will have happier prospects by far if they count the cost. Those who commercialize their charms usually become wives who buy their furniture on the instalment plan, and then rail bitterly against hard times and unhappy home life.

EVERY AGE HAS ITS OWN BEAUTY.

She sat opposite me in the street car. Her short skirt refused to cover six inches of silk stockings drawn so tightly that one could almost see the veins and color of the flesh below and above the ankles. Hair of a near gold tint, much



"There is Beauty in Every Jar"

TAKE Milkweed Cream on your summer outings. It gives the skin softness, whiteness and increases its resisting power, making the face less susceptible to changes in weather.

Ingram's

MILKWEED CREAM

Apply Milkweed Cream gently—without rubbing—twice a day. It gives your skin power to resist flabbiness, and the lines of time. It protects against rough winds, redness, freckles and sunburn. Price 50 cents and \$1.00.

Preserves Good Complexions—Improves Bad Complexions

A PERSONAL TEST:

Let us prove to you the value of Ingram's Toilet Specialties. Write us the name and address of your druggist, and we will send you, FREE, through him, a box of assorted samples of our toilet essentials. Or, enclose 10 cents, and we will mail the samples direct to you. Address

Frederick F. Ingram Company
3 Ouellette Ave. Windsor, Ont.

I WAS A SIGHT FROM SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

But I Banished it Forever, never to Return, By English Chemist's Method.

THE SECRET FREE TO ALL.

The peculiar, unexplainable repugnance which most people feel towards those unfortunate troubled by a growth of Superfluous Hair, has been a source of self-reproach throughout the ages to all thus afflicted.

Scores of worthless preparations have been offered by people only too ready to take advantage of woman's natural sensitiveness, as I found from experience.

But at last a true Scientist of recognized standing has solved the problem and has given the benefit of his discovery to the World.

Before I heard of it, my face was a sight from the exasperating growth, but now my face is as clear and free from the blemish as a child's for the hair has never returned.

It is entirely different from any of the concoctions offered by pretenders whose claims to the title "Scientist" are not substantiated by a single fact for the discoverer was a well-known Professor of Chemistry at an English College, since which time his life has been devoted to the Pure Drug movement, and to the solving of just such problems as curing Superfluous Hair. In recognition of his success, he has been honored with titles and degrees by some of the leading Scientific bodies in the World, and many doctors are endorsing

Blemish by the Tripose Method so that his discovery, it never returned Acknowledges her gratitude.

In order that all who are afflicted may obtain the benefit, the full particulars which enabled me and others to entirely banish all signs of Superfluous Hair growth so that it never returned will be sent absolutely free to all who apply.

All you are asked to do is to send a two cent stamp for return postage. Please state whether Mrs. or Miss and address your letter to Elinor Chapelle, Sec'y, 996 N.S. Delta St., Providence, R. I.



Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Society Leader of Scranton, Pa., Cured of her Hair

Blemish by the Tripose Method so that his discovery, it never returned Acknowledges her gratitude.

All you are asked to do is to send a two cent stamp for return postage. Please state whether Mrs. or Miss and address your letter to Elinor Chapelle, Sec'y, 996 N.S. Delta St., Providence, R. I.

"Get More for your Money"

Would you like to learn How? You can do so without obligation by writing to - -

WESTERN BUYERS' UNION,
Brandon, Man.

be-frizzled and coiled in a dozen rolls, covered the head that covered a brain which in vain tried to call back youth and beauty, for the white and pink of an artificial complexion failed to conceal the line-upon-line that years of selfish ambitions had written deep into the tissues of the face. A large white hat trimmed in pale blue trimmings completed the artless attempt to act the beauty of another age, for she had celebrated her twenty-first birthday several years ago. Beside her a gray haired man, groomed in the style of his age, appeared bored with her empty prattle.

The other woman I met one day when she was on an errand of service for others. I remember her eyes; they shone with that depth of soul expression that only the Master Artist can produce. In every look, word and thought she was sweet and womanly. I can still hear the music of her gentle voice. The soul of her personality proved that beauty is more than skin deep, because love lines, muscles of strength, tissues of sympathy and the expresion of peace

live her best every year; then when the lines of years creep into the face and the hair whitens, she will be the woman beautiful.

CANADA'S HEROINES.

If the woods and prairies and rivers of the land of magnificent distances could speak in vowels and consonants, there would be material for an inspired author to write a huge biographical volume, entitled, "Canada's Unknown Heroines," James Oliver Curwood, who writes stories of British North America, tells of Melisse Cummins, "the Florence Nightingale of several thousand square miles of northern wilderness."

Mr. Curwood says of Melisse Cummins: "She is the heroine of a hundred true tales of the wilderness, and there is scarcely a cabin or an Indian hut in that ten thousand square miles of wilderness in which she has not at one time or another, been spoken of as 'L'ange Meleese.' The wilderness will never forget the great heart this woman has given to her people from the days of her girl-



The abundance of an Ontario Orchard.

all combined to make a face of rare beauty. I cannot tell what she wore. I remember only the face. In the conversation that afternoon, we all drew close to her, for she was an inspiration. There was no idle commonplace talk with her. She could appreciate the best of minds and hearts.

Last month Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross Society, passed to the other world. She was the personification of sympathy. Of the thirteen hundred graves of soldiers who died at Andersonville prison, she could identify all except four hundred.

After the Franco-Prussian war, all Europe rang with her praise. The Emperor of Germany presented her with the Cross of Merit, and she had decorations innumerable. Miss Barton was nearly eighty years of age when the Spanish war broke out, yet she went to Cuba and directed the work of nursing on the field.

Charles Sumner wrote of her: "She has the talent of a statesman, the command of a general, and the heart and hand of a woman." "She was a citizen of the world."

If woman would be charming she must

hood; it will not forget the thousand perils she has faced to seek out the sick, the plague-stricken and the starving; in old age there will still be those who will remember the first prayers to the real God that she taught them in childhood; and children still to come in cabin, tepee, and hut will live to bless the memory of L'ange Meleese, who made possible for them a new birthright and who in the wild places lived to the full measure and glory of the Golden Rule."

Melisse Cummins lives in a little cabin two hundred miles north of civilization. She has nursed Indian women and the wives of French trappers through small pox; for twenty miles she has carried in her arms an Indian baby, that she might bury it in her "Little Garden of God," where her own child lies; with her husband she makes canoe journeys, bearing her teachings of cleanliness, of health and of God.

One time, a half breed woman came to her in the dead of winter, from twenty miles across the lake. Her husband had frozen one of his feet. "Melisse left a note for her husband, and on snowshoes the two heroic women set off across the wind-swept and unsheltered lake, with

Comic
Songs

Sentimental
Ballads

Band
Selections

Grand
Opera

Instrumental
Solos

Sacred
Songs



An Edison Phonograph

is as new as the latest musical comedy hit

or as old as the beautiful ballads of long ago; as cheering as a lively band or as inspiring as a grand opera aria. Whatever your mood or your preference in music, there are Edison Records to satisfy it---Records made by artists who are among the best that the field of opera, concert and musical comedy has produced --- new Records every month embracing all of the new things that are good and many of the old ones that have lived.

The New Edison Records for June On Sale May 25th

The only way to get all the enjoyment possible out of your Edison Phonograph is to keep it supplied with new Records. Look over this list: check the ones that appeal to you and ask your dealer to let you hear them

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No. 2.....The Hoffmann Quartet
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New York Military Band.
1016 The Chambermaid.....Irene Franklin
1017 Texas Tommy Swing
Billy Murray and Chorus
1018 Do You Remember the Last
waltz?.....Irving Gillette
1019 Seated Around an Oil Stove
Murray K. Hill
1020 The Darkies' Ragtime Ball
Collins and Harlan
1021 "So So" Polka---Xylophone Duet
Charles Daab and William Dorn
1022 Say "Au Revoir" But Not "Good-Bye."
Will Oakland and Chorus
1023 They Gotta Quit Kickin' My Dawg
Aroun'....Byron G. Harlan and Chorus
1024 Jimmy Trigger---Soldier
Golden and Hughes
1025 Pucker Up Your Lips, Miss Lindy
Campbell and Gillette
1026 Boston Commandery March
Edison Concert Band
1027 Golden Deer.....Metropolitan Quartet
1028 Bring Back My Lena to Me---
"He Came From Milwaukee."
Maurice Burkhart
1029 I Long to See the Girl I Left Behind
Manuel Romain
1030 Everybody's Doing It Now
Premier Quartet
1031 A Woodland Serenade.
Edison Concert Band (Reed only)
1032 Gypsy Love Song---"The Fortune Teller."
Frank Croxton and Mixed Chorus
1033 Never the Maiden Dreamed---
"Mignon".....Charles W. Harrison
1034 Long Long Ago---with Variations
(Flute Solo).....Julius Spindler
1035 (a) Recompense (b) Roses in June
Reed Miller
1036 Dreams of Galilee
Edison Mixed Quartet
1037 The Ameer---Selection
Victor Herbert and His Orchestra
1038 A Song of Love.....Charles R. Hargreaves
1039 Carmen---Vocal Waltz
Frank Croxton Quartet

STANDARD RECORDS

10556 Our Band March
New York Military Band
10557 Absent.....Elizabeth Spencer
10558 Good Night, Mr. Moon
Campbell and Gillette
10559 They Gotta Quit Kickin' My Dawg
Aroun'....Byron G. Harlan
10560 Ragtime Violin.....Premier Quartet
Edison Phonographs \$16.50 to \$240.00.
Standard Records, 40c.
Amberol Records, (twice as long), 65c.
Amberol Concert Records, \$1.00.
Grand Opera Records, 85c to \$2.50.

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100 Lakeside Avenue,
Orange, N.J., U.S.A.

the thermometer fifty degrees below zero. When Melisse saw the frozen man, she knew there was but one thing to do, and with all the courage of her splendid heart she amputated his foot." The experience of that hour was a test of her courage. Mr. Curwood, in a closing paragraph, referred to the Indians' reverence of her in these words: "Far up on Reindeer Lake, close to the shore, there is a towering 'lob-stick tree'—which is a tall spruce or cedar lopped of all its branches to the very crest, which is trimmed in the form of a plume. A tree thus shaven and trimmed in the form of a plume is the Creecenotaph to one held in almost spiritual reverence, and the tree far upon Reindeer Lake is one of the half dozen or more lob-sticks dedicated to Melesse. Six weeks Melesse and her husband spent in an Indian camp at this point, and when at last the two bade their primitive friends good bye and left for home, the little Indian children and the women followed their canoe along the edge of a stream and flung handfuls of flowers after them."

There are other brave women whose names are not known to the great outside world, but they are makers of Canada's history. Farmers' wives and farmers' daughters who courageously face the storms and stillness and strife of mountain and prairie and forest are weaving the golden threads that embroider the mantle of our nation.

Ah, their lives breath to us this message in lines a little different from the poet—Lives of brave, courageous and Christly women all remind us, we may make our lives sublime. Thus when we depart, we may leave behind us, footprints on the sands of time.

MILITANT MEEKNESS.

Meekness should not be a weak characteristic, but a mark of strength, self control and determination dedicated to the service of others. One of the strongest forces in the world is militant meekness. The gentlest of mothers and wives are often the firmest and most influential.

One woman whirls in a cyclone of words and emotions and no one pays a bit of attention to her; while another says very little as she moves about in a quiet, calm atmosphere, but she is the force behind a power that revolutionizes a community. Last week I visited a woman who was passing through a crushing sorrow. I wanted to comfort her, but when I saw her I felt that I was in the presence of a personality with a heart so courageous and a purpose so powerful that any expression of sympathy I might utter would be meaningless. Her force of will was perfectly controlled by the Higher Power. We clasped each others hands and the expression of her eyes as I looked into them revealed a soul so deep and full of womanly strength that I could say nothing. It was not necessary for me to express my sympathy in words. She understood. Physically, she was tiny, but mentally and spiritually she was strong and powerful. She possessed woman's strongest weapon—femininity. Her husband is a giant in the business

world. I have often wondered how it was possible for a man to undertake such mammoth schemes and carry them out with such splendid results as he has accomplished—but now, since I have met his wife, I understand.

LIFE PRESERVERS.

In a letter that George Eliot once wrote to a friend, she made this statement: "Your cordial assurance that you shall be glad to see me sometimes is one of those pleasant things—those life preservers which relighting destiny sends me now and then to buoy me up."

George Eliot's letters reveal a life that depended on her friends for inspiration. Though her actions created criticism, her most intimate friends remained true to her.

If a friend is one who summons us to our best, what a splendid position we fill if we are somebody's friend!

A girl came to me saying: "All the other girls have friends, but I cannot seem to have any; no one seems to like me." I introduced her to nice girls, but every week or two she repeated the same remark. Some one has said if you would have a friend you must be a friend. This girl expects too much of others. Friendship is a test of character, and the qualities of a friend who is a friend at all times are rare. There must have been fine feelings of appreciation in the character of George Eliot to possess the friendship of two women throughout her lifetime.

A PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

An engagement of a week or of even a month is very likely to end in tragedy. People who know say that many couples who meet for the first time on the boat are married shortly after their arrival in this country. Girls are often grossly deceived by these brief courtships, and they are not safe. It is wise to know the young man long enough to learn something of his past. One shudders when a girl says she is soon to marry a young man after an acquaintance of, perhaps, a month or two. This is the most important step of a girl's life, and the hasty engagement is often the forerunner of wife-desertion. Married men, and those in evil service, use this method to trap girls for immoral purposes. A protective association would be an excellent scheme for helping a girl to investigate the character of a young man. An association of this kind has been formed in a certain town. The women of this organization plan to establish branches in the surrounding towns for the purpose of getting information about the young men who come to see their daughters. When a young man appears, the mothers will have only to go to the card catalogue of "eligibles" at the association headquarters to discover if he is moral, ambitious and honest, or otherwise. His habits and business prospects may be learned by referring to the catalogue.

Record Breaking Indeed.

John was sent to study mathematics, and the teacher began to explain what was true science.

"For instance," she began, "if it takes one man 12 days to build a house, then 12 men can build it in one day."

Johnny continued then—

"Two hundred and eighty-eight men will build it in an hour, seventeen thousand two hundred and eighty in a minute and one million thirty-six thousand eight hundred men will put it up in a second. Now, I don't believe they could build even a single brick in that time. Again, if one ship can cross the Atlantic in 12 days, 12 ships should be able to cross it in one day. I don't believe that, either. Therefore, mathematics are absurd!"

The Bowels Must Act Healthily.—In most ailments the first care of the medical man is to see that the bowels are open and full performing their functions. Parlee's Vegetable Pills are so compounded that certain ingredients in them act on the bowels solely and they are the very best medicine available to produce healthy action of the bowels. Indeed, there is no other specific so serviceable in keeping the digestive organs in healthful action.



ANTON MICKELSON
President

The Gophers Are Feasting on YOUR GRAIN Right NOW

Go to your druggist right away—spend 75c for a box of Mickelson's Kill-Em-Quick—take it home and mix it according to directions and place it in your field wherever there are gophers. This is absolutely the quickest way to kill them, and it will cost you less that way than by any

other method you could possibly pursue. I tell you frankly that upon your action now depends whether or not you stand to lose \$200 every 80 acres—in crops that the gophers will ruin for you. Why not take the steps now that will mean an end to all gopher troubles? A 75c box of

Mickelson's Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison

will kill all the gophers in an 80-acre field, and when you remember that there are 2000 gophers in an 80-acre field, and that each gopher means a loss of 10c to you, you can see how 75c worth of Kill-Em-Quick will save you \$200 in actual cash grain profits. \$1.25 worth of Kill-Em-Quick will save you \$400 because it contains twice as much as a 75c box. Mickelson's Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison

Costs Less Than 1c Per Acre

to use and it is the easiest poison on the market to mix and apply. Simply soak grain over night, drain water off and mix grain with poison. The taste is attractive to gophers and they eat it in preference to grain or tender shoots. Go out into the field now and see what the gophers are doing to your crops—then see if it isn't worth 75c or \$1.25 to kill all those gophers. See if it isn't worth while to get a poison that is so attractive to gophers that they will leave everything else for it—that is so powerful that the merest atom kills a gopher.

Anton Mickelson, President, MICKELSON KILL-EM-QUICK COMPANY
Dept. O Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

There is no time to waste. Every moment that you delay now means a loss of money to you. Don't let the gophers rob you of the money you have worked so hard for. Take the step now that will kill every gopher on your farm—that will save you \$200 on 80 acres—\$400 on 160 acres. If Mickelson's Kill-Em-Quick doesn't do everything I have promised, write to me at once and I will send every penny of your money back personally. Mickelson's is not only the

Easiest Poison To Use

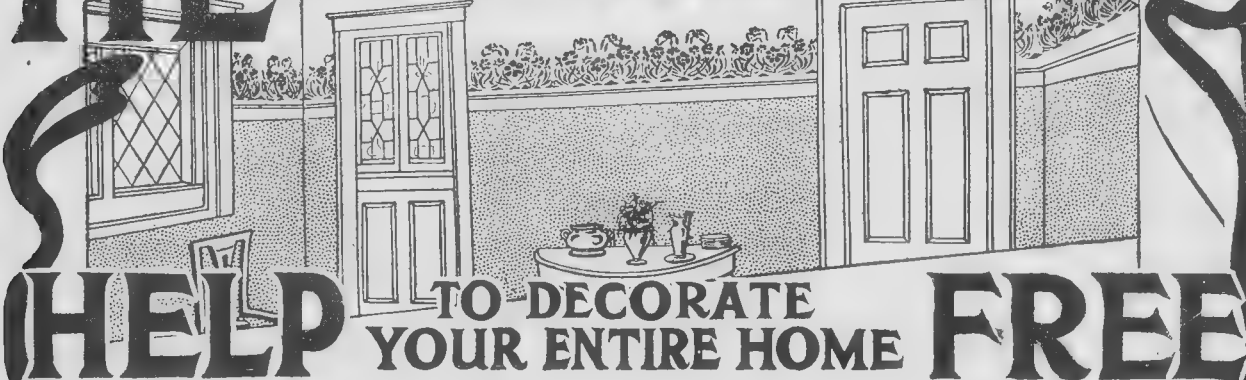
but it is the CHEAPEST and MOST PRACTICAL. Thousands of farmers have tried it and all of them are high in their praise of what it does. I know it will do the same for you—I know it will save you \$200 on 80 acres on an investment of 75c. Ask your druggist for it. Don't take a substitute. If he won't supply you—send me his name with your order and I will ship direct, postage prepaid.

Write Me a Postal

Let me tell you some startling facts about gophers and Mickelson's Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison. Let me tell you just exactly how to use it for best results. Address me personally for my book and get the facts.



M-L FLAT-WALL COLORS



Write us to-day on the coupon for the "Wall Beautiful and Hygienic." It helps you to decorate your home in rich, mellow color that just suits each room. We give you expert help FREE in selecting these charming colors to show your home at its best. Send us to-day.

DECORATIVE advice of the right kind is hard to get. It costs you a great deal of money to employ an expert. But we will give you the special advice and color scheme each individual home needs without a cent of cost. The color effects will be as good as an expert's work. This is your chance to have one of the most beautiful color schemes for your home, free. Send the coupon below to-day. It will bring you news, too, about M-L Flat Wall Colors, and where to get them.

M-L Flat Wall Colors are something new in oil paints for plaster or woodwork, in dainty, rich effects. They don't shine or glitter, but are restfully dull. You can wash them with soap and water, and they don't spot. Quite unlike kalsomine or other washes and finishes. They resemble expensive dull-finish enamels; but can be applied perfectly by anyone. Usually, decorative advice costs a great deal. We tell you, free, how to decorate your home in the right shades of M-L Flat Wall Color, but your only expense is for the colors alone—very moderate cost. Write us to-day on the coupon. Send this coupon now.

IMPERIAL VARNISH & COLOR CO., Limited
Decorative Aid Dept., TORONTO, Canada
Gentlemen: Send me free your book on "The Wall Beautiful and Hygienic," with particulars regarding FREE ADVICE on decorating my home.

Name

Town

My dealer is

Imperial Varnish & Color Co. Limited

DECORATIVE AID DEPARTMENT

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108 Princess St., Winnipeg

365 Water St., Vancouver

FIVE PONIES and OUTFITS FREE

Winnipeg Telegram's Big Pony Contest for Boys and Girls of Western Provinces

Telegram's Ninth Pony Contest

Every Telegram Pony Contest we have yet announced has excelled the preceding contests as far as the quality and value of the rewards are concerned. Our ninth Pony Contest is no exception to this rule, for this contest offers five valuable ponies, with magnificent vehicles and elegant harness with every pony. Boys and girls of Western Canada, who have been waiting to enter a Contest under the most favorable conditions, should grasp this opportunity to win a handsome Shetland and outfit, for the season of the year is convenient for canvassing and we will never exceed in point of value or quality the rich rewards in this, our greatest of all juvenile subscription contests. The ponies, "Chestnut Belle" and "Royal George," are the equine sensations of the City of Winnipeg at the present time, and it is a safe bet that this handsome pair will wear blue ribbons at the Winnipeg Horse Show next month. "Dolly Dimple," "Daisy Harum," and "Frolic," are all standard bred, registered Shetlands, and are a valuable trio.

Our juvenile subscription contests which have proved so interesting and instructive to the boys and girls of the West, cannot be classed as contests in the ordinary sense of the word, for every candidate receives a reward at the close of the contest. Great care has been taken in arranging the rules and vote schedule so that candidates in all sections of the West are on an equal basis. This has been successfully accomplished, and is demonstrated by the distribution of the ponies in the eight preceding contests. A glance at the list who have already been awarded with ponies, shows that our Shetlands have been won in the ranch districts of Alberta, on the prairies of Saskatchewan, and in the rural sections of Manitoba, and in the towns of New Ontario. Boys and girls of Western Canada who want a Shetland pony and outfit should nominate themselves today in this great contest. The season of the year is most favorable and it will never again be your privilege to enter a juvenile contest that offers richer rewards. Join this contest today and be a pony winner.

Second Prize, Pony and Outfit



"ROYAL GEORGE"

Great Juvenile Contest

Third Prize, Pony and Outfit



"DOLLY DIMPLE"

The Contest Closes 10 p.m., Wednesday, July 31, 1912

The Telegram Pony Button

The Telegram Pony Button is another feature of The Telegram's Ninth Pony Contest that adds lustre to the contestants of this unparalleled juvenile competition. The button is one and three-quarters inches deep, with a pin attached so that it can be worn on the lap of a coat or used as a brooch. On the face of the button is a picture of the celebrated spotted Shetland we presented to Miss Mabel Kelly, of Little Souris, in our fifth pony contest, and shows "Captain Jinks" in all his splendor under his elaborate set of harness and hitched to his pony carriage. Every boy and girl who sends in the nomination blank properly filled out will be mailed one of these beautiful buttons absolutely free, and this attractive and unique little ornament will stamp the wearer the recognized pony contestant of the district. Be sure you are the first to get the button in your section, and get your candidature established before another contestant is nominated.

Prize Guaranteed Every Candidate

The Winnipeg Telegram does not ask the boys and girls of Western Canada to canvass for subscriptions and then take chances on getting a reward for their efforts. In the Telegram's Ninth Pony Contest, The Winnipeg Telegram agrees to pay every boy and girl who participates in this contest and who does not win a pony, a commission of 10 per cent on the money he or she collects. Candidates in The Telegram's Ninth Pony Contest are not entering a game of chance, for all will be rewarded.

Conditions That Equalize

Candidates all over the West are on an equal basis in The Telegram's Ninth Pony Contest. To give the contestants in the rural sections the same chance as those residing in districts where daily papers circulate, the vote schedule on subscriptions to The Farmer's Weekly Telegram is greater than that of the Daily. The price of The Daily Telegram, by mail, is the same in all the provinces, placing contestants from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast on exactly the same basis.

Fourth Prize, Pony and Outfit



"DAISY HARUM"

First Prize, Pony and Outfit



"CHESTNUT BELLE"

Rules and Regulations

Every Question Answered Here!

- 1.—Every boy or girl who sends in a nomination will be sent, absolutely free, by return mail, one of The Telegram Shetland Pony Buttons. Do not miss one of these buttons.
- 2.—Ten Dollars in Gold will be awarded to the contestant whose lists are the neatest and most accurately written during the contest.
- 3.—Nominations or subscriptions from the City of Winnipeg will not be accepted.
- 4.—Nominations are free. The nomination blank, properly filled out, registers a candidate with five thousand votes free. Special subscription blanks and further information will be forwarded immediately upon receipt of nomination.
- 5.—The Contest closes at 10 p.m., July 31st, 1912. This means that no money or subscriptions will be accepted after that hour.
- 6.—No employee of The Winnipeg Telegram will be allowed to compete.
- 7.—Votes will not be awarded for subscriptions not accompanied by a remittance.
- 8.—Subscriptions will not be accepted outside of Canada or Great Britain.
- 9.—A candidate is nominated and registered when the nomination blank, properly filled out, has been received by the Pony Contest Editor.
- 10.—Five thousand votes free awarded with each nomination.
- 11.—A candidate can only be nominated once. Votes count according to schedule announced after nomination.
- 12.—Subscriptions for more than three years will not be accepted.
- 13.—The vote schedule on subscriptions to The

Farmer's Weekly Telegram is higher than on comparative subscriptions to The Daily Telegram. Contestants who are forced to confine their canvass to weekly subscriptions have an equal chance to win.

- 14.—Prizes are awarded according to the votes obtained. The candidate with the highest number of votes will get the first prize, and so on, until the awards have all been distributed.
- 15.—In case of a tie for the ponies, two or more ponies will be awarded the contestants so tied.
- 16.—Votes cannot be bought or transferred from one candidate to another. Bona fide subscriptions must be sent in.
- 17.—A commission of ten per cent, will be paid all contestants who do not win a pony, on the money he or she collects.
- 18.—Candidates must not deduct their commission. The cash awards will be paid when the Contest closes.
- 19.—Votes will not be awarded on payments of less than \$1.00, or on a fraction of a dollar.
- 20.—Both new and renewal subscriptions count.
- 21.—The Pony Contest Editor will acknowledge receipt of all moneys and award votes as lists are received.
- 22.—Votes will not be awarded on clubbing offers with other papers.
- 23.—The vote schedule announced will not be altered during the Contest. There will be no period when double votes are allowed.
- 24.—The decision of the Pony Contest Editor is final in all matters pertaining to this Contest.
- 25.—Boys and girls who have already won ponies cannot enter the contest.
- 26.—Ponies and outfits will be shipped by express, all charges prepaid.

\$10.00 in Canadian Gold

Our Shetland Pony competitions not only prove a great business training for a child, but teach valuable lessons in correspondence and tabulating. To encourage the contestants in letter writing and accuracy, we will award Ten Dollars in Gold, at the close of this contest, for the best and most accurately written lists. To properly enter the names and addresses of subscribers on our mailing lists we require carefully prepared copy and contestants who try for the special gold prize will not have complaints of the non-delivery of The Telegram. This special cash prize is independent of all other rewards in this contest.

VOTES AND PRICES

How Votes Count on the Farmers' Weekly Telegram

	No. Votes
For \$1.00 paid on single subscription.....	1,000
For \$2.00 paid on single subscription.....	2,500
For \$3.00 paid on single subscription.....	4,000

How Votes Count on The Daily Telegram

	No. Votes
For \$1.00 paid on single subscription.....	500
For \$2.00 paid on single subscription.....	1,500
For \$3.00 paid on single subscription.....	3,000
For \$4.00 paid on single subscription.....	5,000
For \$5.00 paid on single subscription.....	6,500
For \$6.00 paid on single subscription.....	8,000

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

	1 Yr.	2 Yrs.	3 Yrs.
Farmer's Weekly Telegram.....	\$1.00	\$2.00	\$3.00
Daily Telegram.....	\$2.00	\$4.00	\$6.00

Votes will not be awarded on clubbing offer.

Votes will not be awarded on payments less than \$1.00.

Guaranteed Vote Schedule

It is customary in most newspaper subscription contests to double the schedule for a period of the competition in order to urge contestants to greater efforts. The vote schedule announced above will prevail without change throughout the competition.

Fifth Prize, Pony and Outfit



"FROLIC"

Nomination Blank (Monthly)

Pony Contest Editor, Winnipeg Telegram.

Please register my name as a contestant in The Telegram Pony Contest, and credit me with 5,000 votes. I have read the rules of the contest and agree to same.

Name..... Address.....

Signature of Parent or Guardian.....

This blank, properly filled out, will bring you further information and supplies by return mail.

Address all Correspondence to Pony Contest Editor, care Winnipeg Telegram

ROBINSON & CO.

Winnipeg's Great Departmental Store

CHINA SERVICE

For the Summer Bride

Nothing more appropriate for a Wedding Gift than a

HAVRE PATTERN CHINA SET

as shown in illustration

An exceptionally rich design from the Old Abbey factory, Limoges, France. It is modeled in plain, graceful outlines, consisting of a band of dull gold enclosed between two black lines, and a hair line of gold on the edge. The handles of cups and dishes are cov with rich old, making a very neat and attractive set.

Havre, 102 piece Dinner Set

\$69.40

Havre, 97 piece Dinner Set

\$57.55

Havre, 40 piece Tea Set

\$17.85

Send for illustrated catalogue containing other sets.

Express charges prepaid by us.

ROBINSON & CO.

WINNIPEG

The Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

This is a new, or rather a new adaptation of an old method of teaching children, of which no doubt some of my readers have seen ac-

Montessori, counts in the various newspapers and magazines. I had the pleasure of listening to an address on this method by Dr. James W. Robertson, Chairman of the Commission on Technical Education in Canada. The address was given before the Woman's Canadian Club, and Dr. Robertson had with him a collection of what he termed the didactic material for the course. The system takes its name from Dr. Maria Montessori, who, for fifteen years, was assistant in a hospital in Rome. It was part of her duties to select the children from various asylums for the weak-minded, idiotic and insane, for demonstrations in the clinics in this hospital. In this way she became very much interested in the study of defective children. She left the hospital and established a school on methods which she had partially worked out, and for two years she supervised and also herself taught in this school from 8 o'clock in the morning until 7 o'clock at night, the pupils being all what are termed de-

frames of wood have tacked to them strips of any kind of material, which are hooked or buttoned together, tied with strings or ribbons, or, in fact, anything which shows the ordinary fastenings of a child's clothing. A child is given one of these to play with, without any statement to it of what it may be for. Very soon the child finds out for itself how to button and unbutton, hook and unhook, tie and untie. Dr. Robertson said that from tests made with this, the first of all of the appliances showed that on the second or third day a child of three years of age would notice the connection between the buttoning and unbuttoning, for example, on the frame given to it, and the buttoning and unbuttoning of another child's clothing; and, having found this out for itself, it was a pleasure to it and not something that it was taught as a task. Children a little older were given a box fitted with little wooden blocks wound with different colored silk, wool or cotton. These ran in shades of the same color, perhaps 5, 6 or 10 in a section. The box is given to the child simply to play with. Naturally it pulled them out, and

What Do You Know About Flour?

Do you know that quality is the one important factor in bread as in woollens or in linens? If you want to have bread of health and strength-giving quality as well as delicious, ordinary flour will sadly disappoint you.

Royal Household Flour

is not ordinary flour made from ordinary wheat and ground by the ordinary process. It is the best Red Fife Wheat, rich in high quality gluten, scientifically milled and subjected to every test before it reaches you.

"Ogilvie's Book For A Cook"

containing 125 dandy recipes will be mailed free for the asking

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO. LTD.
WINNIPEG.



A Farm Home in a beautiful setting.

fective children. At the end of that time her pupils came to a contest with normal children who had been instructed according to the ordinary methods. It was found then that in a number of instances the defective children, owing to the method and care with which they had been taught, were actually ahead of the normal children who had been taught according to the prevailing system. This decided Dr. Montessori that the ordinary methods of instruction for children in schools are wrong, and she has gone on from this basis until she has worked out a complete, or fairly complete, system for the instruction of children. She has been asked to take charge of the children's houses in connection with a number of tenements in Rome. These tenements are constructed from old and insanitary ones into modern, healthful homes for poor people of the working classes, and to each one is attached what is known as a children's house. In this house children, almost infants, are cared for while their parents, who are tenants in the tenements, are away at work.

Dr. Robertson spoke for over half an hour, and it would be quite impossible to give anything like a synopsis even of his address, but a few thoughts from it, it seemed to me, might prove very useful to women in country homes, where help is hard to obtain, and where the children are very often unconsciously neglected. The whole idea of the system is to teach a child to observe and think for itself. For example, simple little

very soon began to develop a faculty for putting them in again. This taught them the arrangement of color; and he had seen a child of five years of age, who could take one of these blocks, carry it across a room, lay it down, go back and match it perfectly as to shade from the same box, showing that it carried the color absolutely in its brain and eye. He suggested that if grown-up people had any doubt of the value of this training, for them to attempt a similar feat themselves.

A Method of training children to walk carefully was to give a child a brimming glass of water on a plate, and ask it to carry it to another child.

He said it was Grace of Movement, astonishing how quickly even very young children could in this way be taught to walk firmly and gracefully, having perfect control of their bodies. He stated that he had seen a child of four entrusted with a tureen of soup, which it carried round the table, holding it while a number of children, one after the other, helped themselves to soup with the ladle. Dr. Robertson spoke at considerable length on how the system developed the sense of feeling in the finger tips. A child would be given a piece of very smooth wood, perhaps a foot long and six inches wide, and on one side of this at intervals would be placed narrow strips of sand paper. Twice a child would have its fingers passed along, first the rough strip and then the



High-Grade Cream Separators

These Separators are giving good satisfaction wherever used.

TERMS:

\$20.00 down, balance in six months.

Do not let this opportunity pass you.

ROBARTS, OATESS & JUSTICE CO.

288 Princess St. Winnipeg

"HAWKEYE," \$40
"PEERLESS," \$35

smooth, and after that it would be left to work the problem out for itself. This was then followed by the shape of the letters of the alphabet, the consonants in one color and the vowels in another, the letters being put on in rough paper on very smooth wood. In this way a child very rapidly learned to follow the shape of the letter, and, from following it with its fingers, quickly went on to making it with a pen or pencil.

Another scheme was to give a child a number of pieces of wood, all squares, but the centres cut out in different shapes. For instance, rounds, squares, crescents, diamonds and the like. A child would be handed the pieces fitted together, and, having pulled them out, he said it was interesting to note how at first almost invariably they tried to fit a round piece to a square hole, and how quickly on the whole they learned by observation to fit the pieces back into their proper places. In conclusion, Dr. Robertson said that this system of training made for the natural development of the child's faculties: it trained its sense of touch and sight, developed its memory, and taught it the ability to control its body in walking, to move without noise — in fact, to be an all-round developed human being, with a brain trained really by itself to observe and to act on its observation. It seems to me that in even these fragmentary

year. A few years ago the society sent out altogether, in Canada, to two thousand families, a parcel of literature monthly and two letters during the year. Personally I am very glad to find that this work is to be revived in Winnipeg. It ought never to have been allowed to drop, and there certainly never was a time when there were more people in our remote frontier districts needing good literature than there are to-day. A point on which Dr. Robertson dwelt was that in this work the city and the fringe of Empire were bound together, to the great advantage of both, as the woman on the farm, responding to the letters sent to her from the society, often gave to her city sister thoughts and aspirations which were far more valuable than the literature which she herself received.

Last month I said something of the work done by Mr. Arthur Hawkes in connection with a report to the Dominion Government on the conditions of immigration in this country, with special reference to women. This month I am glad to be able to publish excerpts from this report, which is now in print. So far as we have been able to ascertain, it is the very first time that anything of the kind has appeared in an official report



Feeding the Family.

thoughts from his address there may be something for the busy woman on the farm which may help in the early education of her children.

* * * * *

Before beginning his address proper, Dr. Robertson spoke of the work of the Aberdeen Society, which he characterized as an organization for broadening, sweetening and strengthening the homes on the frontier. This organization had its beginnings in Winnipeg, and for many years there was an active body of workers here. Through the departure from the city of those most closely identified with the organization, however, the work has been allowed to lapse. It is quite likely that the Woman's Canadian Club will take this work up and push it once more. To those not familiar with it, the method is this: A branch organization collects all the good books, magazines, and weekly papers that it finds possible in its district, searches out families on the frontier who are not supplied with reading matter, and every month sends to such families a parcel made up so far as possible of literature suited to their needs. The society is a national affair, and has the privilege of sending its packages through the mails free. Another branch of the work is for each member of the branch organization to write to the families on their list at least twice a

to the Government. The section reads as follows:—

The 'vanguard of the pioneers has never been adequately served or sung. An immigration service must regard it from the severely utilitarian point of view, but good sense and good sentiment are the twin bases of good immigration. One special recognition has been given the dwellers in the more solitary places—their representation in Legislature and Parliament is on a smaller numerical basis than that of urban communities. It is good for those who are nearer the multitudinous case of civilization to do something to redress the balance of deprivation that is cheerfully undertaken by those who go to the remoter frontier. A double portion of the public regard belongs to the men, women and children who hit the long trail. Draw the sharpest teeth of hardship and you greatly facilitate the filling up of vacant spaces with thriving, contented communities. One such aid to immigration provides all the elaboration that is necessary to enforce the connection between social service and the most commercial exploitation of natural resources.

"Get people to build up the provinces" is the unanimous demand. The replenished cradle is the choicest answer to the demand, for it is the sign, symbol and surety of the greatest natural resource of all. Human life is the most valuable where it is the rarest. A birth at the end of the long trail is the sub-

CANADIANS FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN DECLARE

TETLEY'S

to be the highest grade of all Teas.

Pure, healthful and refreshing. No other beverage can equal a cup of Tetley's. Use it instead of the cheaper blends. You will find the change delightful and economical, for a little of Tetley's goes a long way. Ask your grocer.

\$1.00., 75c., 60c., 50c., 40c. per lb.

OK. SAUCE

1000 GUINEAS

We guarantee every ingredient of the "O.K." Sauce to be absolutely pure and of the finest quality only, and the above sum will be paid to anyone who can prove to the contrary whether by analysis or otherwise.

October 1911 secured highest Award Gold Medal Festival of Empire Exhibition, London, Eng.

AGENTS FOR CANADA:

The Turnbull, Co., 179 Bannatyne Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

A delicious sauce, FRUITY in character.

Appetising with fish, poultry, meats (hot or cold), in fact, with anything or everything.

More, it is a REAL DIGESTIVE.

Such a good Soup.

Such a little price.

Such a thick, nourishing, strengthening soup is Edwards'; so small is the cost that everyone can well afford it.

Edwards' Soup is prepared from specially selected beef and the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce. It comes to you all ready for the saucepan. The cook will find Edwards' Soup a great help in the kitchen. It goes with lots of things that aren't as tasty by themselves; it strengthens her own soups and there's double the variety in the menu when Edwards' Soup is on the pantry-shelf.

Buy a packet to-day.

EDWARDS'

DESICCATED SOUP

5c. per packet.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in Ireland by Irish labour. There, and in England it is a household word.

limest tragedy, the sublimest hope that the nation affords. The remote, all but friendless women who go down into the dark valley, and from whom no complaint is heard, bear an appalling risk of loss to the province, to the Dominion, which they ought not to suffer, and which is too often accepted as a matter of course.

There must always be, of course, deprivations on the frontier. But when human life is about to yield its increase, it should have as tender a care as the increase of the field has while it waits for ears. The record in the family Bible is as superior to the stud book pedigree, as the stars are to the dust. The pioneer is seldom rich. Expert help is often beyond his means. The tale of lives lost at the most precious, most jeopardous period is formidable as soon as it is gathered together. Probably in conjunction with the Commission for the Conservation of Natural Service a Provincial Immigration Service would ascertain the exact conditions in a given pioneer area, and take steps to organize practical help against the crises which are apt to inflict loss on the country, and dread of which materially retards the immigration of sensitive women who are not deficient in courage, but are merely endowed with saving caution.

This is pre-eminently a field for the activity of existing women's organizations, and has been touched by some of them. The demand for skilled nursing in cities and well settled areas is very great, and is being admirably met. It would probably be found that for pioneer settlements the principal need is for midwives who are not necessarily hospital experts, but who, in addition to practical experience have the intensely human qualities that may destroy the effects of the lonely isolation which accentuates the crisis in the fate of mother and child. The women's side of immigration has never been sufficiently regarded. If it were fully appreciated and its more poignant difficulties anticipated it would be much easier to attract thousands of the most desirable families to Canada.

Home Economics.

Swan Lake, Manitoba.

The meeting of the Home Economics was opened by the reading of the minutes of the last meeting which were adopted as read, after which the president, Mrs. Gordon, most feelingly voiced the sentiments of the whole society in the words of regret with which she expressed the sense of loss under which the society is suffering in the death of one of its most valued members, Mrs. Murray Simpson, and the loss of a clever little helper in the person of Delta Hartwell, who so often brightened the programme by her pretty recitations.

After a vote of condolence had been passed to those so sadly bereaved, the matter of finally settling on a programme for the current year was entered upon, and after discussion, the programme was drawn up. The president also spoke again on the need for systematic caretaking of the cemetery, which is a duty women can well undertake, and it was decided that a day for this work should be chosen at the next meeting in May. The need of extending the numbers and scope of the society was also urged by the president, who asked each member to try and bring a new recruit to the next meeting.

The subject for the programme at this meeting was "Home-making," and the two papers, contributed by Mesdames Hodgson and Downey, were read. It was soon evident that the choice of ladies and subject had fallen happily; both papers were interesting and well thought out; Mrs. Hodgson discussed home-making more from the religious and parental standpoint. Mrs. Downey, while taking an equally serious view of the subject, showed the absolute need for true unity and co-operation, not only between husband and wife, but also between parents and children. The reading was listened to with interested attention and a vote of thanks was unanimously passed to the two ladies who had added, not only to the entertain-

ment of the afternoon, but who had fulfilled the raison d'être of the society, that of giving helpful ideas and suggestions to their fellow members.

Tag Day.

At the meeting which was held on Saturday, April 27th, to organize for Tag Day here, the following officers were chosen:—

Captain, Mrs. G. B. Gordon; treasurer, Mrs. W. E. Gardner; secretary, Mrs. B. Langridge.

It has been decided this year to enlist the help of the principals of the five school districts in our ward as the easiest and most thorough way of canvassing the territory to be covered, and a second meeting was therefore called for Saturday, May 4th, at 3 p.m. in Mr. Rander's store, Swan Lake, and the secretary was directed to write and ask the following ladies and gentlemen to be present:—

Miss Blackburn, of Lakeview; Mr. A. E. Ross, of Swan Lake; Mr. A. Sparling, of Norquay; and the Principals of St. Gustave and Oak Hill schools, to meet and confer with the officers mentioned above. The secretary was also directed to write and ask permission of Mr. E. M. Wood, of the Provincial Board of Health for the Tag Day in this ward to be held on Saturday, June 1st, as being a more suitable day for, and offering better chances of, collections than Friday, May 31st.

The Loss of the Asia in Georgian Bay, 1882.

The portrait below is that of Christy Ann Morrison, the only lady survivor, and one of the only two survivors of the ill-fated steamer Asia, which was lost on the Georgian Bay, Thursday, September 14th, 1882, with fully 125 persons on board. Miss Morrison, with seventeen others, took refuge in the cap-



Miss Christy Ann Morrison.

tain's boat. The terrific storm soon reduced the number to seven, including captain and mate. One after another five of these strong men, though injured to hardships, succumbed to the terrors of the storm, and died from sheer exhaustion, while Miss Morrison and her sole companion, Mr. D. A. Tinkiss, still clung to life and hope, till after spending eighteen hours in the boat they drifted ashore on Friday morning. After escaping the perils of the deep they suffered the pangs of hunger for two additional days, until, through the assistance of an Indian they reached Parry Sound. These are the barest outlines of one of the most astonishing deliverances on record, and it must be admitted they entitle the subject of this sketch to the title of "Heroine" so universally bestowed upon her by the press and people of Canada.



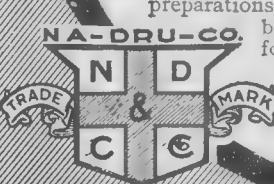
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202



No Man Should Rest Content

while the welfare of his family depends merely upon his own uncertain existence.

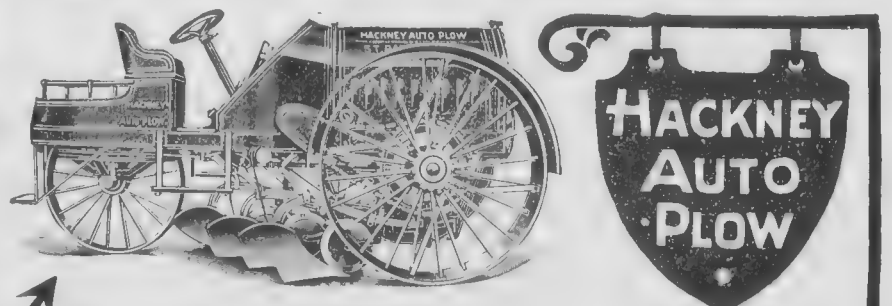
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The Home Doctor.

Sleep.

The Best Cure for Insomnia.

By Woods Hutchinson, M.D.

As we know of no drug or procedure which can produce sleep, it is obviously absurd to expect any "sure cure" for sleeplessness. This is invariably a sign of disturbance of balance, or of incipient disease, and should be treated only by careful investigation and removal of its cause, when found. And there will be nearly as many causes as there are sufferers. We cannot even say what particular bad physical habit is most frequently to blame. So that the number of "good things to do for sleeplessness," which have any wide application, is very limited.

The one procedure which most universally disposes to sound sleep, is one which is within the reach of all, and that is getting well tired. To work hard enough every day to get comfortably tired, particularly muscularly, is the best cure for insomnia. Excessive fatigue may, of course, produce it. Sleep is not solely or even chiefly a matter of the brain, but of all the active tissues of the body and especially the muscles. We must be symmetrically fatigued, or as we say "tired all over," in order to sleep well. While there are many exceptions, laboring men and all those engaged in active out-door occupations usually sleep well. Most of our "insomniacs" are men and women of sedentary habits. In fact I have been sometimes inclined to suspect that sleep is even more a matter of the muscles than of the brain. Certainly the soundness of sleep of many professional and business men is directly related to the amount of muscular exercise in the open air which they have taken during the day. A brisk daily walk of from two to four miles is the most universally effective hypnotic. But even this rule has many exceptions.

Eating Before Sleeping.

Diet has little influence on sleep, except in so far as it may produce disturbances of digestion and through these of the general balance of health. The hypnotic effects of certain foods, such as onions, lettuce, etc., are chiefly imaginary. Even the time of the last meal of the day is of relatively little importance, except that it is well to let this be at least two or three hours before retiring. But even this rule has many exceptions, as many healthy laboring men habitually fall asleep over their pipes directly after supper, and children, after poking the spoon into their little eyes, nod off over the teatable, with the bread and butter still clutched in their chubby fists.

The processes of digestion probably go on more slowly during sleep, but they are perfectly carried out, as is illustrated by the almost invariable habit among animals of going to sleep directly after a meal.

Indeed a moderate amount of food in the stomach or intestines seems to promote slumber. Many night-workers, for instance, sleep much better for taking a light or even full supper just before retiring.

The Right Kind of Bedroom.

It goes without saying that the bedroom should be well ventilated, especially in view of the heavy storing up of oxygen in the tissues which goes on during sleep. All windows should be open from the top at least one, and better two to three feet, so that a gentle current of air can be felt blowing across the face. "Night air," as Florence Nightingale pithily remarked, "is all the air there is to breathe at night." It is just as pure and as wholesome as day air. Night fogs and rain are only injurious in so far as they frighten you into shutting your windows. No air that ever blew out doors is so dangerous, or poisonous, as that inside a bedroom with closed windows.

The temperature of the room should

be about 55 degrees to 60 degrees F., if possible. If markedly below this the amount of covering required is apt to become so great as to interfere with the respiration of the skin. The clothing should be as light as is consistent with warmth, the mattress elastic but firm, the pillow as high as the breadth of the shoulder, so as to keep the neck and head horizontal or slightly above, when lying on the side. The good, hard common-sense of humanity has solved all these problems, and the modern hair-mattress, or its equivalent, single pillow and blankets, or cheese-cloth covered "comfort," which can be cleaned and aerated by turning the hose on it, can hardly be much improved on.

Heard Upon the Inside.

By. C. Schubel.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" writhed one of the two conical brothers occupying the cavity of the chest and extending from the diaphragm to the neck and called the Lungs. "There goes—ugh! that abominable coughing and hacking again, and sore as I am. Not enough—oh! ugh!—that I am cramped to death by those intolerable chest-bones which he allows to remain sunk into me.

"Ugh! Gracious! If he would only straighten up, but for a moment, and send down a waft of God's longed-for air, I could feel relieved from the stench and the mold of this black, stinking hole. The little—oh ugh!—he does deign to send this way merely reaches the surface of me, nothing more.

"He is—oh, me! oh, my!—yes, a fool, a fool, for here he is constantly prattling about glorious rights and freedom, and yet—oh! ugh!—he forces a million of these fellows—germs—to remain confined in my dark, mushy cells where—oh, me!—they only make the more merry and feast and thrive and are tearing down my once sound granite walls. Oh, me! oh, my!"

"Confound you, groaner," piped a weak, debilitated and thin voice from down the vaulted, second compartment of the dungeon. "Is it not enough that a bloodless, nervous and dyspeptic frailty as I am should be decaying away here below and partly through your faults, without your irritating disturbances?" It was the Stomach speaking.

"Oh! ugh! that dreadful hacking again, and there goes a clog of blood from me—a great relief! But what did you call me? A groaner? Contemptible, shrunken, flabby, measly pigmy. It is you who have helped to bring me this. Had you and your insipid assistants done your labor half aright you might have prepared, from the ailment received, sufficient and better nutriment for all of us. Then I might have been better sustained in the resistance I was offering up here against the fool, our master."

"Insipid assistants!" exclaimed the infuriated small intestines in a body, together with the burly Liver and the Spleen and the Pancreas. Then the Liver, becoming a little aroused from his sluggishness, continued: "Ungrateful, filth-covered thing! Have you so soon forgotten when you first became unfit for work through vermin o'er-swarming you, how I, perhaps too readily, assumed your purifying duties together with my own of storing bile? I took the venous nutriment that should have gone your way from the great pumping station and purged it for you, and now that I am exhausted through you and that my connective tissues, thickened by the poisonous drink our master sips, prevent my further work, now you call me insipid! Rare gratitude!"

"Good!" piped the squeamish Stomach, animated a trifle in turn by the Liver's words. "How can you, sir, you groaner, assume to condemn? Do you not know how long I struggled in this place to ward off the heaped abuse which has exhausted me? I was the first abused. It

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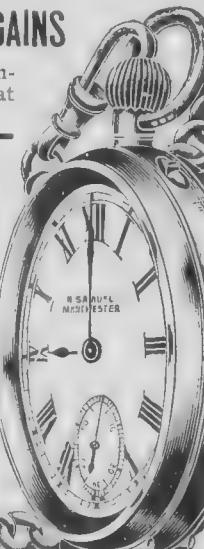
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You Can Have it Free and Be
Strong and vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—with out any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop dragging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

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is I who should lament and groan. For a long time, aye, for a very, very long time, I resented the insults offered me. When first those tunnel-loads of food, unfit for service, were sent down his broad gullet, how did I cast them forth again with all the pride of my clean self! I called the Sentient Terve unto my aid and up and through the brain his sporting sped until the head of him (our master) sought to split! Excessive sweets, drugs, sodden soda-bread and all the leaden weights of frying-pan and swimming grease I warred against until I could no more.

"I am unnatural now! As if to appease me for the wrongs I bore he soon began to send down sips of that vile stuff which is now ending me. My walls, once flushed and rosy with the million tiny veins and minute nerves, are corroding now and deadened through this same stuff, and I must crave the fluid, wildly and unnaturally crave for it to stimulate me in my little work, whereas I once loathed the smell of it. I am decaying, decaying, decaying, sir!"

"Your tale, Stomach, is sad and I regret the epithets I flung down to you, but I must likewise free myself from any charge of guilt you may entertain toward me.

"See! Ugh! Oh! Here he is again—ugh!—sending down volumes of that dry, poisonous and suffocating smoke upon me. It is this that has weakened

great impelling station. It was the heart. "You are both of you fools. Does not my faithful pumping allow you to continue to exist. For how, without the red blood in circulation, could there be secretion, and without secretion how could your digestion be accomplished? and—"

"Hold on," squeamed the Stomach. "How without my digestion, and how without nutrition could a new supply of circulating matter be carried up to you to be pumped, sir?"

"Silence! Both are fools, or else these lamentations long since would have ceased. What do you think the master heeds despite all your groanings? When once a man will barter his good health to gratify his lusts, what matters it if in the thrall of all of us are sold?"

"Behold me! I have long since learned to bear my lot. Tough as I am, I have given up the fight and now I simply perform my work half-sluggishly, not caring how or when the order comes to stop. I weakened his brain by the bad food sent up there, but what good the loss of memory, the impaired powers of attention and the lassitude brought on? He has sunk the deeper in the ways of folly which he has adopted.

"Aye, Liver, can you remember the happy days? We used to laugh at our work and dance with the joy thereof; but he, yonder, has become as sluggish and listless as myself and with me has



me in my work. Its yellow fumes penetrate into my cells and dry the little blood that still nourishes them. It fills the bronchus till the blood sent to it to be purged must be returned twice poisoned by the stench. How, then, can I help it if I fail in my work?

"No, do not blame me, Liver, for the work that you must do. I am sore and irritated by the hacking he indulges in and am half gone now.

"Enough of all your lamentations," broke in a strong voice, coming from the

adopted a devil-the-outcome manner, accepting the abuses as they come.

The Stomach: "Hurrah! Rah! Rah! Hurrah! Rah! Rah! Ziss! Bang! Hurrah!"

The whole abdominal region resounded and the rumbling cheer could be heard echoing through the passages of the intestines.

The Lung (ceasing to groan): Hello! Ah, yes, at last. The poor, delicate, emaciated chap has become insane through suffering. Poor fellow! Poor chap! A raving maniac."

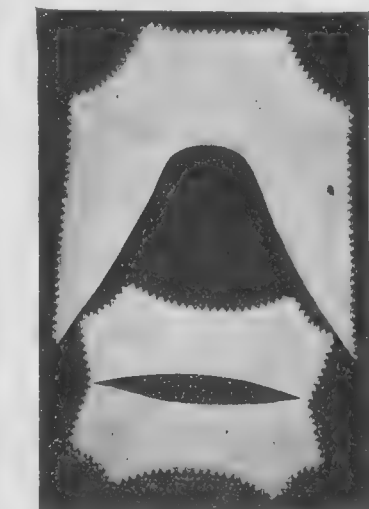
The Stomach: "Hurrah! Hurrah! Zing! Bang! Hurrah! Crazy? No. A holiday, sirs, a holiday at last! Hurrah! And more than this. Hurrah! I heard him say he is going to abolish the three-platoon system and inaugurate the one meal a day. Cheer, fellows, cheer!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the assistants, the Intestines, and the big Liver roused himself and gave one long, lusty cheer. Then the Heart joined in.

"Cheer up, Lung, old man," shouted the still enthusiastic Stomach. "I am going to make him feel so good down in these regions here that he will straighten up like a game cock, giving you room for a fine, good stretch. Hurrah all! We will have halcyon days again."

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To illustrate Embroidery article on page 69.
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Attractive Embroideries.

The rage for Punch Embroidery still remains unabated and our readers by means of the article on this beautiful work which appeared in our



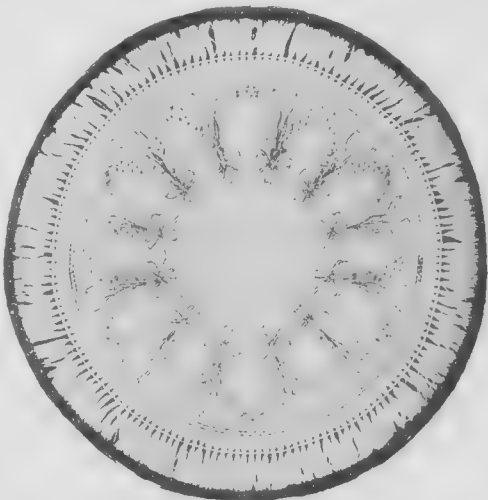
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cluny edging. Either white or cream linen may be used for this coat set and if preferred the waist illustrated above may be embroidered on fine punch work linen. These waists are now being stamped with an extra allowance for sleeves which may be set in if preferred although the one piece or kimono waist in spite of all predictions to the contrary is still being used. A stamped envelope will bring a diagram for doing the fashionable punch work embroidery and special needles may be supplied at 5 cents each. For illustration of collar and cuff set see Page 68.

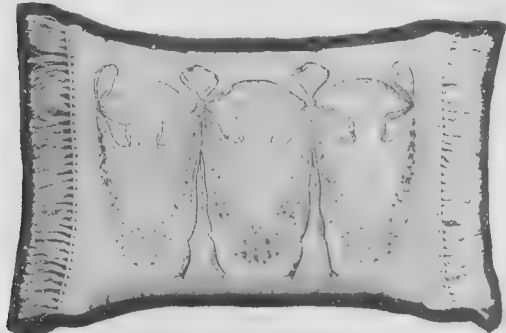
The beautiful Millefleur Embroidery is still retaining its popularity and our readers have already been made familiar with this. We are

showing two new examples of this effective and simple work and would say that the finished effect is exquisite. One of the most charming ideas is to use several tones of one shade and this idea is illustrated on the embroidered set pictured here. The graceful festoons have been embroidered with pink, using five shades, while the bow knots are embroidered solidly in satin stitch, in pale greens, outlined with black.

The designs for this embroidery are closely set groups of daisies, each petal of which is covered by one long, straight stitch of double Royal Floss which fully covers the stamped outlines. Care must be taken not to draw the stitches too tightly, and a better result is gained if each stitch is taken from the centre of the flower out, instead of carrying the thread



5886—27 inch Millefleur, 55 cents.



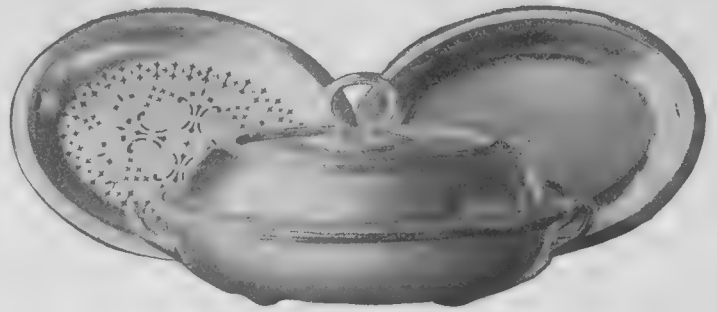
6550—Cushion, 50 cents.

tion of shades, as pink, mauves, greens, blues and yellows, in fact all the colors of the rainbow may be used, keeping, however, each flower in one color. The designs for this embroidery are artistic and graceful and we are sure its popularity will be retained.

Readers will please understand that the prices quoted are for stamped linens only, as we do not supply finished embroideries. Any other information regarding the working of any of these designs will be furnished on receipt of a stamped envelope for reply and prices will be quoted for materials to finish any of these designs. When ordering allow at least one week from the time the order is received for filling. For information address Belding Paul Corticelli, Limited, Dept. L., Montreal, P.Q.

March number have been made familiar with this work. Some beautiful waists and collar and cuffs sets are being shown and the prices of these articles when purchased ready made are very high, but the materials are inexpensive and the work easily done so that one can easily possess either one or both of these beautiful articles.

The waist illustrated here has been embroidered on voile with Lustered Cotton and shows a most effective arrangement of a punched background with a beautiful design of conventional roses. As we explained before the design merely requires to be outlined as this leaves the linen in relief against the lace like background. The Collar and Cuff set has been embroidered on white linen and as the design is small it has been embroidered solidly in solid padded satin stitch and these dainty sprays show up effectively with a punched linen background. These Collar and Cuff Sets are suitable to wear with either the dainty one-piece summer gown or a coat and skirt costume. The edges of this set are not buttonholed, but are effectively finished with a pretty



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SMART MODELS FOR SILK AND LINEN.

The present may well be called a silk season for a great many kinds are being extensively worn. In the illustration are shown two models, which are espec-

ceedingly good effect, and stripes of any material would be found equally satisfactory, but such a design as this one is not to be limited to any one treatment. In the back view line is trimmed with embroidery and with tucking and the result is excellent, while thinner and lighter materials, such as voile



Smart Models for Silk and Linen.

7423—Costume for Misses and Small Women. 7411—Semi-Princesse Gown.

ially well adapted to taffeta and to silks of a similar kind and also to linen and other fabrics that take tailored finish with success.

The young girl's costume includes a blouse that is belted in the Russian style that is so popular this season and sleeves that can be made either in three-quarter or full length. Long sleeves have taken a great hold and unquestionably are fashionable, but those of three-quarter length are equally correct and are apt to be preferred by many wearers during the warm weather season. The simple little skirt is made in two pieces with a straight band joined to the lower edge and this band is laid in inverted plaits at the sides. The striped silk makes an

and the simple lawns and batistes, can be treated in the same way with success. Plain, changeable taffeta would be pretty made after the manner shown in the front view with the edges of the little blouse or coatee and the upper edge of the bands on the skirt finished with the pinked out fuchings or with flat puffings that are so much liked in that particular silk. For the 16 year size will be required 5 yards of material 27, 4½ yards 36, 4 yards 44 inches wide to make as shown in the front view; for the treatment indicated in the back view will be needed 4½ yards 27, 4 yards 36, 3¾ yards 44 inches wide with 2¼ yards of flouncing 12 inches wide, 9 yards of insertion, 3¾ yards of tucking 4½ inches

wide and ¾ yard 18 inches wide for the yoke.

The May Manton pattern, No. 7423, is cut in sizes for misses of 16 and 18 years of age.

Buff linen makes the gown shown to the right with chemisette of white embroidery and frills of sheer white muslin. It is very smart and very attractive, altogether in the height of style, for color and material both are exceedingly smart, but there is scarcely any fashionable model to-day that can not be varied, and this one can be made with a shorter poplum and with or without a collar, and with the blouse made plain or with a frill or with an applied band of lace as indicated in one of the small views. In whatever way it is treated it is exceedingly attractive and altogether fashionable, and the details therefore can be left entirely to individual preference. The skirt is a simple three-piece one with the edges at the left of the front overlapped in place of being seamed. The blouse is made with sleeves sewed to the armholes and the poplum is separate so that it can be used or omitted, as may be liked. Again the three-quarter sleeves are not the only ones for they can be finished with deep cuffs extending them to the wrists. Whether linen, pique, taffeta, or any other seasonal material is used, the gown is sure to be liked, and in addition to its other advantages, it is easy to adjust, for the closing is made at the left of the front.

For the medium size will be needed 8¼ yards of material 27, 6½ yards 36, 5 yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette, 1¾ yards of muslin ruffling for the frills.

The May Manton pattern, No. 7411, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

COSTUME FOR MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN.

With Square or High Neck, Elbow or Long Sleeves.



7423 Costume for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

Every variation of the belted or Russian idea is smart this season. This costume can be made available for linen, lingerie materials, taffeta and for light weight wools. The skirt is made in two pieces and there is an inverted plait at

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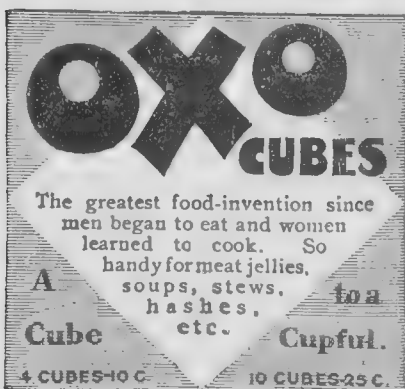
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Ladies,

We make Transformations with a parting and it looks perfect. You should try one if your hair is thin or grey. They make you look years younger. Don't forget also to save your combings; they make Switches and Puffs equal to new. Send today for prices to

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each side that extends to the depth of the flouncing. The little blouse coatee is quite separate and closed at the front. Made with square neck and short sleeves and of embroidered or other fancy material the costume is adapted to afternoon wear and to luncheons and occasions of the kind. Made with high neck and long sleeves and from plain linen or piqué, simply finished, it becomes suited to morning wear.

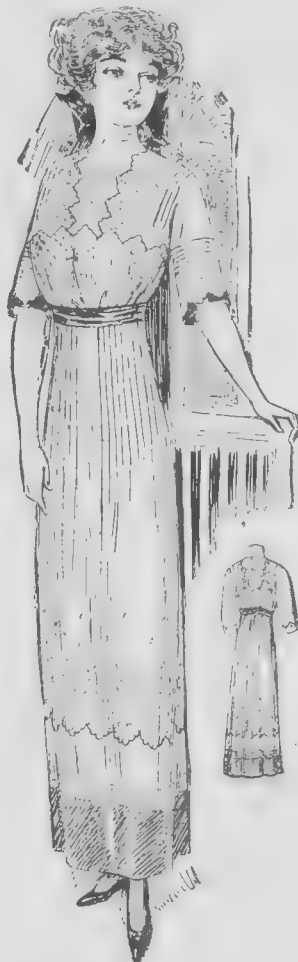
For the 16 year size will be required 4 1/2 yards of material 27, 4 yards 36, 3 3/4 yards 44 inches wide with 2 1/8 yards of embroidery 12 inches wide and 3 1/2 yards of tucking, 9 yards of banding; 3/8 yard 18 inches wide for yoke when high neck is used.

The pattern, No. 7423, is cut in sizes for misses of 16 and 18 years of age, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents.

SEMI-PRINCESSE DRESS FOR MISS-ES AND SMALL WOMEN.

With Square or High Neck, Elbow or Three-quarter Sleeves.

Flouncings and bordered materials make many of the prettiest dresses of the season. This one is very dainty in effect yet extremely simple to make and



7413 Semi-Princesse Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

it requires material of only moderate width. The tunic portion is of flouncing and beneath it is a foundation piece, but this also is straight and can be made from plain material, from wide banding, from material trimmed or from flouncing to match the tunic in narrower width. The blouse is cut in one piece with the sleeves which means simple making as well as graceful lines. Square neck and elbow sleeves are both pretty and smart, but there are occasions when high neck and longer sleeves are desirable and the dress can be made as shown in the back view and the neck finished with a stock collar.

For the 16 year size will be needed 2 1/4 yards of bordered material 28 inches wide and 3 1/2 yards 17 inches wide with 3/4 yard of plain material 36 inches wide and 1 yard 21 for the bands, 2 1/8 yards of insertion and 5/8 yard of tucking to make as illustrated.

The pattern, No. 7413, is cut in sizes for misses of 16 and 18 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

WAITRESS' APRON.

Every housekeeper will appreciate a tasteful apron for waitress' wear. This one is so simple that it can be made readily and quickly, at the same time it is dainty and becoming. The straps over the shoulders are straight and if liked they can be from embroidery. The apron is generously full without being cumbersome. It is easily adjusted, it is smart and neat in effect and it fulfills every requirement. Apron lawns, linen, plain cambric and materials of the kind are appropriate.

For the medium size will be required 3 3/4 yards of material 36, 3 1/4 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 7421, is cut in one



7421 Waitress' Apron, One Size.

size only, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

PRETTY SUMMER frocks.

Summer fashions for the growing girls are very charming. These frocks are dainty in the extreme, yet neither involves any great amount of labor, for even the lace trimmed dress which gives an effect of elaboration is in reality simple, the trimming all being arranged over the seams and on straight lines.

The frock made of bordered material combines a simple straight skirt and a surplice blouse. It is especially adapted to bordered fabrics and in this instance flouncing has been used throughout, but it could be made as indicated in the back view and of plain material if something simpler is wanted, and it is charming in whatever way it is created. For the various functions that are apt to occur with the closing of school, the flouncing is charming; for every-day afternoon occasions one of the pretty cotton voiles or material of the kind could be finished with scalloped edges, either button-holed or bound with silk to be extremely pretty, and there are numberless other ways in which the dress could be trimmed and finished.

For the 12 year size will be needed 2 1/4 yards of flouncing 30 inches wide with 3 yards 15 inches wide to make as

"I Dyed Patterns

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Portieres"

The above is quoted from a letter written by Mrs. F. M. Bailey, of Toronto, who relates a new experience with Diamond Dyes, as follows:

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"Any woman who doesn't know Diamond Dyes, doesn't know how much real pleasure housekeeping affords."

The standard uses of Diamond Dyes are for recoloring dresses, stockings, trimmings, etc., rugs, portieres, draperies, etc.

Their special uses are almost too manifold to mention.

Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in Blue envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in White envelopes.

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Our experience of over thirty years has proven that no one dye will successfully color every fabric.

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Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. Cotton and Linen are vegetable fibre fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

Do Not be Deceived

For these reasons we manufacture one class of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, and another class of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the very best results on EVERY fabric.

REMEMBER: To get the best possible results in coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods.

AND REMEMBER: To get the best possible results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Wool or Silk.

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c. per package

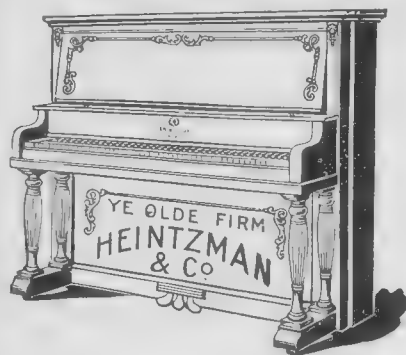
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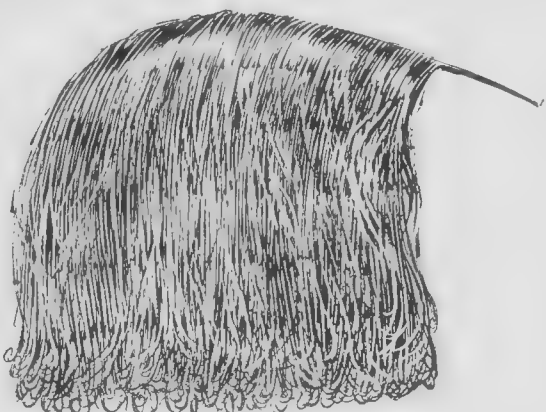
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shown in front view; 4½ yards of plain material 27, 3½ yards 36, 2½ yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide to make a shown in the back view.

The dainty little lace-trimmed frock, shown to the right, is made of white marquisette and that material is a favorite one. It takes becoming soft folds, it launders perfectly and it is in every way satisfactory, but nevertheless lawns, batistes, and all seasonable fabrics can be utilized for the design. In the back view it is shown with frills of the material and narrow lace, making it somewhat simpler in effect. Which treatment is better depends entirely upon the use required, for both are fashionable and both are pretty. The five-gored skirt is tucked at the upper edge, and the blouse

The Clock's Soliloquy.

"Master, behold me, here I stand
 To tell the hours at thy command;
 What is thy will 'tis my delight
 To serve thee both by day and night;
 Master, be wise, and learn of me,
 To serve thy God as I serve thee."

The Juryman was Right.

A funny story is related of a juryman, who outwitted a judge, and that without telling an untruth. He came breathlessly into the court.

"Oh, my lord, if you can excuse me, pray do. I don't know which will die first—my wife or my daughter."

"Dear me, that's sad," said the innocent judge. "Certainly you are excused."

The next day the juryman was met by



Pretty Summer Frocks.

7416—Girl's Empire Dress.

7407—Girl's Dress.

is made with sleeves sewed to the armholes while the bretellos are arranged over the shoulders and give extremely becoming lines.

For the 12 year size will be required 5½ yards of material 27, 3¾ y.rds 36, 3¼ yards 46 inches wide with 4 yards of lace, ¾ yards of wide banding and 4¼ yards of narrow banding to trim as shown in the front view; to make as shown in the back view will be needed 6 yards 27, 4¼ yards 36, 3¾ yards 44 inches wide with 5 yards of edging and 10 yards of insertion.

The May Manton patterns of both Nos. 7416 and 7407, are cut in sizes for girls of 10, 12 and 14 years of age. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents of each.

A prospector held struck oil, I am told,
 And sat up in surprise,
 When the oil in a fit said: "Oh, why
 don't you hit
 Something nearer your size?"

a friend, who, in a sympathetic voice, asked:

"How's your wife?"

"She's all right, thank you."

"And your daughter?"

"She's all right, too. Why do you ask?"

"Why, yesterday you said that you did not know which would die first."

"Nor do I. That is a problem that time alone can solve."

Collar-Studs Grown.

Last Christmastide twelvemonth Jones consulted a chemist as to the removal of a wart on the back of his neck, and was recommended some preparation.

Precisely a year later, he was asked by the chemist for a testimonial. This is what Jones wrote:

"Dear Sir,—After having used your preparation for a week I am now able to use the wart as a collar stud."—Harry Walker, 22 Summergate Place, Parkin-son Lane, Halifax.

About the Farm.

Curling the Balking Horse.

By David Buffum.

Though balking cannot be classed as a dangerous vice, no habit that horses contract is more intensely provoking. A horse that is a confirmed balker has not much more selling value than a runaway or a kicker. Very few want him and those who think they do are likely, after a real heart-to-heart experience with him, to change their minds. There is something in the unbounded personal assurance of the horse that quietly and sneeringly refuses to do his work which is even more exasperating to his owner than the most spontaneous and violent outbreak of the kicker or the runaway.

This vice, however, is not hard to treat or to cure. There is no question that there is a good deal of truth in the saying that "there is always good stuff in a balker." Let us consider how this vice is first formed. It is, as a rule, contracted by horses of considerable nervous energy; dull, lazy animals are not much subject to it. The horse, perhaps from standing still too long, or from mere excess of energy, is impatient. He starts before his driver is ready, is sharply reprimanded, and very likely is jerked by the reins, which serves only to increase his impatience and irritation. The same thing happens several times. By this time his brain has been worked up to a mixture of excitement and resentment and he is in poor condition to understand clearly what is required of him, or to carry it out cheerfully if he does understand. Consequently he jerks himself backward or sidewise, occasionally leaping into the collar and flying back, but not going ahead as desired. All this is more likely to occur if he is harnessed to a wagon that is heavily loaded; but it may also occur when he is hitched to a light load. Let the same thing happen several times and a confirmed balker is the result.

Horses are of so many temperaments that the same treatment for this vice is not best for all. This much is certain, however: palliative treatment should always be given a fair trial before coercive measures are used. Be quiet, gentle and deliberate in your movements when with your horse, avoiding that nervousness and irritability in yourself which, if exhibited, is certain to be communicated to him. When you start him do so with as little delay as possible after he is ready, and always with a very easy rein. If in this way you can induce him to start and the procedure is repeated several times half the battle is won, for his temper will improve and in time he will forget to balk. If he stops on the road try to fool him by saying "Whoa," then get out and pick up his forefoot as if looking for some trouble there, hammer upon it from time to time with a stone, and be sure that in doing this you keep his foot in your hand until his other leg is somewhat wearied. Then get into the buggy and start him up.

The Coercive Treatment.

The treatment suggested above is by no means always successful—scarcely 50 per cent. perhaps of the really bad cases of balking can be cured in this way; but, since it is the best kind of treatment if it does work it should be given a fair trial before coercive measures are resorted to. I have owned many balkers during my life—never hesitating, in fact, to buy a horse on account of this vice—and a very considerable number of them have been entirely cured with no other than the simple palliative treatment that I have here described.

If these measures, however, are ineffective, then severer methods must be used. The first thing to do is to put on the device recommended for checking runaways. When the horse balks pull sharply but steadily upon the line that elevates his nose in the air and hold it there for some seconds—long enough, say, for the painful pressure and constrained elevation to absorb his attention wholly and to weary him. Upon

the release of the pressure he will generally start off. If he does not, repeat the dose—being careful always to use judgment as to the duration of the treatment and to show no irritation. A very little treatment of this kind is all that is usually required, but the device should be kept on the horse for a week or two until he shows no disposition to repeat the vice.

If severer measures prove necessary, proceed as follows:—Take the horse out of the shafts and unharness him. Put on a halter, tie the hair of his tail into a hard knot, run the halter rope through the hair above the knot, pull it until his head is drawn close to his tail and fasten by means of a single turn round the tail and a loop that can be undone by a single jerk on the end of the rope. This is important, for it will not do to tie a knot that cannot be undone when desired. Now touch up the horse behind with your whip and he will begin to turn round in a circle. Presently he will become very dizzy and, if the treatment is continued, will fall down; but this he must not be allowed to do. Watch him attentively, and when he begins to show signs of dizziness untie the halter rope by giving it a jerk, and release him. Now while the horse is dazed, confused and dizzy—as he always is after such treatment—harness him as quickly as you can, get into the buggy and drive on.

This treatment rarely fails of the desired result. Occasionally, however, an especially hardened reprobate is found whose case calls for a second treatment. In such a case whirl him the other way.

In the application of this treatment—and, in fact, the treatment for any vice—constantly bear in mind that you are dealing with an inferior intelligence. However exasperating the horse may be, never give way to anger or impatience. All successful training is based upon a knowledge of the limitations of the equine mind. It is easy to take advantage of these limitations when they are rightly understood; but no one need expect success in this direction without the exercise of that calmness, patience and good judgment which are the indispensable accompaniments of good horsemanship.

Danger in Foot Wounds.

Cleanliness is the keynote to successful treatment of any wound of a horse's body, but especially of the foot. After it has been opened and explored absolute cleanliness is required until healing has progressed to the point where the animal may be shod. This is accomplished by the application of antiseptic packs to the foot, held in place by bandages and covered with duck or sacking to protect from wear. The whole dressing should be kept wet with antiseptic for several days, a one-to-five-hundred solution of corrosive sublimate or a two per cent. solution of a coal tar disinfectant or lysol being splendid agents to use. The bedding should be kept as clean as possible. The frequency with which the dressing must be changed depends upon the wound.

When the wound is entirely clean and ready to be covered with horn, put the pack upon the foot dry overnight, and in the morning place a dry dressing of boric acid or iodoform upon the wound, covering with bandages and protective wrappings as before. In two or three days, if no more pus appear to soil the cotton over the wound, it may be regarded as safe to shoe the animal, using a protective pad of leather or tin. Do not, however, take any chances with foot wounds. If at any time the patient shows extreme pain, uneasiness and fever, loss of appetite, and so forth, remove the dressing and thoroughly cleanse and redress the wound. Sometimes only a very small amount of pus will be found, but this, being unable to escape, commences the deadly blood-poisoning.

During the time the animal is laid up the bowels should be kept as light and clean as possible. Many supposed cases



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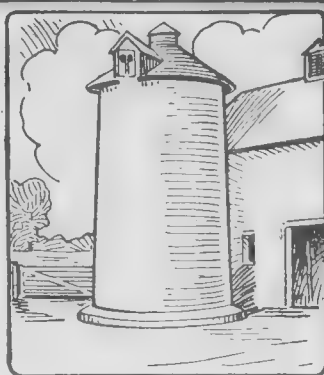
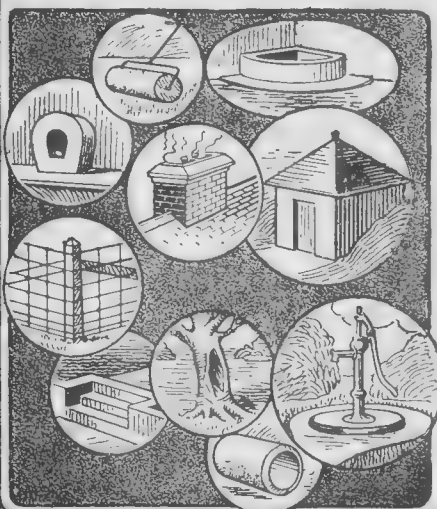
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of wound fever are due to the mild poisoning of constipation. Internal medication is often of value, especially the use of bacterial vaccines against blood poison and lockjaw, but these treatments are all specific in nature, applicable to special forms of wounds and wound infections. Seldom do we find two that can be treated alike with success. Consequently internal medication should be applied only under the direction of your veterinarian.

How to Groom a Horse.

By John S. Underwood.

It is often said that a good grooming is worth a feed of oats. Although a horse cannot live on a currycomb and brush, there is no doubt that in many stables less feeding and more grooming would be better for his health. Proper grooming is hard and tedious work and becomes extremely monotonous; but it must be done. Its use is twofold: to clean the horse and to put on muscle or harden muscle that is already there.

A horse must be kept clean if he is to be kept in good health. There are various ideas among farmers and other horse owners as to what constitutes cleanliness of a horse. If the mud has been scraped from the legs and there is no straw and filth clinging to the quarters many men consider that a horse has been cleaned, and all the currying he gets is by having the harness dragged off each evening.

Some people ask, "Why should a horse need so much grooming in a stable if he is healthy without it when out at grass or running wild?" The reason is not far to seek. The horse is usually kept in a stable for hard work, or at any rate work hard enough to make the skin act. Now, when the skin acts it secretes perspiration and scurf which must be removed. Moreover, horses when at work are given stronger foods, the waste products of which are partly excreted by the skin. If not removed they are injurious. In the pasture a horse seldom moves faster than a walk and eats the plainest of food—grass. Hence the skin does not require so much action. It acts throughout the night, and in the morning there is always a certain amount of scurf and dirt in the coat which should be removed by grooming immediately after the horse is watered and fed. The animal should be groomed again immediately after work, and lastly just before the evening meal. A wisp should first of all be used to rub off the dirt on the outside of the coat and to dry the coat if wet; but this does not really clean it. The brush is the only thing with which to clean a horse's skin and coat, for nothing else will penetrate the latter. But if the coat be wet it must be dried with loose wisps first.

To use the brush properly the groom should stand well away from the horse, so that he has to lean his weight on the brush to support himself. He should brush with a straight arm in the direction of the coat, but if it is at all caked or very dirty a somewhat circular sweep should be employed. A currycomb should always be carried in one hand, and after every few strokes the body should be scraped against this to take off the scurf. No one who could see the amount that comes out would ever wonder why grooming is no necessary.

When the coat is considered clean the wisping should begin. A wisp is made by taking a small rope of hay, tying it in a knot, dampening it and then flattening it by treading. It does not clean a horse much, but is good for his skin and has a wonderful effect in increasing or hardening muscle. One should lay it on hard and smack the horse with it. The muscles should contract at every blow. It thus acts as a sort of massage and in bad weather is an excellent substitute for exercise. There is no doubt that good wisping puts on muscle. Many horsemen contend that grooming should take about an hour and a half, but my experience is that a horse well and briskly groomed in half an hour is better off than one groomed slowly for an hour and a half.

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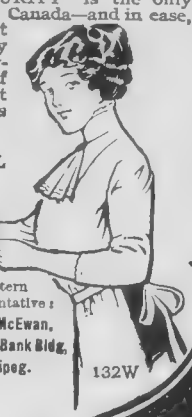
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of a shotgun has more to do with results than the owner's aim. Unless it's bored exactly right, and unless the steel is of the finest quality, there's sure to come a time when it simply "pours" out the load, instead of concentrating the shot in the compact mass that spreads out evenly and makes a kill a certainty.

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the choice of those who know. The trigger-action firm, and yet so quick that there's never the suggestion of a "drag," the perfect balance, that makes sighting a matter of instinct instead of effort; the hand-carved stock, modelled just right for grip and shoulder, and the Tobin dulled sight-rib that does away with the aim-disturbing glare from polished metal. These are Tobin features that count. We guarantee satisfaction.

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The Tobin Arms Mfg. Co. Limited
Woodstock Ont.



Once the horse is properly clean half an hour's hard grooming is enough. The harder it is the more friction is produced, which is the best thing in the world for the skin. The grooming should go on until the horse is clean. This can easily be ascertained by rubbing the fingers well into the coat to see if any dirt or grass comes off on them. The coat if properly groomed will become glossy, and when it is brushed in different directions a pattern will be left. Some stud grooms make the strappers leave a diamond pattern on the quarters after grooming.

The best time to groom is after exercise or work. It is then that the skin is moist and the scurf is loose and easily removed. Then, too, the horse will rest better after being cleaned. The work is also more agreeable to the groom as he is not obliged to breathe the dust. Many careless grooms save time and labor by not cleaning their horses before taking them out for exercise in the belief that the owner will not be likely to detect the omission. The horse should have a preliminary grooming before exercise. As soon as he comes in from exercise take the bridle off, loosen the girths and shift the harness or saddle an inch or two without taking it off. Then throw a rug over him and attend to his feet and legs. His feet should be washed out at once, care being taken not to wet

Clean water every day, and keep drinking vessels quite clean—stoneware ones are best. Don't buy cheap food stuffs, or mixed corn. Give green food plentifully. Keep young chicks growing by feeding "little and often," and with wholesome food. Have warm, but well-ventilated houses free from draught, and keep scrupulously clean. In back yards cover runs completely, dry earth deodorizes. If eggs only are required, don't keep a cock to annoy neighbors, unfertile eggs also keep longest.

Don't think that poultry keeping requires no work. It is a hard business, though a healthy and paying one.

Don't commence with a great number, but increase your stock as your knowledge increases, remembering that small numbers always do better than one large quantity together.

Don't forget that overcrowding is as bad as is overfeeding, and poultry, like yourself, greatly enjoy a variety of food.

Don't keep mongrels, that is a fowl whose composition not even a Sherlock Holmes could unravel. Mongrel fowls cost as much to keep as pure birds and are never worth as much, whilst for breeding purposes they are worth nothing.

Don't keep poultry in damp, draughty houses, nor yet in dirty ones.



the heels. These should always be kept dry for fear of grease. The legs should then be rubbed down and dried, and the body should be wiped after the harness or saddle has been removed. Sponge out the horse's nostrils and dock and then rub him with a woollen cloth.

Never wash a horse's legs. I am confident that it is the commonest cause of mud fever. I cannot say whether it is the water or carelessness in drying the legs afterwards. I can say this, however: that I have never seen mud fever in a stable where the horse's legs were brushed rather than washed. On cold days or after hard work the quicker the grooming is done the better. Some nervous horses break out into a cold sweat after being groomed and should be carefully watched and dried again. If a horse will not cool down after work, sponging out the dock repeatedly with cold water has a wonderful effect. The mane and tail should be carefully brushed. If they are rough and dirty a mane comb may be used. Regular and sufficient exercise is highly necessary for horses kept in the stable—especially if they are not worked. It makes them feed well, hardens their muscles and keeps them in health.

Some Poultry "Don't's."

Keep pure breeds or first cross only. Don't inbreed. Don't overcrowd or overfeed. Give grit and oyster shell in separate boxes.

Don't run old fowls and chickens together, as the old ones will only knock the youngsters about.

Don't forget that heavy varieties generally lay better in winter than lightly built breeds.

Don't keep poultry on the wettest and worst land you have; the better it is the better they will do.

Don't try to breed for exhibition until you have mastered utility—it's a long climb.

The I. H. C. Dissolution Suit.

Statement by Cyrus H. McCormick, President of International Harvester Company.

The International Harvester case differs radically in its facts from all the so-called "trust" cases heretofore decided under the Sherman Law. The International Harvester Company was organized in 1902 for the purpose of securing economy in the manufacture and sale of harvesting machinery, and of increasing the foreign trade. It had no water in its capitalization, and it has earned only a reasonable return on its capital less than seven per cent. per annum on the average. The prices of its machines are now substantially the same as in 1902, notwithstanding an increase of 15 per cent. in raw material prices and 30 per cent. in wages. The Company has caused a large saving to American farmers in the cost of agricultural implements. It has increased the foreign trade in agri-

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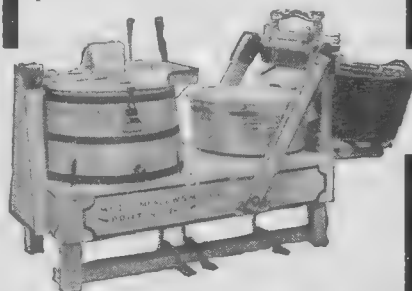
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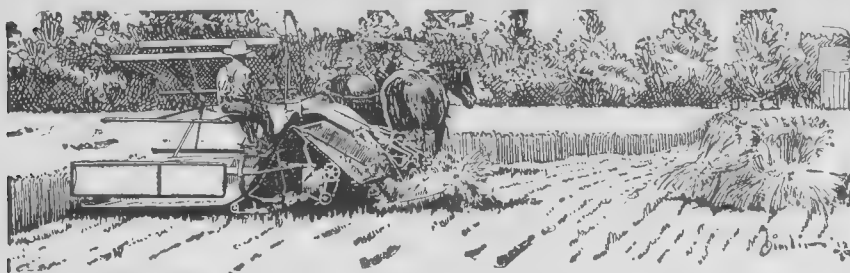


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are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, F. D. F. 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.



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TO harvest short or tall grain successfully, to cut and bind it all without waste—these are the serious problems that are solved the minute a Deering New Ideal binder is put to work in the field. The Deering is specially built for the Western Canadian farmer.

Deering features make this possible. The principal one is, of course, the Z-shaped cutter bar which is almost level with the top of the platform, allowing short grain to pass without lodging on the cutter bar. This, together with the reel adjustments which allow the reel to be set either high or low yet keep it parallel with the guards at all times, makes the Deering binder very successful in the cutting of either short or tall grain.

The grain is carried squarely to the elevator, which projects ahead of the knife and is open at the rear where it delivers the grain properly to the binding attachment. The third packer reaches to the top of the elevator and delivers the grain to the other packers. A third discharge arm keeps the bound sheaves free from unbound grain. The Deering knotter never fails.

See the Deering local agent and have him explain fully all the strong features of Deering harvesting and haying machines and tools and binder twine. Get catalogues from him or write the nearest branch house.

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At Brandon, Man.; Calgary, Alta.; Edmonton, Alta.; Lethbridge, Alta.; North Battleford, Sask.; Regina, Sask.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Weyburn, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; Yorkton, Sask.

I H C Service Bureau

The purpose of this bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizer, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to I H C Service Bureau, Harvester Bldg., Chicago, U S A



cultural implements fourfold in nine years; its foreign sales in 1911 were over \$42,000,000. It has not sold cheaper abroad than at home. Its treatment of its customers, its employees, its agents and its competitors has been in accord with the highest standard of ethics and honorable business methods. To the farmer it has given better service and better machines; to agents and dealers, a less hazardous and fluctuating business; and to its employees it has given higher wages, improved and sanitary working conditions, insurance against sickness, accident and old age, and a share in the profits.

The charges of misconduct found in the bill have been met and disproved by the Company in other cases; and they will again fail, because they are untrue. The Supreme Court of Missouri, in a suit in which these charges were fully gone into, said:

"On the whole, the evidence shows that the International Harvester Company has not used its power to oppress or injure the farmers who are its customers."

And again: "The price of harvesting machines has not increased in proportion to the increased cost of construction or the increased merit of the machines, and Respondent has brought other farm implements in trade."

"The evidence also shows that the machines manufactured by the International Harvester Company have been greatly improved in quality and the item of repair material has been reduced in price and placed within closer reach of the farmer."

The organizers of this Company acted under the advice of able Counsel, and in the sincere belief that they were violat-

practice of liming is rapidly increasing in New England on account of its beneficial effects both on the soil and on plant growth. Liming is not practised, so far as is known, in Eastern Ontario or Quebec, but indications point to the need of lime in certain parts of the provinces. The liming of soils, however, requires care with respect to the nature of the lime applied, the time of application, and the kind of soil to which it is applied.

The beneficial influence of lime on soils is felt in the mechanical effects produced, on the chemical changes, and on the life of the soil and bacteria. Lime improves the texture of clay soils by making them more porous and crumbly. English farmers who use large amounts of lime say that its application on clays enables them to plough with two horses instead of three.

The chemical effects produced by lime are frequently quite marked. Soils often become acid due to the accumulation of sour humus, the application of acid phosphates in excess, etc., or as a result of faulty treatment of the soil.

Liming corrects soil acidity, a condition unfavorable to the growth of most crops. Observation of the type of vegetation on a given soil gives a fair indication of its condition as to acidity. Where sheep sorrel, moss, horsetails and white daisies abound, the soil is likely to be too acid for the growth of clovers, root crops, and most grasses. Soil acidity can be readily tested by means of blue litmus paper, procurable from most druggists and chemists. If a piece of this litmus paper is brought into contact for a few minutes with some soil moistened with rain water,



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Then why not have Acetylene?

Write us and we'll tell you all about how to put in an Acetylene system, what it costs, and how much light it will give you for every cent in cost. 11W

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GOLLARS

ing no law. If under later decisions it should be held that the law was violated, it would only be through the creation of a power to oppress which has never been exercised.

More than six years ago the Company asked for its investigation by the United States Government, and opened all its books and records for inspection, and furnished all information requested. No suggestion of any change in its business methods has been made to it by the Government at any time. Recently, a full and frank discussion of the whole situation has been had between the representatives of the Government and the Company, in an honest desire upon both sides to avoid litigation. Some plan may yet be found which will obviate the necessity of any protracted litigation by satisfying the claims made under the Sherman Act without seriously impairing the economic advantages and benefits secured by the organization of this Company. No form of re-organization, however, was suggested by the Government which seemed practically possible.

The Government has been careful to avoid embarrassment to the foreign business from the litigation; the bill makes no attack upon, and seeks no change in, the export business of the Company. The filing of the bill will in no way interfere with the Company's carrying on its business the same as heretofore.

The Liming of Soils.

A recent bulletin of the Vermont Agricultural Experiment Station treats of Lime and Liming. It states that the

and it turns from blue to red, then it is safe to say that the soil is acid and requires lime.

Chemists tell us that by the addition of lime to soils certain food substances, particularly potash and phosphoric acid, are set free from their combination and rendered more available to the plant. While, therefore, liming is beneficial, it is easy to overdo it and to do much injury. Continued year after year liming will exhaust the soil of practically all its more available plant food, and a time comes when the land is impoverished. The English proverb "lime makes rich fathers and poor sons" expresses the idea admirably.

The third general effect of liming is to promote bacterial action in the soil, thereby increasing the amount of nitrates which are indispensable in plant growth. The bacteria that are essential for this important process cannot flourish in acid soils, consequently liming is valuable in bringing about suitable conditions for bacterial growth.

Such are some of the effects of liming of soils, but, as has been already stated, injudicious application of lime may be harmful. It should, as far as possible, be applied in the fall, and always two or three weeks before seeding. Moreover, lime should not be used in consecutive years; ordinarily it is not applied more than once in four or five years.

Remedy for Hard Milking.

There is an element of doubt as to whether or not hard milking cows can be treated so as to get their milk more freely. Veterinarians disagree as to the

advisability of treating such cows.

A noted Wisconsin veterinarian, Dr. David Roberts, is quite certain that it is worth while to treat the difficult milkers, and he writes upon the subject as follows:—

Many a valuable cow and heifer have been sold at a sacrifice by the owner owing to the fact that they were hard milkers.

The cause of hard milking cows is so little understood by the average stockman that the disposal of such animals is accounted for in that way, but if stockmen knew how easy it is to overcome hard milking in both cows and heifers, I am sure that no animal would be disposed of for the lack of treatment.

Hard Milkers.

Hard milking is due to an abnormal contraction of the sphincter muscle, regulating the stream of milk from the point of the teat. On the other hand, a cow losing her milk is due to a relaxation or an abnormal expansion of the sphincter muscle at the point of the teat.

Many a valuable, hard milking cow has been ruined owing to the fact that the milker has been compelled to use a milking tube and by the use of the milking tube the cow has become infected, oftentimes losing one or more quarters. It is not advisable to use a milking tube if one can possibly get along without it.

thrifty dairy calves when feeding them milk from the pail, but it need not be difficult if a few general rules are followed. Very good calves may be grown when fed skim-milk supplemented with grain. The skim-milk contains all of the food elements that go to make growth of bone, muscle, hide, hair, and organs of the body. The small amount of fat removed from the milk does not greatly decrease its feeding value.

When calves are to be raised by hand they should be taken from the cow soon after birth, for they will then learn to drink much more easily. If the cow's udder is feverish or caked, or if the calf is weak, it may prove beneficial to allow the calf to nurse for a few days. This nursing seems to decrease the inflammation of the udder. The calf should always receive the colostrum or first milk of its mother. If the little animal is not allowed to nurse, the cow should be milked and the milk fed to the calf. The colostrum milk has a beneficial effect upon the alimentary tract. It clears away impurities and causes the digestive organs to act.

The teaching of the young calf to drink seems to be a difficult task for some men. There is also a difference in calves, some learning to drink readily and others requiring several days. The calf should be allowed to become slightly hungry before any attempt is made to induce it to drink. The use of a rubber tube fastened to the pail does not usual-



HE SAID—"Few of us realize how much salt we eat. The fact that we put salt on all meats and vegetables—in bread, cake and pastry—soups and sauces—butter and cheese—shows the importance of using an absolutely pure salt."

SHE SAID—"Well, we are using WINDSOR SALT and no one could make me believe there was any better salt in the whole world than my old standby"

64

WINDSOR TABLE SALT



The Remedy.

The proper method of handling or overcoming hard milking in cows or heifers is by the use of a teat plug. The teats should be washed with a germ killer solution and the teat plug dipped in the same solution, then dipped in a little healing ointment and passed into the point of the teat. The teat plug being self-retaining should be permitted to remain in the teats from one milking to another. This will positively overcome hard milking in cows and heifers.

This same treatment is exceedingly valuable in the treatment of sore teats where the sore is at the point of the teat, where it interferes with milking.

The Care of Calves.

By H. C. Mills.

A successful dairyman says: "The rearing of the heifer calves from the best cows in the herd sired by a good dairy sire is one of the cheapest and best ways of getting good dairy cows." There is much truth in this statement, but many maintain that it costs too much to rear a calf if it is allowed to nurse the cow and that they have never been successful in raising good calves by hand.

It must be admitted that a certain amount of skill is required to grow good,

ly prove of much assistance, since the calf has an instinct to reach up for its food. The best plan is to get astride the animal and back it into a corner of the stall, then allow it to suck the fingers and push its nose into the milk, still allowing it to suck the fingers. After a few lessons of this kind the fingers may be taken from the calf's mouth and it will continue to drink for a few minutes until it discovers the change. After a few feedings it will drink after being started with the fingers and soon it will drink without being started in this manner.

Points on Pail Feeding.

In feeding calves from the pail it is important that the milk shall be of the same temperature at all times. The young calf's stomach is sensitive and best results will be obtained if the milk is fed at a temperature between 90 and 100 degrees Fahrenheit. If a hand separator is used the skim-milk will be at about the right temperature except in very cold weather. Calves two or three months old may be fed cold milk during the summer, but warm milk will give the best results during the winter. The feeding of cold milk at one time and warm milk at another soon causes digestive troubles. Best results have always been obtained by feeding sweet milk.

The Kansas Experiment Station compared sweet skim-milk with buttermilk and found that the calves which were fed skim-milk made the better gains.



Facts for Buyers To Know About I H C Wagon Material

WAGON material must stand two destructive strains—one caused by the constant vibration due to travel over rough roads, the other caused by the weight of the load. These two strains affect every piece of material which enters into the construction of farm wagons. That being the case the quality of the material used is a very important factor.

Good, hardwood lumber is becoming so scarce that it is difficult for manufacturers to obtain wood of the highest grade. Foreseeing this difficulty and having ample storage facilities, the builders of the I H C Wagons made contracts far in excess of immediate requirements. As a result of these contracts I H C wagons:

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are made of choice material throughout. Read a few interesting facts about I H C wagon material.

All the wood used for the more important parts of I H C wagons is carefully selected and then air-dried under cover in buildings with concrete foundations, which raise the wood above the moisture line. The lumber is held in these buildings at least two years; most of it three years; some of it, particularly that for hubs, which receives special attention, even longer. Air-drying produces tough wagon lumber because the sap, instead of being driven out as by kiln-drying, dries naturally with the wood and forms a resinous glue or cement, which binds the fibres of the wood together, gives the lumber flexibility and resilience, and retains its maximum strength and toughness. Air-drying of selected lumber produces just the qualities necessary to make it resist constant vibration and load strain. All the wood used in I H C wagons is air-dried.

The experience of many years of successful wagon building, combined with the highest degree of structural material knowledge, guarantee satisfactory service from every I H C wagon.

The I H C local agent knows points about I H C wagon construction that you should be familiar with. He will show you some things that you will recognize as money savers. Get literature and full information from him, or write nearest branch house.

WESTERN CANADIAN BRANCHES

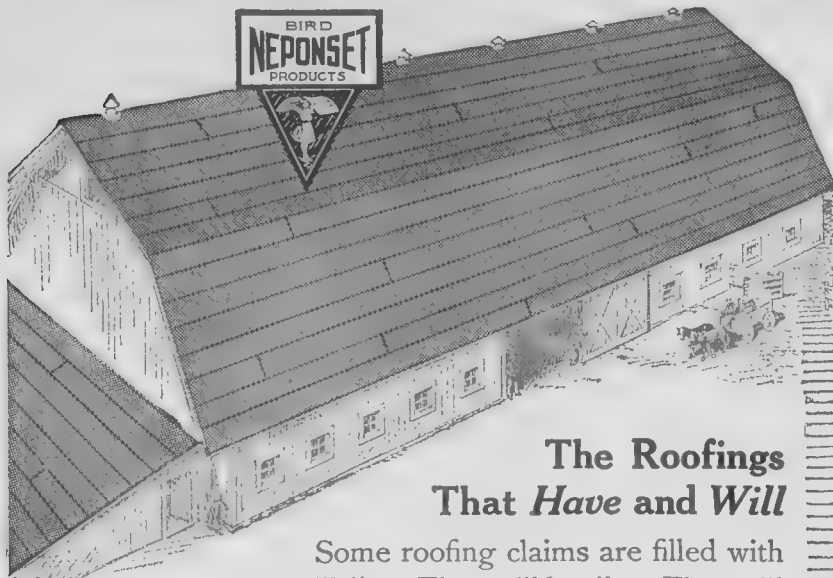
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The calves fed buttermilk had no digestive trouble, however. It is important that the milk be uniform. The feeding of old, sour milk to calves that are accustomed to sweet milk results in digestive disturbances.

The amount of milk needed by the calf depends upon the size and age. For the first three weeks from eight to ten pounds a day is usually sufficient. The amount may be gradually increased until at six weeks of age the animal may consume from twelve to fourteen pounds. The calf rarely needs over eighteen pounds at any age before weaning. More trouble results from overfeeding than underfeeding. Especially is this true in feeding skim-milk.

The average man thinks that because the butter fat has been removed from the milk he should feed more of the skim-milk to replace this in some way. As a consequence the calf is given more than it can digest. A change in the amount fed should be gradual. An underfed one day and an overload the next are usually the causes of trouble.

The Calf's Grain Stomach.

After the first two weeks the calf's feed may be gradually changed to skim-milk. A small amount of skim-milk may be mixed with the whole milk at first and the amount increased each feed. At the same time the amount of whole milk should be decreased until at the end of a week the calf is getting skim-milk only. The calf may be taught to eat grain and hay at an early age if a little grain is rubbed into its mouth just after it has finished drinking milk. The mixing of the grain with the milk is not a good practice. The action of the saliva helps in the digestion of the grain. If mixed with the milk it is gulped down and is not mixed with the saliva.

The grain that is fed to the calf receiving skim-milk should supply the fat that the milk lacks. Cornmeal or shelled corn has proved the best supplement for skim-milk. The most extensive investigation in this subject has been made by the Iowa Experiment Station. Oilmeal, oatmeal, cornmeal mixed with flaxseed, and cornmeal alone, were fed to calves and the results compared. Slightly larger gains were obtained from cornmeal.

It was found by the Kansas Experiment Station that after the calves were well started at eating grain shelled corn gave equal if not better results than cornmeal. By the time the calf is six weeks old it will usually eat about half a pound of grain a day; at two months, a pound a day; and at three or four months, two pounds a day. When the calf becomes older, approaching weaning time, it should have some oats, bran or oilmeal in addition to the corn. The protein in the milk is not sufficient.

How to Raise Chicks.

By R. B. Sando.

Little chickens are always interesting, but hard to raise successfully. Frequently it is unsafe to "count one's chickens" even after they are hatched, for early losses usually rob the novice of a good many. It is the number of chicks raised, rather than the number hatched, that makes or mars the profits and pleasures of the business. The foundation for successful chick culture lies in the breeding fowls. Healthy, hardy chicks can be obtained only from the same kind of parent stock. Satisfactory results never come from scrubby or diseased stock. In order to hatch strong chicks the breeders must be well housed, well fed and otherwise properly cared for. Only perfectly formed eggs which have been gathered before they have become chilled should be selected, and the sooner they are set the better.

In a perfect hatch the chicks begin to pip their shells on the twentieth day, and are all out before the end of the twenty-first day. As a rule it does not pay to go to much bother to help chicks out of their shells; if they have not sufficient vitality to free themselves they are seldom worth saving. Moreover, it is harmful to open the incubator door or move the old hen round on the nest at hatching-time. In the form-

er case the cold outside air blowing into the machine is pretty sure to chill the chicks and remove necessary moisture from the hatching chamber, while in the later case the hen is likely to trample on some of the chicks.

If the hatch is a large one, so that the nest or incubator is crowded, it is a good plan when it is about two-thirds over to remove all empty eggshells and see that none of them have slipped over eggs that are hatching. In addition, chicks that seem to need only slight assistance to get out of their shells may have their breathing space picked a little larger by the careful attendant and then slightly moistened with a warm, damp cloth. If there are any crippled or deformed chicks among those that are hatched they may as well be killed at once. It is usually a waste of time and energy to try to raise them; it requires more effort than they are worth.

The First Feed.

Warm, dry comfortable quarters should be provided for the mother hen and her brood some little time before it is necessary to remove them from the nest. In case a brooder is being used, the lamp should be started at least 24 hours before the chicks are to be placed in the machine, so that it may be thoroughly warmed and the flame regulated to maintain the correct temperature. It is best not to be in a hurry to remove chicks from the incubator nursery or from the nest. No chick should ever be disturbed until it has become thoroughly dried off and has had some little time to gain strength. While moving the chicks be very careful to avoid chilling them, for they are very tender and sensitive at this time. Place them in a deep basket and cover them carefully with warm clothes or burlap.

Just before a chick emerges from the shell it takes into his body the unabsorbed remnant of the yolk of the egg, which is provided by Nature to support life for the first few days. The writer never feeds his chicks until they are at least 48 hours old, and frequently not until they are 60. In extreme cases chicks have been known to thrive when given no food until they were three days old, so that to withhold food for two days is no hardship, but really the best thing to do.

No water should be given until after the chicks have had their first meal; after this it must be kept constantly before them, for when supplied in this way there is less danger of their overdrinking than when it is given only at intervals. Warm the drinking water in cold weather, and always see that the water and drinking vessels are clean and free from filth and impurities. Grit and charcoal are also placed before the chicks at the same time they are given their first meal.

The first feed or two should always consist of something dry; it should never be soft, sloppy stuff. Dry bread or cracker crumbs, rolled oats, and finely chopped bits of hard-boiled egg are used by different persons. Any one of these foods is good, as well as any combination of them, since a variety is essential.

There is no infallible formula for the feeding of little chickens. One of the most nearly universal rules is to feed rather sparingly until the chicks have a good start—that is, feed a little at a time and at frequent intervals. It is always better to feed the chicks a very small amount five or six times a day than to gorge them twice a day. The dry-feeding method is now in more common use than the feeding of moist or wet mash of ground grains or johnny-cake. By the dry-feed method is meant the rearing of little chicks on small seeds and cracked grains, without any soft or wet mixtures of food. We prefer a ration of dry grains and seeds exclusively for the first two or three weeks, with the exception of an occasional feed, for the sake of variety, of finely chopped hard-boiled eggs rolled in cracker or bread crumbs.

One of the safest things for the beginner to use is one of the prepared chick feeds. There are a number of good brands on the market, and they can be secured of almost any incubator and brooder company, poultry supply house or flour and feed exchange. They contain a variety of dry grains and

seeds mixed in just the proper proportions to promote thrift and rapid growth among chicks. The inexperienced feeder is thus relieved of the bother and uncertainty of balancing the ration. Chicks may be raised on this prepared feed alone until they are five or six weeks old, provided meat and green stuff are supplied. The feed may be purchased in any quantity desired, and usually sells for two or three dollars a hundred-pound bag. It is best in the end to buy one of the better grade products, for the cheap ones often contain dirt and wastes that the chicks cannot use. At \$2.50 or \$3 a hundred pounds the prepared feeds are as cheap as anything that can be fed with satisfactory results.

A Good Home-Made Ration.

There are few cases where it is not more advisable for the unprofessional poultry raiser to purchase the prepared feed than to mix it himself. In isolated places, however, where railroad facilities are poor and transportation charges excessive, it is sometimes cheaper to mix the feed at home. In this case an excellent formula is as follows:—

Forty-five pounds of cracked wheat, twenty pounds of cracked corn with meal sifted out, fifteen pounds of millet seed, ten pounds of hulled oats and ten pounds of broken rice.

If the hulled oats cannot be procured, pinhead oatmeal that can be purchased at any grocery may be substituted.

Keep the chicks scratching and digging for all the food they get; never feed them grains on a bare surface

How the Frenchman Grows Wheat.

By E. K. Parkinson.

Even the most prejudiced German must acknowledge that French bread has no equal the world over. History bears witness to the fact that since the fourteenth century Paris has been celebrated for its bread. The writer, after proving to his own satisfaction that French bread is really worthy of all the praise bestowed upon it, determined to visit the source of supply. In France wheat farming is always combined with some other branches of agriculture, such as sheep raising or the growing of beets, and often the three go together successfully. In America we are accustomed to think that in order to raise wheat successfully one must plant hundreds of acres and devote his entire time to this one crop. The statement that it doesn't pay to raise wheat on the small farms in the east is often heard, but is without foundation. The average wheat crop in the west, on the farms devoted to that cereal, is about 15 bushels per acre; in France, where wheat is grown in rotation with other crops, the average is about 35 bushels.

The wheat farm that the writer visited comprises one thousand acres and is situated on a level plateau, from which on clear days the spires of Paris may be seen. On the day of the writer's visit the men were busy planting wheat and gathering beets. The first signs of life to be seen as the visitor approached



The Fishing Pony.

where they can eat without scratching. This is the easiest and surest way to insure strong, rugged chicks that will not be subject to leg weakness and similar ailments. Scatter all the dry feed in litter which should be about two inches deep for chicks less than a month old. Cut straw or hay is good. Chaff from the floor of the hay mow is especially good because of the small seeds that it contains. Sawdust is bad, as the chicks will often eat it.

When soft food is used, make sure that it is just crumbly and not sloppy. Keep it in clean pans or troughs, where the chicks cannot foul or contaminate it quickly. Only as much should be placed before the chicks at one time as they will eat up clean in a few minutes. Keep everything sweet and clean, for soured food and filthy troughs are frequent causes of bowel disorders among little chickens.

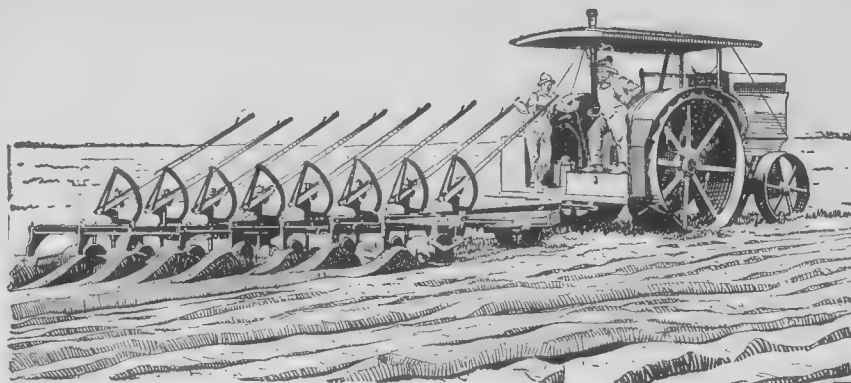
Wheat screenings are not so good as wheat itself, but may be used if they are of fair quality and can be secured cheaply. Milk is all right for an occasional feed, but the attendant must carefully guard against soiled plumage on the chicks and the general unsanitary conditions resulting from its use. Meat in some form should be provided. Green cut bone and ground beef scraps are the most generally available and probably the best that can be used. Do not, however, feed meat in any form too freely while the chicks are still small, for it is liable to produce looseness of the bowels.

Green food is another essential. It may be supplied in various forms and ways, according to the convenience of the attendant. Lettuce, cabbage, and any other kinds of vegetable matter that the fowls relish, if not fed to excess, are good.

were two flocks of sheep—about twelve hundred in all—feeding on beet-tops under the care of two shepherds with their dogs. Beyond the sheep, and a bit nearer the buildings, were the men loading beets into enormous two-wheeled carts, each being drawn by three Percheron stallions driven tandem. Beyond the harvesters were three sets of two-furrow plows working, each drawn by six white oxen. The plows, which were of the two-furrow reversible type, were built with a pair of wheels in front to lighten the draft, and with four plows keyed in pairs to two parallel steel beams, which were fastened to the axle of the wheels by a ball-and-socket joint. Each pair of plows was placed one over the other so that when one was in the furrow the mate was upside down in the air directly over it. At the end of the furrow the plowman by means of a lever turned each beam half round, throwing the plow with mold-board on the right-hand side into the air, and bringing the left-hand moldboard into the furrow. The plowmen were followed by three teams of oxen that harrowed the field, and these were followed by two grain drills. To a stranger it was a novelty to see all these operations taking place at the same time.

On the right of the entrance to the farm was the distillery where the beets were made into alcohol. At the time of the writer's visit it was running full blast, and while the beets were being poured in on one side of the building, from the other side ox wagons were carting off the pulp, which, however, was not to be thrown away, but to be mixed with oats or barley for the oxen and sheep.

The principal crops raised were wheat, of which, in 1911, there were 275 acres;



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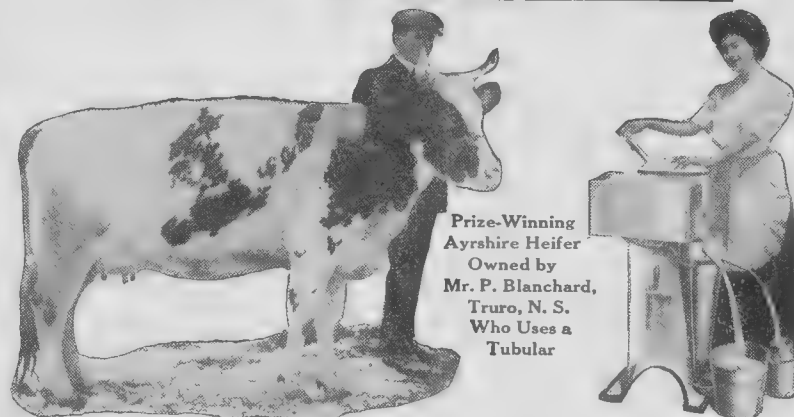
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THE WINNERS



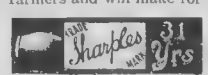
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beets, 200 acres; oats, 250 acres; clover, 125 acres; and barley, 100 acres. The owner sold 9,166 bushels of wheat; 9,166 bushels of oats; 1,130 gallons of alcohol—100 proof; 20 oxen and 800 lambs and sheep. The wheat brought \$1.10 or \$1.13 a hundred pounds; oats \$2 a hundred, and alcohol about \$1.40 a gallon. The steers sold for about 17 cents a pound on the hoof, and the average price paid in Paris for lambs, which are sold when they are four months old, is from \$8 to \$9. A great amount of labor is required to produce these large crops. The ox-drivers receive from \$18 to \$19 a month in addition to a house and garden—rent free if married; the harvest hands, \$26 a month, boarding themselves; shepherds, flock-masters, \$18.75, with their houses and gardens; other shepherds, \$12 and board; laborers, \$17.50; teamsters, from \$18 to \$19, and a house if married. There were fifty laborers in all, thirty of whom, the owner said with great pride, were married. The significance of this remark impressed the writer more forcibly when his host explained to him that the secret of keeping good farm labor was to encourage the men to marry and then to give each a house and garden. "The single laborer," he said, "is the trouble-maker, the striker, and the cause of so much discontent among our growing lads in rural France. I am trying to provide model houses so that I may employ only married men."

The so-called model houses stood by the edge of the highway in the full

barley. In addition to the commercial fertilizer, 2640 tons of stable manure, of which amount 2,200 tons are bought in Paris, are spread on the land used for beets. This makes about 13 tons an acre, and though this seems rather like short rations to us it is considered a fair amount in France. The sheep, however, are pastured on the beet fields for a week or more before the ground is plowed for wheat, which adds a considerable quantity of manure. The rotation followed is: wheat, planted in the latter part of October and November; oats, followed by bare fallow; barley and clover seed sown in the spring.

The sheep are kept in large yards until after the oats have been harvested, when they are turned upon the stubble. They then go upon the wheat and beet fields and are brought in again about Christmas time. The breed used on this farm is the registered Southdown crossed on native sheep, which, as far as the writer could determine, were about two-thirds Southdown and the rest just plain sheep. Barley is used a good deal in France for fattening. Instead of being placed in silos it is cut green and buried in great pits to be fed as needed. It did not look appetizing, although the odor was not unlike that of corn silage. No forage, except clover, is grown on this farm, straw being used in large quantities for feed. This practice is common both on the Continent and in England. The keynote of Continental farming seems to be, "Don't buy what you can possibly do without."



Between Love and Fear.

glare of the sun, without a tree or a shrub, a flower or a vine of any kind to add a touch of beauty—a contract to the English laborer's cottage with its tiny flower garden and vines growing about the window. These French cottages contained, besides the cellar, four rooms, two upstairs and two below. The kitchen floor was of tile, while that of the living room was of hard wood. Water was piped to every house. To an American these tiny, ugly houses seemed very poor homes, but when compared with the hut of the average farm laborer in France they were a great improvement.

Wherever the writer has been, either in England or on the Continent, the custom prevails of keeping at least few steers for beef—an example that we in America might profitably imitate. On this farm twenty of the young work oxen are fattened and sold yearly. The French farmer shows his shrewdness in keeping oxen on all farms where sugar beets are grown, not because they are to be preferred to horses, but because they may be fattened on beet pulp and barley after the season is over and be sold for top prices.

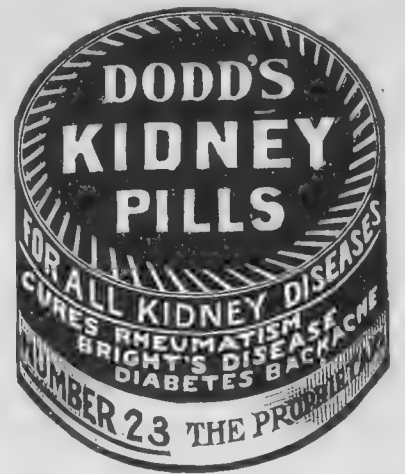
The raising of large crops requires a liberal supply of commercial fertilizer and manure. The latter is carefully preserved in uncovered cement pits about three feet deep by some forty feet square. The commercial fertilizer used for the wheat consists of 44,000 pounds of nitrate of soda, 10,000 pounds of lime and 15,400 pounds of superphosphate, drilled in with the seed at the rate of 250 pounds to the acre. The same quantity is used for both the oats and the

Six Essentials in Poultry Raising.

1. Birds of good laying strain; heavy breeds for winter and light for summer.
2. Good housing accommodation, rain-proof, well ventilated (no draughts) and a good scratching shed attached, floor covered with chaff and open front wire-netted.
3. Menu: Breakfast, biscuit or pea meal and bran half and half, well scalded, mix with middlings until a crumbly state. A ball size of fist for each bird. Noon, house scraps and a little wheat. Supper, oats and wheat alternate nights given in scratching shed.
4. If no grass run, plenty of green food: lettuce, cabbage or turnips (mangolds).
5. Oyster shells (broken), and plenty of grit always at hand.
6. Your attention as to cleanliness of houses, feeding troughs, water and runs must be unstintingly given.

Back Yard Poultry Farming.

1. Keep them dry.
2. Keep them clean.
3. Feed them regular as follows: Breakfast, 7.30. Cooked house scraps mixed up with middlings into a firm ball. 12.30, green stuff. 5.30, corn, a small eggcupful to each hen. The corn may consist of wheat, good oats, barley, or mixed corn if you can get it good. Scratching shed is a good thing; strew the floor with short straw, chaff, or leaves, or anything for them to scratch



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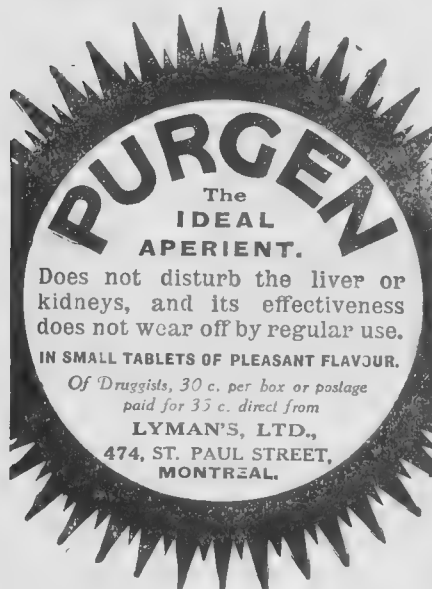
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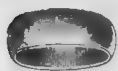
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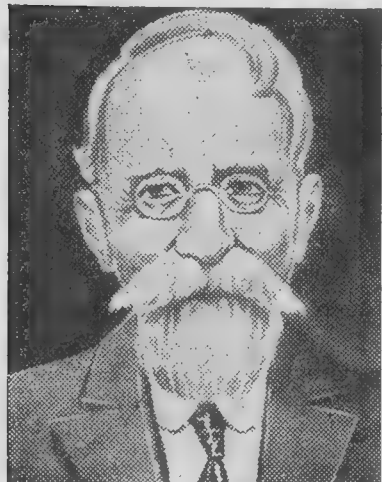
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DOCTORS COULD NOT HELP MY KIDNEYS

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Me



MR. GEO. W. BARKLEY

CHESTERVILLE, ONT., JAN. 25th, 1911

"For over twenty years, I have been troubled with Kidney Disease and the doctors told me they could do me no good. They said my case was incurable and I would suffer all my life. I doctored with different medical men and tried many advertised remedies, but there was none that suited my case. Nearly a year ago, I tried 'Fruit-a-tives'. I have been using them nearly all the time since, and am glad to say that I am cured. I have no trouble now with my Kidneys and I give 'Fruit-a-tives' the credit of doing what the doctors said was impossible. I am seventy-six years old and am in first class health."

GEO. W. BARKLEY.

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Genuine

BEWARE
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Erickson Leg Does not chafe, overheat or draw end of stump. Send for Catalog
Sold on Easy Terms
The largest limb factory in the world.
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in. Throw corn into this at evening meal. It will keep them busy and encourage circulation so much needed among penned up fowls.

To Produce Eggs Abundant.

Give the birds as much corn as they can eat, and let it be the best, not the cheap mixture. They require a change as often as possible. It is best to get the corn separately as there is not much chance of changing the food by giving them the mixture. Chop up and mix altogether green food, and potato peelings with scraps from the house and occasionally boiled lights. They ought not to be given too much fat or maize, as the latter are likely to cause liver complaint. Chicken rice is very good (with the husks on). They are very fond of it, and anything they eat with a relish will induce them to lay.

The Impending War With Canada.

As our readers know, plans are already on foot in England and the United States to celebrate in 1914 the centenary of peace between the two nations. The one shining example before the world of the way to limit armaments by international agreement is the Rush-Bagot Treaty of 1817, under which the United States and Canada have lived for all these years in mutual peace and security. In the "Nineteenth Century" Capt. Cecil B. Catline says:—

"The British Navy will guarantee that the coasts of Canada are secure, but it is a sound instinct on her part to prepare thus early to be self-supporting even in the matter of naval construction. Should Canada be threatened with war on her southern frontier, the military command of the great lakes would be of the most vital importance. An arsenal and dockyard must therefore be prepared to construct suitable craft for a struggle on the inland waters, as remote as possible from a possible raid, and having access to the lakes by the waterway of the St. Lawrence. It is a striking example of the permanent principles of strategy that the valley of the St. Lawrence is the key to the military supremacy in Canada now, as it was when Wolfe so gallantly won Quebec for England, and the valley of the Hudson still leads the way to the vitals of the United States, if a northern invader should be bold enough to take the initiative."

We think the Captain's ideas are sound, but he does not go far enough. Let the Rush-Bagot Treaty be denounced. Then Canada and the United States could make one continuous fortification along the shores of the St. Lawrence, and establish opposing army posts every five miles from Vancouver to Winnipeg. A thousand super-Dreadnoughts could also be built by each nation on the Great Lakes so that no overt acts could take place there. Toronto and Chicago would, of course, have to be guarded by three lines of submarine mines. Montreal and Buffalo would need at least \$20,000,000 for modern coast defences, while it would be absolutely necessary for Quebec to double the height of the cliffs on which she is situated, so as to prevent their being scaled a second time. Seattle and Vancouver might each keep balloons anchored a few miles up in the air to watch the war preparations of the other. In the meantime the Atlantic and Pacific squadrons of the British and American navies should have their decks cleared for action, and 10,000 aeroplanes in either country be put in commission to repel these mutual attacks in hot air. As probably all this would not be enough to preserve the peace, we might reasonably demand compulsory rifle practice in the public schools of England and the United States, and universal military service from all male citizens between twenty-one and forty-five, and all enrolled suffragettes of whatever age. Thus and thus only, according to our Captain Battines, can be guaranteed that certain and perpetual peace, that blessed millennial peace, the peace that passeth "all" understanding.

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For the Home

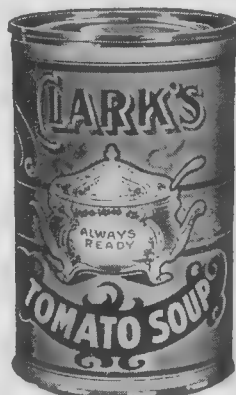
Keep out the flies. Get out your old screens and brighten them up with Sherwin-Williams Screen Enamel. Does not clog the mesh like ordinary paints. Avoid the expense of new screens and save the old from rust and decay—go to your local Sherwin-Williams dealer for S-W Screen Enamel, green or black.



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Nothing is so nice as a good Soup—generally speaking home-made Soups are nice—but you can't get them, and that's where the prepared Soups come in—CLARK'S SOUPS in pint containers are just the kind to have at hand. They are prepared just the same as in the best regulated homes, their flavors are individual and incomparable, and quality inimitable.

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11 Kinds—1 Quality—11 Flavors

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WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO SLEEP.

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It did not matter what time I went to bed, in the morning I was even worse than the night before. I consulted a doctor, and he gave me a tonic to take a half hour before going to bed.

"It was all right for a time, but the old trouble returned with greater force than before.

"One of the boys, who works with me, gave me half a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I took them and I got such satisfaction that I got another box, and before I finished it I could enjoy sleep from 10 p.m. until 6 a.m., and now feel good."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25. They are for sale at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Swollen Varicose Veins Painful, Tortuous, Ulcerated, Ruptured, Bad Legs, Milk Leg, Thrombosis, Elephantiasis. It takes out the inflammation, soreness and discoloration; relieves the pain and tiredness; reduces the swelling, gradually restoring part to normal strength and appearance. **ABSORBINE, JR.**, is a mild, safe, pleasant antiseptic liniment, healing and soothing. Severe cases where veins have ulcerated and broken have been completely and permanently cured. First few applications of **ABSORBINE, JR.**, will give relief and prove its merit. \$1.00 and \$2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Detailed directions, reports on recent cases and Book 6 G free on request. **W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Can.**

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Tobacco Habit

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.00.

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Marvelous results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections; no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure certain. Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

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Is nature's own food. It contains no drugs or stimulants. This wonderful Tonic is simply a scientific blend of Indian herbs—it strengthens the nerves and muscles—puts the expectant mother in prime condition, making childbirth safe and easy.

Mothers' Cordial or Herbal Tonic, besides being a blessing to expectant mothers, is also a powerful tonic for all women in a run-down condition. It builds up the internal organs, strengthens and purifies the blood, effecting a clear, beautiful complexion. This Cordial is an excellent remedy for painful menstruation—an especial benefit to those approaching the change of life.

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A package of Mothers' Cordial or Herbal Tonic lasts a month. Full directions inclosed. At druggists or by mail, postpaid \$1.00, 6 packages \$5.00. **Dr. Coonley Medical Co., Windsor, Ont.**

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WINNIPEG

Correspondence.

We invite our subscribers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all the interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print. We would point out that we cannot send names and addresses of our contributors to these columns, but anyone wishing to communicate with any of the letter writers should send us a letter in a stamped envelope, which we will address and send to the party named. We receive a great many letters, both for publication and to be forwarded from persons who are not subscribers, and we wish to say that so great is the work incurred that we really cannot promise to publish or forward any letters from non-subscribers. We think this only fair to our large number of subscribers, as they should be given the prior use of this column.

Dancing from a Different Viewpoint.

Saskatchewan, March 4, 1912.

That there are two sides to all questions is usually admitted, but since few dancers are interested enough or courageous enough to place themselves on record in its defence, some may infer

It is harmful. Many things are harmful if abused. Sour dough pancakes or hot biscuits, if too many are taken, will cause more aches than a dance. People are neither satisfied nor entertained with "don'ts." Mamma says, Johnny, don't do this; Johnny, don't do that, till Johnny, weary and wondering, inquires, Mamma, what shall I do? Mamma, forgetful of her past youth, says, just sit down and be good. Johnny must either rebel and use his own judgment or become an unhappy, dissatisfied, nonentity. There must be action. What will Josephus have us do? He fortifies his objections to dancing by reference to sacred writings to prove that wrongs result from it. But no one thinks of opposing Christianity, because from the time of Christ to Wycliffe many wrongs resulted because of its practise, persecutions, suffering, death. And he would be a brave man indeed who would declare even to-day that the church is free from cant and guile. But one hardly feels justified in opposing the Christian ethics because of these errors. But he would rather say, root out the errors and purify the system. The all-important question is, simply this: Can one dance and be pure in thought. The uninitiated think not. The writer knows it is possible. Josephus thinks the



View of Kootenay Falls.

that this is the one exception to the rule and that it is wholly a one-sided question. That it has plenty of sponsors, the least casual of observers must admit, and that it is increasingly popular is equally evident. That all who participate regard it as wrong is hardly to be presumed, since most people will not do what their judgment and conscience condemn. The writer may be permitted to speak his views as an individual, not wishing to influence anyone who may honestly entertain a different opinion. That political parties should hold diametrically opposite views on economic questions and each be honest, is wholly because of the different viewpoint. A carpenter looking at a tree thinks of its lumber, while a hunter viewing the same tree sees a beautiful home for a squirrel. Different viewpoints. So it may be pardonable if all persons do not get the same viewpoint as Josephus in respect to the dance and dancers. He condones skating as a healthful, joyous exercise. We grant it. But what shall be done with the nine out of ten who have no ice? One wearies of constant reading. There must be action. The fact is that we are social beings, satisfied only when in company with other beings like ourselves. And the problem to be solved is how to spend the time, innocently and enjoyably during this period of personal contact. Josephus says do not dance.

position assumed in certain dances renders it exceedingly doubtful. An illustration is not proof, but sometimes it is more forceful. You go to church and sit very close to another man's wife or beautiful daughter for an hour. Any impure thoughts? If you were to go to that man's home and sit as close and as long, would it be tolerated? Different viewpoint. Many of the most enjoyable partners in the dance have the least attractive personalities, so the position assumed signifies little. If one cannot dance innocently I would advise him to try to find other enjoyment. The writer is not unmindful of the criticisms upon certain city dances, nor is he ignorant of the conditions of their existence. What are the facts? The employers use the girls to help them in amassing their wealth, and what do they give in return? Usually a starvation wage and the freedom of the city. Results, the girls sick unto death of loneliness seek the recreation provided by those whose sole purpose is gain, while the employer wraps the sanctimonious robe of a self satisfied conscience about him and says, "I wash my hands," and leaves the erring ones to the tender care of the charitable institutions for reform or to go unheeded and unsung to the "Bridge of Sighs." Do you know from personal experience the absolute, the intolerable loneliness of the stranger in the city?

CRITICAL TIME OF WOMAN'S LIFE

From 40 to 50 Years of Age. How It May Be Passed in Safety.

So. Wellington, B.C. — "For a year during the Change of Life I was all run



down. I was really too weak to walk and was very despondent and thought I was going to die, but after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier my health and strength returned. I am very thankful to you and praise your medicine.

I have advised several women who suffered as I did to try your remedies. You may publish this if you wish." — Mrs. DAVID R. MORRIS, South Wellington, Vancouver Island, B.C.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. We know of no other medicine which has such a record of success as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For more than 30 years it has been the standard remedy for woman's ills such as inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains and nervous prostration, and we believe it is unequalled for women during the period of change of life.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

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No need to suffer bunion torture another day. **DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT** removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives INSTANT RELIEF and a FINAL CURE of all bunion pain. Shields, plasters or shoe stretchers never cure. **Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right** is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or \$1.00 per pair at drug and shoe stores, or direct from **The F. Scholl Mfg. Co., 472 King St. W., Toronto. Illustrated Booklet Free.**

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Are you one of those to whom every meal is another source of suffering?

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets will help your disordered stomach to digest any reasonable meals, and will soon restore it to such perfect condition that you'll never feel that you have a stomach. Take one after each meal. 50c. a Box at your Druggist's. Made by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

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BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

APIOL & STEEL for Ladies' PILLS

Are the acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of WM. MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores. MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist. SOUTHAMPTON, ENG



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of a available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties.—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties.—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for

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Fashion Catalogue, beautifully illustrated, sent free to any lady reader who sends post card request naming Western Home Monthly. The idea is to make you acquainted with our mail order business, and show you how to secure a stylish, up-to-date new season costume, tailored to your measure, at manufacturer's price. This business has been established over 25 years—located in the one premises for a quarter of a century. Metropolitan Manufacturing Co. Limited, Toronto, Can.

Very little of our boasted "common brotherhood of mankind" there. Which is responsible, the dance, or employer? A different viewpoint. Suppose some good people, employers, their wives, sons and daughters would attend these dances and surround them with different influences, would it not be more of a Christian act than mere attendance at church? Not the mere dance, but conditions make the wrong. Besides, what shall these girls do? A serious question. If parents would teach their children to dance from babyhood, dance with them, accompany them to dances, give dances for them at home, instead of waiting for them to grow up and slip away to learn of some one else, thinking they are doing something wrong, it might be surprising what pleasure would result to both children and parents. A delightful, jolly, innocent, good time for all. You retain their confidence, no small matter in governing children, and keep them well in hand. I do not believe with some that we must wait till we are dead before we can have a good time. And I know there can be lots of good wholesome fun without wickedness, and until some one will provide a better substitute I shall feel at liberty to emulate that worthy, elderly gentleman, so cleverly described by a favorite writer, as having danced at Christmas time till his calves fairly twinkled.

Frankorly.

More Homelike.

Elfron, Sask., Mar. 30, '12.
Dear Editor,—Will you spare me just a small space in your most valuable magazine, which I have been a subscriber to for three years, and have received it like I would a letter from home. I always read it from beginning to end. I take other papers, but I think yours the best for the western home, and like to see so many stories written by the prairie province writers, which makes it more home like. I like the stories written by Bonnycastle Dale, and the ones under the heading of "In Lighter Vein," and, I think, all young men should read "The Young Man and His Problem." I once heard the writer speak, and I would go quite a long way to hear him again. I will close, and hope to hear from some of the fair sex between the ages of 15 and 20, and will sign myself,
Mack.

A Critical Reader.

Viscount, Sask., 3-3-1912
Dear Editor,—Still another voice; another "Bach" from the great west, to join your merry circle. I will own that it is impossible to let alone writing, although my hopes for coming up with some of the writers in our columns (I call it ours, as every one of us considers ourselves as members). Now I am not a good writer, and will not ask for such a great name as some say the lucky Doctor made for himself when trying to overthrow the farm and everything belonging to it. Debutante in your March issue surely gave him some praise and some encouraging hints when she pictures him in the evening when he is supposed to be reading the correspondence columns. Goodness, what imagination she must have; you bet she knows how to handle the doctor; or in other words get on the right side of him; she says he has got them all going. But in my opinion she is the only one on the go so far. As to the statement that the lucky Doctor has won, I don't believe it, it has yet to be proved. If he don't follow up it is because he's got cold feet and can't cure them, and he may be scratching for a living, as we all know he can't run a farm. But where his victory comes in is beyond my comprehension, perhaps Debutante will come forward and tell. Now, for the dancers. This subject is most worthy of a few words, but I don't condemn dancing by any means. I admire Curly Bill's point of view. I think he is far more reasonable than Jo-ephus, and just as righteous. Some people condemn dancing and allow other entertainments that are just as bad, if not worse. You may think that the writer of this epistle is a godless person, and, of course, I will leave it to you, for you may be right and you may be wrong. I do not des-

"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."



If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY drained away your strength by bad habits or dissipation, or SAPPED your vital forces by EXCESSES.

It is time for you to stop.

No man can afford to be reckless, force nature to undue effort, ruin his Constitution or violate the laws governing life, this invariably results in disaster or a Complete Nervous Break-down and a

Giving out of the Vital Forces

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Half-an-hour's reading and a determination to act up to it may save you from an otherwise never-ending misery and give you new life. It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience.

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The most popular and practical treatise published on the Laws governing Life, with Special Chapters on Generative Weakness, Flagging of the Powers and practical observations on Marriage.

Contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the health, regain Strength and restore the Powers when lost.

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After Massage, Cold Creams, Wooden Cups, Electricity, Dangerous Drugs, and other methods had all failed.

A WOMAN'S SECRET LAID BARE.

How I watched my bust grow in size, day by day and week after week, until I had obtained

A SUPERB DEVELOPMENT IN ONE MONTH'S TIME.

Special arrangement for Readers of "Winnipeg Western Home Monthly" to obtain full information FREE.

I will tell you how I obtained a beautiful large bust in 15 days' time, and how you may do the same. The treatment I recommend to you is exactly the plan I followed myself, and which gave me a superb development in less than one month. Until I

learned of the long-hidden secret for producing the bust development which I enjoy to-day. I confess that people had always looked upon me as a woman with a poor figure. My clothes did not set well, and I failed to receive the admiration which is so pleasing to a woman. You can understand how anxious I was to obtain a luxurious bust development, and consequently I tried nearly all the methods I saw advertised, but none of them did me any good. Massage and cold creams made my bust soft and flabby, wooden cups seemed to have no effect whatever; electricity proved utterly useless, and I believe the dangerous drugs which I took into my system did me more harm than good. I grew more fretful and nervous than ever, and became absolutely discouraged, for I felt that nothing further could be done, and I must go through life with a flat bust, a poor figure and a nervous disposition. In the depth of my despair a friend of mine who had given a lifetime to study and scientific research, suggested to me a plan which was so different from anything I had ever seen or used that I consented to make one final trial. My health was so poor that I admit being sceptical of obtaining any results. You can imagine my surprise and delight when I

noticed that my bust was becoming firmer and I watched it grow in size day by day and week by week, until at the end of fifteen days not only the reflection in my mirror, but actual measurements, proved conclusively to me the wonderful enlargement that had been produced. Those who had known me for years were astonished at the improvement in my appearance. In less than one month I was able to rejoice in a superb development of the bust, which surpassed even my fondest dreams. I felt better and stronger, my nerves were rested, and I took a greater interest in life. I was doubly astonished at these marvellous results, because the treatment had required so little time to follow that I did not neglect any of my regular duties. Best of all, the treatment had not made me fat, but had only produced the development which I had so long desired. Such a wonderful change from ugliness to beauty may seem hard to believe but it is absolutely true, as I can prove by those who knew me before and after I followed this treatment. You can judge for yourself, for I recommend the same treatment to you which I used with such success. I have arranged

for full information regarding this remarkable plan to be sent to all readers of this paper who fill out the coupon below and send it within ten days, enclosing 2 cent stamp for reply, to Madame Margaret Merlain, (Dept. 1038 C), Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W., England.



FREE COUPON for READERS of WINNIPEG WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,

Cut out this Coupon and send to-day (or write and mention No. 1038 C) with your name and address, enclosing 2 cent stamp for reply, to Madame Margaret Merlain, (Dept. 1038 C), Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W., Eng., for full information in regard to the plan which she followed for obtaining a LUXURIOUS BUST DEVELOPMENT, RESTED NERVES, and PERFECT HEALTH. This Coupon is good if used within 10 days from the date of publication of the above article.

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STIR IT UP BY THE USE OF
MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS.

They stimulate the sluggish liver, clean the coated tongue, sweeten the breath, clean away all waste and poisonous matter from the system, and prevent as well as cure all sickness arising from a disordered condition of the stomach, liver and bowels.

Mrs. Matthew Sullivan, Pine Ridge, N.B., writes:—"I had been troubled with liver complaint for a long time. I tried most everything I could think of, but none of them seemed to do me any good, but when I at last tried Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills I soon began to get well again; thanks to The T. Milburn Co. I would not be without them if they cost twice as much."

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Old Sores, Lumps in Breast, Growths removed and healed by a simple Home Treatment

No pain. Describe the trouble, we will send book and testimonials free.

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Home Made Syrup

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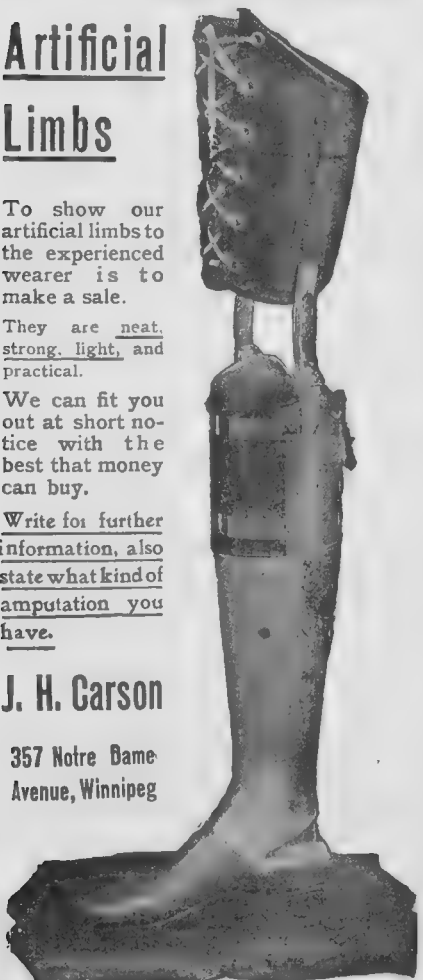
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pise a game of cards either; that is, a good game of whist E.T.C. I think it sharpens one's intellect, especially on a winter evening when there is nothing else to pass the time away. I don't think a game of cards is any the worse, nor any more degrading than a game of chess or checkers. Curly Bill, come again, let's hear some more logic, some more good sense, and Phil, too; you are all right; give it to some of those Puritans who have not the courage to enjoy themselves at a dance just because they are afraid of hurting their moral character. Let me tell you sober ones that there is nothing immoral about dancing as long as the dancers are not of an immoral mind or temperament—that is my only conviction. Well, as I hope to see this in the magazine, wishing the paper and all its readers every success, I will sign myself

A Waltzer.

A Girl from Manitoba.

Napinka, Man., Mar. 17, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Here comes another one to join your jolly crowd. I have been reading your paper for a number of years, and enjoy it very much. I read Josephus letter in the January issue, and as for what he says about dancing I think he is very wrong, as I do not see any harm in it, and if it was for a little dance once in a while through the winter I think that we would be all dead by spring. But I did not write for that reason, so I will not say any more. I am very fond of all kinds of fun, especially dancing and card playing. I think the bachelors of the west must be very lonesome, when they do not have any one who will meet them with a smile, and have a warm meal ready for them when they come in from a hard day's work; I think they should get a hurry on and get some one to help them. It is all right for a woman to milk in the summer, when a man has a lot to do, or even feeding the pigs when he happens to be away, but anything else I think the men ought to do it. I do not mind a man smoking a cigar once in a while, or even taking a glass of beer, but as for chewing, swearing and smoking a pipe I do not approve of it. Now, if any one of the young men between 18 and 25 wish to correspond with me, my address is with the editor.

Honey Kid.

An Opinion on Card Playing.

Ont., March 14, 1912.

Dear Editor,—I was so kindly received on my former visit into your friendly circle, that I have decided to call again. Will you most kindly answer my anxious knock, and extend your hospitality to me a second time. Several correspondents have ventured opinions on the propriety of the card table, but as far as I have read, no one has dealt with the subject at any length, so I am taking up the cudgel myself. When I speak of card playing, it is to be understood that I refer to the friendly game played merely as a social pastime; for I hardly think anyone would be so unscrupulous as to defend the professional card playing of gambling dens and some of the club houses. Some of you who play cards will doubtless make it your boast that you have never taken any harm out of this pastime. Consider its harms and see. In the first place, card playing has a fascination which cannot fail to be detrimental to those who indulge in it. How often do young and old alike gather round for a game and play away hour after hour, oblivious of the passing of time. In the small hours of the morning, when their unnatural excitement gives way to fatigue, they retire, and during the day, their sluggish spirits remind them of their excesses. Considered in this light, card playing is a dissipation, which, especially in the case of those naturally weak and nervous, affects the health, sometimes seriously. Another evil of card playing is the tendency it has to engender dishonesty. How many card players can deny having ever cheated in a game, having ever given or received signs to win a game by trickery? I doubt whether one in a hundred can truthfully claim such honesty. You see, it is so easy to indicate to your partner by a certain gesture, which card you wish

him to play; and often when the player is excited and a little turn will win the game for him, the temptation is too much to resist. After the first few times, his conscience will not bother him much, and when he learns to cheat to win a game, he will not find it so hard to learn dishonesty on a larger scale in more important matters. The same spirit prompts both, and from one to the other is not a difficult step. Probably the greatest objection to card playing is the fact that it is with cards that most of the gambling is done. Of course, there will be no gambling in a friendly social game, but the social game leads up to gambling. No gambler ever layed a wager on his first game of cards. He started out in the (harmless?) friendly way and became proficient in that, first. You may argue that gambling has no attraction for you; but what about that boy whom you taught and encouraged in the game, and whom you told that a little social diversion could do no harm? Will he withstand the temptation? How do you know that he may not ruin his life at the gaming table, with you to blame for it? Monte Carlo counts its suicides by the thousands, and nearly all those victims learned the game under the name of friendship. And when the Judgment comes, and we are all arraigned before the Great White Throne, many will have to answer for having led others into the first game and starting them on the road to utter ruin. Are you your brother's keeper? Listen! "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a mill stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."

Cheerful Critic.

Doing Good Work.

Rosetown, Mar. 27, 1912.

Dear Sir,—I am enclosing a letter to Mona, would you be kind enough to forward it. I am not a subscriber, but my brother is, and we both live together on a homestead. I paid for the last subscription, and I gave my March number to a neighbor of mine, and I am trying to get him to subscribe for the W.H.M. I like the paper fine, there is some good reading in it for both old and young. Wishing you and your paper good luck and a prosperous year. I hope we can do better next time we pay for our subscription, and not keep you waiting so long; we have had hard times with our crops getting frozen.

A Reader.

The Garden of the Gulf.

Prince Edward Island.

I have been a reader of the W.H.M. for some months, and consider it interesting and instructive to both old and young. I always read the correspondence column first. This is my first letter, I thought I would write, as I had never seen one from the province by the sea, so often called the "Garden of the Gulf." I am a farmer's daughter. I have spent some of my life in the city, but like the country as well, if not better. I like music, but skating is my favorite pastime. As for work, I like sewing and cooking best. I am 22 years of age, height 5 feet 4 inches, weight 120 lbs., have dark brown hair and eyes. I would like to hear from Kid Caldwell in the December issue, and any others who would write to me, will find my address with the editor. Trusting I have not made this too long, and wishing the paper success, I will sign myself,

Star of the East.

Where Shall We Draw the Line?

British Columbia.

March 16, 1912.

Dear Editor,—I am very much pleased that discussion on the merits and demerits of dancing has been opened in the W.H.M., for the very reason that Curly Bill advances against Josephus, seeing in dancing what hundreds of Christian people never for a moment imagine, "is just cause why such a question should be seriously considered." I was just going to congratulate Curly Bill on having such a normal mind, that he could dance and yet was sure there was no "illegitimate sex element" entering into

YOUR HEART



Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet, ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you. Here is a sample of what they are daily doing:

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the pleasure when reading a little further, I observed that he preferred the club or private dance for that very reason. Good! I am glad he has learned his lesson well enough to draw lines, and I would advise him to study the subject impartially and wisely, and he will be inclined to even draw the lines a little closer and leave the club dance on the outside. As I understand Josephus, it was dancing he condemned, not the people who participated, but I have observed that even good people make mistakes of judgment, and there are mothers who allow their daughters to attend dancing parties whose goodness is not to be impeached, but who have never given the question serious consideration, and have not realized what it might mean to a young susceptible nature. I want to be understood as condemning the dance, as I have known and seen it and its results, but I am not condemning the people who blindly participate or advocate dancing as an amusement. It is certainly an amusement that fascinates to such an extent that where it is flourishing in a neighborhood other amusements, except card playing, are promptly shelved. I have been an observer where dancing was indulged in from 8 p.m. till 8 a.m., which, of itself, is a sin against physical endurance, even if it were skating. A glass of wine, a bottle of whisky, keeps up the flagging footsteps, and adds the climax, that

worth while, can you build up a robust physique by dancing, or sharpen your intellectual powers, or stand firm when a little stimulant is offered? If you can do these things I am glad. Now look around critically and be candid. How many of your companions are likely to be weakened; be a little less manly than before one winter's dancing campaign? Last year The Christian Herald, after decrying the evil influence of this amusement, suggested some inventive genius try his skill to find something that would take its place, that would amuse without weakening and sullying. Only a few months ago I read an article from a prominent Roman Catholic bishop deploring this evil, and ascribing the downfall of many young girls as one of the results. His deductions were no guess work, but founded on sad testimonials. Now where shall we draw the line? Tight around the home. Holmes truly says, "The world has a million roosts for us but only one nest. Home! Let us protect the Canadian home. The strong man says, "If drink maketh my brother to offend, then will I take no more while I live." The pure woman will say when she has studied the question, "If dancing maketh my sister to offend, then I will attend no more dancing parties; but do all in my power to make the home pleasant and happy in other ways." If there were more girls like Girlie who, though she likes to have



Out for a Sail.

should make any mother pause before arraying her daughter in soft dreamy robes with bare arms and low neck, and sending her to waltz with a partner whose breath smells deliciously of peppermint. Curly Bill says draw the line. All right. One family party touch no whisky; leave at midnight; the others say crank, breaks up the dance too soon. Draw the line again: form a club with rules and regulations. All right; there we are, no whisky, no gambling, no late hours. Some of the young men take a drink before coming, later on have a little on the quiet; our unsuspecting girls think they belong to a select club, but, alas, it is hollow-hearted, and will either be broken up by the few, who stand for having a strong line drawn, or will continue to deteriorate. Our friend Josephus was sounding a note of warning to his own family, I understand; the family that have answered the call, "Come out from among them and be ye separate." The Christian Endeavor and Epworth League; their motto is "Look Up—Lift Up." Suppose we call dancing by the harmless epithet of a "Questionable amusement." Now then, dear little girls with blue or brown eyes, looking out and forward into glorious womanhood, the question for you is: Can I, by attending dances, make my own life sweeter or truer: can I be an uplift to my friends and help them to make good in life? Now, young man, if you wish to be strong and do what is

a good time, demands innocent fun, the uplift to our Canadian home would be such as to give inspiration to the world.

"Pleasures are like poppy's spread,

You seize the flower the bloom is shed."

—I should certainly very much like to write to Girlie, but I have so many correspondents that I better refrain in justice to them. She closes wishing everybody success in life, and I will close by sending your readers or everybody a summing up of "success" by Bessie A. Stanley, and I notice dancing is not mentioned. "She has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men, and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty, or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, whose memory a benediction."

A Homebuilder.

Arguments Worth Thinking About.

Manitoba, March, 1912.

Dear Editor,—In reply to Josephus's unworthy sermon on dancing, I would say that I agree with him, that the modern dance is the reverse to that of

Sensational Revelations

Medal Presented to the Discoverer of Sequarine, the Wonderful New Principle of Organic Life.

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The new serum, named Sequarine in honour of the discoverer, is regarded by physicians as a wonderful new weapon with which to combat disease and prolong life, and its discovery is spoken of as one of the greatest triumphs in the history of medical science. It is certainly of more practical value than any serum hitherto known. Those present at the meeting of the Paris Biological Society, where the Professor revealed the composition and explained the action of Sequarine, expressed the opinion that this serum will render obsolete the present methods of treating many diseases.

Its diversity of application was found so great as to be almost beyond belief while its swiftness and certainty in curing every case were truly wonderful. It is a nerve food, blood purifier, and a corrector of functional disorders at the same time.

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Nervousness,	Dyspepsia,
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Rheumatism,	Paralysis,
Gout, Sciatica,	General Weakness,
Kidney Disease,	Influenza,
Diabetes,	Pulmonary
Dropsy,	Troubles.

A doctor observed that one of the many advantages of treatment with Sequarine is that no violent or harmful drug is introduced into the system when taking it. This remarkable remedy is purely an animal extract, and its use can in no case be otherwise than beneficial. Every organ and nerve centre of the body is favourably affected by it.

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At a meeting of the tenth Congress of Medicine held in Geneva, Dr. Doyen, the great French scientist, said: "Preservation of his life through several centuries depends solely on man. By multiplying the white corpuscles in the blood (phagocytes) we increase the co-efficient of vital resistance and can estimate its value. This new departure in Therapeutics will soon come to the front." Part of the great curative and healing power of Sequarine resides in the fact that when taken into the body it increases the number of phagocytes with startling rapidity. In addition to its highly beneficial action in multiplying the blood corpuscles, Sequarine causes increased nerve potency and very active tissue respiration and purification. This accounts for its being a specific for diseases of such widely different character



BROWN-SEQUARD, F.R.S., F.R.C.P., London, Professor of Medicine at the College of France, the discoverer of Sequarine and founder of modern serum-therapy.

Sequarine is, in fact the staminal force within the body which decreases gradually in volume as old age approaches, thereby permitting diminution of physical and mental power which result in the phenomenon known as "the weakness of old age." By introducing it into the system the aged, or prematurely aged, may actually cause a return of the feeling of youthful strength and buoyancy. In the words of Professor Goizet: "Sequarine is a restorative of strength and not a stimulant. It increases the patient's vitality and at the same time cures

his complaint. This serum is in fact a source of life more powerful than the interchange of blood or any remedy in use to fight against old age and illness. Mankind will in the near future regard this Serum as one of the principal factors in life prolongation and health preservation. It will then be found in every home just as bread and other necessities are to-day.

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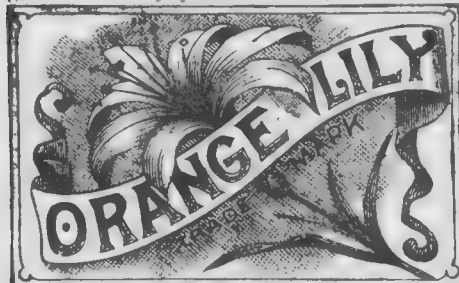
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This letter gives an indication of the positive benefits that always follow the use of Orange Lily. It is an applied treatment and comes in direct contact with the suffering organs. It produces results from such a case as this. I am sure it would be a failure as regards happiness. I myself have attended somewhere about twenty dances this winter, and I have never met one of those individuals that wanted to be hugged. I am proud to say that I, like all the rest of our prairie boys and girls, pick our company, and do not want to belong to the gyratory hugging society. I am also proud to live in a country like ours where dancing is the chief amusement of the day, and you will find less abandoned girls than you will in the older countries. There you will find there is not ten per cent. of the working class that knows how to dance, and I am safe to say that is where you can find the majority of these abandoned characters. If those people had visited some assemblies instead of street walking, they would not be where they are today. I do not think it necessary for a minister, or bishop, or priest, or any leader of any denomination to warn their people against any amusements which they prefer to indulge in, for as a rule the party, he or she which

the start in all cases of women's disorders, including painful periods, falling of womb, irregularities, leucorrhœa, etc.
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skating, in lots of respects, but not in the way Josephus is trying to explain himself. He tells us dancing is not a wholesome recreation, and charges of impurity, immodesty and worldliness is laid against the party or person who dances. Now, I judge from this letter of the January number of the W.H.M. that Josephus has a lot to learn before he can criticize dancing. I think, in the first place, it would be a good idea for him to study the ball room etiquette, and after he has done that, he may learn to dance too, and probably he would be able to talk about something which he knew a little about. He would also find out that the modern dances which he refers to are danced but very little. I think I can venture to say that there is not one person (who is a dancer) out of every five hundred in this country that dances the ripple. And, again, Mr. Josephus, I will give you another little pointer which you appear to be ignorant of, and that is a young lady does not have to dance with any Tom, Dick or Harry, as you seem to think they do. A young lady can pick her company at a dance, as well as she can at church, or any other social gathering. It is all right for people with evil minds and jealous feelings to bar such enjoyment, but on the other hand I think it is good pastime and sport for the person who has a clear conscience and bright and noble career to put in the lonely winter months on the desolate prairie. Another thing, a lady and gentleman can get in any attitude they prefer while dancing, and I would like Mr. Josephus to point out to me the improper attitudes of the modern dances, such as the valeta waltz, an improvement on the ancient plain waltz, both in attitude and skill; also the new style of these other dances I am about to mention: the German schottische, Military schottische and Jersey, which are danced in a different way to that of ancient. I can also go on to tell him that a young couple sitting in church or driving in a buggy or auto, or even sitting in the parlor of their parents or friends, can take any attitude preferable to them, as that of dancing, and tell me, sir, is our rising generation of today wild or uncivilized, seeing so many indulge in dancing? And, comparing them with the statement you gave, they act more like beasts and outlaws than anything else. Now there is another point of yours, which I can squash very quickly. You are comparing that of the ripple with about twenty other different dances, like comparing a game of poker with that of a game of old maid or dominoes, or any other card game which is known to be indulged in in the home of good living people. It will take up too much room in your valuable paper to point out to the criticizer where the most of his points are wrong and ideas lead widely astray. When you talk about a man that, seeing a round dance for the first time, saying he would horse whip a man if he caught him dancing with his wife, should have two wives, and instead of him getting jealous of someone else, he would get some one else jealous of him, and I would advise any young lady to slight the young gentleman with such an evil and jealous disposition, because if matrimony was ever their luck with such a case as this, I am sure it would be a failure as regards happiness. I myself have attended somewhere about twenty dances this winter, and I have never met one of those individuals that wanted to be hugged. I am proud to say that I, like all the rest of our prairie boys and girls, pick our company, and do not want to belong to the gyratory hugging society. I am also proud to live in a country like ours where dancing is the chief amusement of the day, and you will find less abandoned girls than you will in the older countries. There you will find there is not ten per cent. of the working class that knows how to dance, and I am safe to say that is where you can find the majority of these abandoned characters. If those people had visited some assemblies instead of street walking, they would not be where they are today. I do not think it necessary for a minister, or bishop, or priest, or any leader of any denomination to warn their people against any amusements which they prefer to indulge in, for as a rule the party, he or she which

ever it may be that belongs to a church has enough good in them to conduct themselves in any company, and may be the means of enlightening some poor neglected girl of her ignorance, and do good where a minister might not have a chance to be present. Now, Josephus, you have to show me and our prairie girls and boys, who, I know, will support me in my argument, where the harm is in a sociable dance among neighbors. Perhaps, Josephus will say: They do not have to dance for amusement; why not play games? I say, there can be far more harm taken out of games than there is out of dancing. Yours truly,
Sod Buster.

One of Five.

Ontario, April, 1912.

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of your paper for a number of years and would now feel lost without it. I enjoy reading the letters each month and thought I would write and get a few correspondents if they would care to write to me. I am a farmer's daughter living on a large farm of two hundred and fifty acres, am quite tall, have dark hair and blue eyes and am the middle one of five so have hard scratching for fair play. I like to hear about the great West and hope, if possible, to see it some day and meet some of those Western bachelors who give such glowing accounts of their work up there. Maxine.

Will Exchange Post Cards.

Manitoba, 1912.

Hello all! How's everybody? Have been a silent reader of the correspondence column for quite a long time, but I just can't keep still any longer. I have been a reader of the Western Home Monthly for some time and like it better than any other Canadian magazine I have come across. It is full of good reading matter from cover to cover and I read every bit of it too. One of the best features is the "correspondence" I think. Many good letters are to be found here, while others are, to be very mild, exceedingly foolish. Well never mind, there's some good in every one. I think it is a fine scheme to form a lot of acquaintances. I am a young chap between 20 and 24; have black hair and brown eyes. Am very fond of music and an occasional dance. Would be glad to get some correspondence just to pass the time. Shall be exceedingly pleased to exchange post cards and will answer all that may be sent. My address is with the editor. Will sign myself,
Dynamite Joe.

Contains Good Reading.

Saskatchewan, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Although I am only a recent subscriber to your valuable paper, I have read several copies before and when I take up the W. H. M. I feel that I am going to read something worth reading. It contains just the subjects you are looking for that other papers leave out. Old and young alike can find good, instructive reading in the W. H. M. I read with interest the correspondence column and would certainly like to join the circle. I am one of the great army of bachelors who inhabit the plains of Western Canada. I see a lot of the girls disapprove of the use of the weed in any way. I do not drink whisky or chew tobacco but I can do justice to a pipe of tobacco or a good cigar. I think the girls who disapprove of a fellow taking an odd smoke must be the cross kind. I know fellows who don't smoke, but then they are not nearly so contented as those who do. A fellow has no right to smoke where there are ladies present but I think it a great help to the lonely bachelor in passing the dreary winter months away. I live on a half section of land in a well settled country and would like to correspond with any girls who would care to write. Will answer all letters. I will sign myself
The Candy Kid.

Woman's Rights.

Sask., 1912.

Dear Editor,—I beg space for a few lines if you see fit to print this. I am an old bachelor just on the wrong side of thirty, one of those who waited to give

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her as good a home as she leaves. I would like the opinion of ladies on that question. Although I am successful, I sometimes think I have waited too long. For other men, the paths of bliss; for me, the lonelier way. There are a large number of bachelors here, is it any wonder, what have many of us to offer a woman? A home you say, but what kind? Although near a station, many are from 10 to 100 miles from a town. If a woman goes back on the prairie and helps to make a home, what has she? The laws of Saskatchewan give a woman no legal share. Boys, play fair, let us be the first to demand of the government remedy for this and ask for homesteads for women. At the same time, if women will use their influence, it can be accomplished. That law is fit for the primeval age. Men, when you get a new seeder or binder is there a good stove and washing machine in the house? When you get a harrow cart does the kitchen floor have an oil cloth? When feed and water are handy at the barn, is fuel and water handy at the house? If any of the boys or girls will correspond with me I will gladly answer. I love fun and any clean sport.

Only a Homesteader.

Homesteads for Women.

Ont., May 1st.

Dear Editor,—I have been a correspondent for some time and enjoy reading your columns very much. I am going to take as my topic "Homesteads for Women." I think if we had the chance to homestead it would help to build up our great West with better settlers. I know if the girls would put forth an effort and get down in earnest and try we could get that petition passed it would be the up-building of the West. I am sure also that the boys would be very willing to help. I sent to Mrs. Graham, 662 Agnes street, Winnipeg, for petition form and if any of you will drop her a line she will be pleased to send them. Now if we are going to accomplish this we must get busy. Would not that make farming more interesting and homesteading would not be that very lonely life that some class it to be but we must have ambition to carry out our plans. Now I hope that every girl will try and probably all our correspondents will be settled on homesteads near each other, we will not be like strangers but as though we had lived together all our life. I must say I was glad to read how prosperous Happy-Go-Lucky has been but probably his better half will soon spend it for him. I was inspired by the letter written by Conundrum and know he will sympathize with me in this great cause. Start at the bottom and climb up. Now, Mr. Editor, I think I have taken enough of your valuable space, but will say before I close I am a farmer's daughter and would be pleased to hear from any wishing to write me. Leaving my name with you, Mr. Editor, and thanking you for publishing this, I will sign myself,
A Girl of To-day.

Signs of Spring.

Ont., April 17, 1912.

Dear Editor,—As I have been an interested reader of your valuable magazine for over a year, I thought I would write a few lines to say how much I appreciate it. I take a great interest in the page under the heading "The Young Woman and Her Problem." It is very helpful to all women. The sugar season will soon be over now and the beautiful month of May will be here. It seems to put new life into a person to see the birds and hear them singing and watch the buds opening up on the trees. My brother is a subscriber to your paper and he says, as indeed we all say, that we would not do without it. Well, Mr. Editor, I must close now if I wish this to escape the gaping jaws of the W. P. B. I will leave out my description, suffice it is to say I am a farmer's daughter, between 15 and 20, and would be glad to hear from any who will write. My address is with the editor. I will sign myself May-flower.

Many patent medicines have come and gone, but Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup continues to occupy a foremost place among remedies for coughs and colds, and as a preventive of decay of the lungs. It is a standard medicine that widens its sphere of usefulness year by year. If you are in need of something to rid yourself of a cough or cold, you cannot do better than try Bickle's Syrup.

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Your Vitality Can Be Restored

Strong, vital, manly men fascinate all who come within their influence. As true as you are a living, breathing human being, I can restore your VITAL STRENGTH there is not a shadow of a doubt as to what I can thus do. BUT there is a single condition, one restriction I put, a certain solemn promise I exact from you before you can exact a promise from me; namely you must unconditionally agree now at once and forever to discontinue any debilitating excess or dissipation that you may be indulging; with this out of the way, I will do all the rest. Remember what I say; no matter what your present condition, no matter what has happened in the past, just forget it and put yourself in my hands; everything will come out as you wish it. I use no drugs, no lotions, no medicines; I place no foolish restrictions upon you; just lead a natural life, get all the enjoyment you possibly can but cease dissipation; always remember that. I can then restore your vitality; I can take you out of the half-man class and put you in the spot light of full, healthy, contented manly courage; I can make you feel young again and keep you feeling young to a ripe old age, because I drive into your system the one thing which keeps the whole organism in balance, namely VITALITY. My HEALTH BELT is the greatest single self-treatment remedy or VITALITY RESTORATIVE that the world has ever known or probably ever will know. It is worn comfortably about the waist all night every night for two or three months. Thus while you are sleeping it sends a great soft, potent life-giving current of VITAL FORCE into your blood and nerves. There is not a moment's wait. It restores your vitality, it takes the pain out of your back, it makes you feel strong and vigorous, it drives away rheumatism, it cures kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders.



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Sunday Reading.

The Dream.

Margaret Steel Anderson.

You may sing of the race as you will—
I sing the goal,
The beautiful goal, that draws the
bleeding feet,
And lights the brow, and lifts the faint-
ing soul,
And turns the bitter hardship into
sweet,
(But oh, I pray the goal may be the
place,
I thought it was the while I ran the
race!)

You may sing of the fight as you will—
I sing the prize,
That noble prize for which the fighter
stands,
Reason and hope for all his agonies
Of struggling limbs and ever-straining
hands!
(But oh, I pray the prize be no less
bright
Than I conceived it, panting in the
fight!)

You may sing of the work as you will—
I sing its aim,
Far-throned beauty and far-beck'ning
light,
That call the worker onward more than
fame,
Sun to his day and star upon his night!
(But oh, I pray the aim be what I
sought
And visioned ceaselessly the while I
wrought!)

Howe'er it be, O Watcher of the race,
Lord of the vict'ry, Giver of the prize,
I thank Thee for the hope before my
face,
I thank Thee for the dream before
mine eyes!
And this I dare; to think Thou has not
wrought
Or dream or ardent dreamer all for
naught!

—American Magazine.

Liberality of Mind.

Wherever the horizon of the mind is circumscribed and limited by the conventionalities of custom or habit, failure is certain to ensue. Success can only attend the efforts of a mind that soars above the beaten track and explores the untrodden wilds, and whose ideas are as wide and as cosmopolitan as the universe. A man who shuts himself up within himself, or who is content to be led by any uninstructed pedagogue who comes along, will never be a success in anything. Self is narrow, shallow, isolated. There is no liberty except by escaping from self. The mind cannot expand unless it comes in contact with other and nobler minds. It is by exchange of ideas that life is enriched. To remain shut up within one's self is to lose life. It is by assimilating the ideas of others that one's mind is enriched and enlightened, and liberality of mind expands the soul; opens its florets, as it were, and infuses new life into it, thus fitting it to execute satisfactorily the duties that devolve upon it.—Betts.

The Mission of the Twelve.

G. Campbell Morgan, D.D.

Golden Text; "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Two matters need to be carefully borne in mind as we approach the study of this lesson: first, that whereas for the lesson as arranged some portion of chapter ten has been omitted, that portion must not be omitted by the teacher in preparation; nor can it be wholly lost sight of in teaching. It need not all be read perhaps in the class, but its content must be reckoned with in the study. Secondly, it is necessary in the examination of this pas-

sage carefully to distinguish between the abiding and essential things, and those which were transient, because largely local. The abiding things are those of the principles revealed. The transient things are those of the practice then enjoined.

As the abiding things are those of supreme importance to us, we may refer to the others by way of introduction, and so dismiss them.

The equipment which the Lord bestowed upon His disciples for the working of miracles in the material realm was not intended to be perpetual in the ministry for which He was preparing them. He gave them power not only to heal the sick, to cleanse the lepers, and to cast out devils, but also to raise the dead. If this last is to be interpreted spiritually, then so also must all the rest. It is manifest also that the exclusion of Gentiles and Samaritans

Judea, but also in Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth. It needs no argument that the instructions as to travel must be modified according to country and time.

We turn then to the abiding things. The golden text is a revelation of responsibility. "Freely ye received freely give," can only be understood in the light of the context. It is, of course, self-evident that its master idea is that of giving. That in itself is of the very essence of the Christian religion. All we have and are result from the gracious giving of God. All we do in the world is to give of that which we have received. In order, therefore, to understand our giving, we need carefully to observe the teaching of this lesson concerning the sources and the streams of such activity. As to the sources—the focal point of revelation for us is Jesus. Matthew introduces this section by chronicling the general fact that He went about teaching, preaching, and healing. It is well that we keep clearly in mind that the Person thus presented by the familiar name of Jesus is the One Who has been revealed

charged them that there was no necessity for them to be anxious as to what they should say in the presence of difficulty. Their only duty would be that of endurance in the strength provided, and such endurance would ensure their ultimate victory. Finally, in gracious and tender words He gave them identification with Himself in the matter of their ministry, declaring that he that received them received Him; and adding to this the most wonderful of all words, he that received Him, received Him that sent Him.

The responsibilities of discipleship are clearly seen in the light of these considerations. Our giving is to be of things received. Nothing else is worth giving. Nothing else can possibly meet the needs of men. To offer men any other gifts is to offer them stones for bread, or serpents for fish. To provide improved dwellings for depraved men is mockery and waste of the worst kind. To give men material advantage for spiritual things is folly, and results in disorder.

Our giving is to be as our receiving in method. Gifts are for the rebellious.



from the sphere of their operations was temporary only. It is equally evident that the instructions for travel were suited only to that country, and that time; and cannot have application to modern conditions. And finally, the forms of persecution described were the actual forms which it took in the first day of the fulfilment of their larger mission, and have largely ceased to-day.

All these matters were changed by the Cross, the Resurrection, and Pentecost. Beyond these, His messengers entered upon the greater works which He had promised they should do. The new wonders wrought were miracles of healing, of resurrection, of cleansing, of exorcism in the spiritual realm. It may be that at different times some of the material wonders are repeated, but they are always accidentals rather than essentials. This applies both to material miracles and to forms of persecution. The exclusion of Gentiles and Samaritans is over for ever, as witness the commissions, and especially the last word of Jesus with regard to the Church's responsibility, in which He charged His disciples that they should witness not only in Jerusalem and

in previous studies as the Son of God and the suffering Saviour. In an illuminative passage we are introduced to His view of the needs of men. He saw the multitudes "distressed and scattered, as sheep not having a Shepherd."

The result of this was that He was moved with compassion. Further back than that we cannot go, and need not. It is an unveiling of the consciousness of God in the presence of the need of man, and it brings us to the source of all His giving to us, and consequently to the source of all the streams of our giving to the world. Allowing the context to illuminate the idea, we find that He gave them authority. In their cases it was authority over unclean spirits to cast them out, and to heal all manner of disease, and all manner of sickness. That is to say, He gave, and ever gives, ability to deal with the needs to which we are sent. We find also that He gave them fellowship in His suffering. They also were to be as sheep in the midst of wolves. If the Master of the house had been called Beelzebub, so also would they of His household. Yet further He gave them assurance of strength and of ultimate victory as He

They are of grace, apart from merit. They are bestowed on the one condition of submissive reception. They are, moreover, to be bestowed at a cost to ourselves, and yet with graciousness of demeanour.

Our giving is to be as our receiving in measure. The income is the measure of the expenditure. When the income ceases the expenditure may. With equal accuracy it may be said when the expenditure ceases the income will. As our mission is larger than that of the twelve in their first mission, so also is our equipment by the indwelling Spirit greater. So, therefore, also must our giving be greater than theirs.

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